

THE
QUARTERLY REVIEW.

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- ART. I.—1. *Narrative of a Second Voyage in Search of a North-west Passage, and of a Residence in the Arctic Regions, during the Years 1829-30-31-32-33.* By Sir John Ross, C.B., K.S.A., K.C.S., &c. &c., Captain in the Royal Navy. London. 1835. 4to. pp. 740.
2. *The Late Voyage of Captain Sir John Ross, R.N. to the Arctic Regions, for the Discovery of a North-west Passage; performed in the Years 1829-30-31-32-33.* From authentic Information and original Documents, transmitted by William Light, Purser's Steward to the Expedition. By Robert Huish, author of the 'Memoirs of the Princess Charlotte,' 'Treatise on Bees,' &c. &c. London. 1835. 8vo. pp. 760.
3. *Report from a Select Committee of the House of Commons, on the Expedition to the Arctic Seas, commanded by Captain John Ross, R.N.* 1834.

WE should most willingly, and for many reasons, have dispensed with the task of noticing Captain Ross's work, had we not felt ourselves called upon to confute assertions which have no foundation in fact, and to expose misrepresentations which are adhered to, in spite of long by-gone correction, with a pertinacity that not only surprises, but almost confounds us. We now take up the volume with every disposition to deal with it as leniently as possible, but, at the same time, with a determination to defend the accuracy of those statements and opinions which we have so frequently had occasion to maintain, on the great question before us, from every attack, however artful, weak, or worthless. There are no circumstances, that we are aware of, which should induce us to be silent; indeed, we feel ourselves specially called upon, and for this reason—it was the *Quarterly Review** that took the initiative in reviving and discussing

* *Quarterly Review*.—On Lieutenant Chappel's Voyage. No. 35, Art. ii. Published in October, 1817. And here we may observe that, at the very threshold—in his silly 'Introduction,'—Sir J. Ross starts with a misrepresentation: 'It is not generally known,' he says, 'that the question of a North-West Passage, which had been lying dormant since the voyage of Captain Phipps, was, in 1817, revived by Mr. William Scoresby,' &c.—that 'he wrote to Sir Joseph Banks, and that on Sir Joseph's recommendation his proposal was attended to,' &c. Now this statement

cussing the question of a north-west passage—of examining the grounds of probability for its existence—and recommending that expeditions should be sent forth to decide, if possible, a question in itself highly interesting and important, and which had excited an ardent and devoted zeal in the naval worthies of Great Britain, under the fostering protection of Government, many centuries ago. Captain Ross having thought fit to throw down the gauntlet, he will find us prepared for the combat, but anticipating, as we do, an easy conquest over such an antagonist, we shall reserve the exposure of the faults and failings of his narrative, until we have briefly gone over the proceedings therein stated.

We wish it, in the outset, to be clearly understood, that we mean not to give the least countenance to the work which stands second at the head of this article. We consider it as having been put together for the mere purpose of obtaining a few pounds, by one of those industrious but unscrupulous scribblers known as booksellers' hacks—by one who calls himself *Huish*; but whether this be a real name, or a mere *nom de guerre*, is of little importance—and we take leave to say the same thing as to the existence or non-existence of *Huish's* 'Memoirs of the Princess Charlotte'—*Huish's* 'Treatise on Bees,'—and the other *opera Huishiana*, modestly indicated by the '&c. &c.' of this great entity's title-page. The book itself, however, bears internal evidence of the narrative part being generally correct in its details; but it is interlarded throughout with very serious and heavy charges against Captain Ross, most of which we cannot believe to be true. The gentleman might have contented himself with the abundance of authentic materials with which he had been furnished by the journals of some of the crew, (for most of them, Ross says, kept journals,) without travelling out of the record to introduce his own crude opinions and unqualified abuse. The person who avowedly supplied him with the most material part of the documents was the steward of the ship, a man of the name of Light, who had previously been on two of the northern voyages with Parry. He was one of those useful people in a ship who know how 'to read, write, and cast accounts'—a sort of *factotum*, whose business was to manage the general concerns of the people—to issue the provisions—to bake bread and make puddings and pies for the cabin—to wash,

is wholly incorrect. Mr. Scoresby did write to Sir Joseph Banks, as Ross might have learned from the above article of our Review, but *not* about the North-West Passage; he merely acquainted him with the fact of the disappearance of the ice from the coast of Greenland. We happen to know that Sir Joseph never made any recommendation to the government, nor corresponded with any of the public officers on the subject, except with Mr. Barrow, the Secretary of the Admiralty. Mr. Scoresby published two volumes, one on the Arctic regions, the other on the Greenland Whale-fishery, but not till 1820; and in his 'Remarks on the celebrated Question' he constantly refers to Nos. 35 and 36 of the *Quarterly Review*.

starch,

starch, and iron the clothes of the officers, and so forth. For these services Light had been handsomely rewarded by Parry and his officers; but from Sir John Ross he gained nothing beyond his bare wages, which were paid to him, as to the others, by the Admiralty. Being a shrewd fellow, he seems to have calculated on the chances of turning his materials to a good account, by anticipating and forestalling the Captain's own ponderous narrative of the voyage.

We notice *Huish's* book chiefly because we certainly felt, as we are told very many brother officers of Sir John Ross did, some little surprise that, while a publication of this nature was pouring forth its venom in a series of *numbers*, he should not have taken a more early opportunity of defending his character, by bringing out his own work, and therein repelling the charges, instead of delaying it for two years nearly;—and because now that it is out, we are equally surprised to find that the gallant Captain is silent—he makes no sign. By what the delay has been occasioned it is not our business to enquire, but we understand it is generally ascribed solely to the ‘lust of lucre.’ The opening of a subscription-shop in Regent-street—the sending of a set of fellows, usually called *trampers*, but who called themselves *agents* (for particular counties), to knock at every gentleman's door in town and country, not humbly to solicit, but with pertinacious importunity almost to force, subscriptions—the getting up of Vauxhall and panoramic exhibitions, and some other circumstances not worth detailing, would almost seem to sanction this imputation. While we admit that every one has an undoubted right to make the most of his labours, something is also due to situation in life, and to character. The public had more than remunerated Captain Ross for any damage his pocket might have sustained, while his nephew, Commander James Clarke Ross, to whom is owing what little has been done, has been left, unjustly we think, to bear his own losses. This officer, being asked by the Committee of the House of Commons which gave Sir John 5000*l.*,—

‘Have you received any tender for the purchase of your own memorandums for the purpose of publication?’—*answers*—‘I have received tenders privately for my own papers, but I would not give them up on the offer of a sum of money for that purpose.’—‘Have you any objection to state the sum?’—‘I have received two tenders, one of 1500*l.*, the other 1200*l.*’—‘Did you accept those tenders?’—‘No; because I felt that any publication from me would interfere with Captain Ross's.’—*Report and Evidence*, p. 26.

Again he is asked—

‘What took place between you and Captain Ross on the subject of money?’ and replies, ‘Nothing specifically; but I never for a moment supposed that I was to receive any pay from a private individual. If

I had so intended, I must have received it from Mr. Booth, which, as a naval officer, I could not consistently do.'—*ibid.* p. 24.

The feeling of that highly honourable and excellent officer, Captain Beaufort, is perfectly in accordance with the above, and forms a remarkable contrast with that of Sir John Ross. The Committee say,—

'You were yourself employed by his Majesty's Government in a voyage of observation, were you not?—Yes.—You communicated the results of that voyage to the King's Government?—Immediately.—You published the result?—The Admiralty published the charts that arose from the survey; I published a little description myself.—Can you state to the Committee any pecuniary circumstances connected with the result of that voyage?—There were no pecuniary circumstances about it. I certainly received no public money for doing it, and my little narrative I gave to a bookseller, as I did not think that materials acquired in the king's service ought to be sold; at least, I should not have felt comfortable in making money by them.'—*Ibid.* p. 22.

But enough of these not very agreeable matters preliminary. Notwithstanding the bulk of the knight's book, a summary of his voyage need not cost us many pages; for though its duration was long, the incidents were few, and the results are next to nothing. Had he, on his arrival, published a small *octavo* volume, detailing the toils and sufferings of his band—their cares and anxieties—their hopes and disappointments—their domestic economy and mode of employing their time in the long and irksome nights of four successive winters—and their laborious land journeys, the most harassing and fatiguing of all—he might have furnished a powerfully interesting, though painful narrative, which would have been in the hands of every one; but his cumbersome *quarto*, in the form of a journal, reiterating the same uninteresting kind of objects through 740 huge pages, is enough to set the most resolute reader at defiance. It is whispered about that the Captain has endeavoured to enliven matters by procuring the aid of a practised embroiderer of periods—viz. one Dr. M'Culloch, who has (or had) some little reputation as a writer for the encyclopædias:—this is very probable—there are many signs of patchwork in the performance—but the *panni* are more gaudy than beautiful, and at best they but make the coarse drugget of the original manufacturer look more dingy.

The origin of the expedition appears to be this:—A certain wealthy distiller, of the name of Mr. Felix Booth (now a baronet), being examined before the Committee of the House of Commons, thus deposes: 'I had known Captain Ross for some years, and I undertook it (the expedition) for the credit of the country, and to serve Captain Ross, thinking that he was slighted in his former expedition,

pedition, and on account of ill-natured reports which were circulated anonymously against him.' He might have said *unanimously*. But Sir Felix seems to think that whatever is published anonymously cannot be true. God help us Reviewers if that were the case! We certainly are among those who published anonymously unfavourable reports, but not ill-natured nor unfaithful ones, on Captain Ross's former voyage;—we stated our opinions frankly and strongly—but they were fully corroborated in every particular by facts established on the subsequent voyage of Captain Parry.

The Victory, fitted as a steamer—the very worst description of vessel to navigate among ice—and with engines, in the present case, the most miserable that can be imagined—sailed from Woolwich on the 23rd of May, 1829. A second vessel, named the John, was taken up to carry stores and provisions, to fish by the way, and bring away some of the stores of the Fury, 'so as to compensate to the liberal fitter out of this expedition for such additional expense as might thus be incurred,'—so that there was, after all, a spice of traffic in the voyage. The two vessels were to meet at Loch Ryan. When the Victory was off the Mull of Galloway, the principal stoker got his arm entangled in the machinery, and the bone was so splintered, as well as fractured, that amputation was necessary; but the surgeon had not joined; and Ross was under the necessity of doing the best he could for the unfortunate sufferer. On the meeting of the two ships, the crew of the John mutinied and refused to accompany the Victory. Three men, however, of the mutineers entered for the latter, and having procured an Irish labourer as a fire-stoker, she proceeded alone on her voyage.

On the 23d of July the party reached the Danish settlement of Holsteinborg, in Davis's Strait, where they purchased some stores from a wrecked vessel, and the governor made them a present of six Esquimaux dogs, which proved to be of essential use in dragging the sledges. All things being ready, they stood to the northward along the coast of Baffin's Bay; and having reached the latitude of $74^{\circ} 14'$ on the 3d of August, ran across, and on the 5th reached the entrance of Lancaster Sound. On the 11th of August they steered direct for the south (west) side of Prince Regent's Inlet; and having passed Elwin and Batty Bays, saw the spot where the Fury was wrecked, and the poles of the tents standing, but could not discern the ship: she had gone to pieces, or to the bottom. The Victory was moored in a good ice harbour, within a quarter of a mile of the spot where the Fury's stores were landed. Here the coast was almost lined with coal. One tent was nearly entire, but had evidently been visited by bears.

Where the preserved meats and vegetables had been deposited, we found

found every thing entire. The canisters had been piled up in two heaps; but though quite exposed to all the chances of the climate for four years, they had not suffered in the slightest degree. There had been no water to rust them, and the security of the joinings had prevented the bears from smelling their contents. Had they known what was within, not much of this provision would have come to our share; and they would have had more reason than we to be thankful for Mr. Donkin's patent.'—p. 108.

The piles of canisters were so large and numerous, that all they could possibly stow appeared scarcely to diminish the heaps; of these they took as much as they could, together with whatever they wanted of wine, spirits, bread, flour, cocoa, sugar, lime-juice, &c.—all being in excellent condition; they uncasked, moreover, ten tons of coals; the gunpowder in patent cases was perfectly dry—and of this what they did not take they destroyed, by Sir E. Parry's request, as it appears, to prevent its falling into the hands of the Esquimaux.

Standing along the coast to the southward, they passed Cape Garry; and here commenced the *new discoveries* of Captain Ross along the coast of *Boothia Felix*,—for such is the name he bestows, in honour of his worthy, though not wise patron, the distiller, on the same land which Captain Parry had twice visited. But indeed from Cape Garry to the southward, the whole coast, in his chart, is covered with names,—assigned to every point, harbour, islet, and inlet:—some of them are not a little comical; they are so crowded, that we took them at first for a list of the knight's 'numerous and generous subscribers;' and they may be so,—for none of them appear in the text. Their progress along this Terra Incognita was slow, impeded as it was by large masses and floes of ice, and contrary winds, their miserable engines being an incumbrance rather than of any use, helping them only about a mile an hour, so that they had frequently to make fast to an iceberg, and take their chance of the direction in which it might drag them. This kind of navigation was continued almost daily, and the little vessel was frequently in the most imminent peril of being squeezed between masses of ice.

'More than I among us had witnessed similar scenes, and, in some manner or other, we had been extricated: but, with all this, we could not but feel astonishment, as well as gratitude, at our having escaped here without material damage. For readers, it is unfortunate that no description can convey an idea of a scene of this nature; and, as to pencil, it cannot represent motion or noise. And to those who have not seen a northern ocean in winter—who have not seen it, I should say, in a winter's storm—the term ice, exciting but the recollection of what they only know at rest, in an inland lake or canal, conveys no ideas of what it is the fate of an arctic navigator to witness and to feel. But let them remember that ice is stone; a floating rock in the stream,

stream, a promontory or an island when aground, not less solid than if it were a land of granite. Then let them imagine, if they can, these mountains of crystal hurled through a narrow strait by a rapid tide; meeting, as mountains in motion would meet, with the noise of thunder, breaking from each other's precipices huge fragments, or rending each other asunder, till, losing their former equilibrium, they fall over headlong, lifting the sea around in breakers, and whirling it in eddies; while the flatter fields of ice forced against these masses, or against the rocks, by the wind and the stream, rise out of the sea till they fall back on themselves, adding to the indescribable commotion and noise which attend these occurrences.'—pp. 151-152.

Gales of wind, snow-storms, and innumerable ice-bergs, continued to harass them till the end of September, when the *Victory* was finally beset in *Felix* Harbour, where she was destined to remain close shut up for a long and dreary winter. This passage, of about 150 miles to the southward of Cape Garry, seems at last to have convinced Ross—which, indeed, the experience of Parry, and the loss of the *Fury*, were well calculated to do—of the imminent and unceasing danger of attempting to navigate along the shore of a frozen strait. The better and, in all respects, the safer way, is undoubtedly to avoid the shore, and, where open water fails, to let the *pack* or floe surround the ship, with which she will drift along safely enough according as the wind may blow, whether in her direct course or not. This was the plan pursued by the early Dutch whale-fishing ships, in the Greenland seas—their masters knowing that, as the wind might blow from the northward or the southward, they would be beset or liberated, but in either case perfectly safe. Had Parry done this when off Melville Island, as we are satisfied he would now do, if employed on such a service, the probability is, that the first northerly wind would have carried his ships down with the *pack* towards the north coast of America—and then *the passage* was accomplished.

For eight successive days not a hope of being extricated from the ice having presented itself, there remained no longer any doubt of their having reached their winter's home.

'Our conviction was indeed absolute; for there was now not an atom of clear water to be seen anywhere; and excepting the occasional dark point of a protruding rock, nothing but one dazzling and monotonous, dull, and wearisome extent of snow was visible, all round the horizon in the direction of the land. It was indeed a dull prospect.'

The first step, therefore, to be taken, was to lighten the ship, to throw overboard the 'accursed steam-engine,' as it is called, and to make such arrangements and regulations for the long winter, as appeared to be necessary for their convenience and comfort, and which do not in general much differ from those devised on former occasions by Parry. No time was lost in roofing the ship over, and
surrounding

surrounding her with an embankment of snow as high up as the gunwale, where it met the canvass roofing and sheltered the people from all wind: the upper deck was also covered with snow two feet and a half thick, and trodden down till it became a solid mass of ice, and then sprinkled over with sand so as to put on the appearance of a rolled gravel walk. But one of the most simple and useful contrivances, for which we give Captain Ross, or whoever suggested it, great credit, was that of placing iron tanks with the open side downward, over apertures in the deck, to receive the flues from the steam-kitchen, oven, and other parts of the lower deck, and carry off the vapour. By this plan the apartments were kept dry; it saved the necessity of forcing up the temperature, which on former occasions caused the vapour to condense on the beams and deck; it saved fuel, and they were able to keep up a temperature of 40° and 50° of Fahrenheit the whole winter, which was found sufficient to make the place dry, warm, and comfortable. These condensers collected jointly a bushel of ice in the day; 'and (Captain Ross says) we could not but be highly pleased at reflecting, that, had it not been for the collection and condensation of this bushel, we should have been ourselves the condensers, and been involved in vapour and internal rain, to an equivalent amount all the twenty-four hours.'—(p. 217.) Something, we recollect, of this kind was practised by the younger Ross when with Captain Hoppner in the *Fury*.

Though the temperature out of doors was frequently from 30° to *minus* 37° , we are told that the system of comfort and economy within was as perfect as could be desired; but even without, however low the temperature, provided there was no wind, the men could take exercise, and make hunting excursions without much inconvenience; a circumstance which has been stated in all the former northern expeditions. We are told that the men, by attending the schools, 'improved with surprising rapidity,' and that 'a decided *improvement for the better* (!) was perceived in their moral and religious characters,' even, it is said, to 'the abolition of swearing.'—(p. 226.) On Saturday nights they danced, and drank as usual to their sweethearts and wives; and divine service was invariably performed on Sundays—a sacred duty, rarely we believe, if ever, neglected in a British man-of-war. The Captain had withheld the issue of spirits, being of opinion that they are productive of scurvy in the Arctic regions, but on Christmas day all hands were indulged with grog, and had even minced pies from the stores of the *Fury*, and iced cherry-brandy with its fruit. 'In some manner or other,' says Captain Ross, 'the last three months had passed away without weariness, and had, indeed, been almost unfelt.'

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On the 9th January, 1830, an unexpected source of amusement, and of profit also, occurred in the visit of a tribe of Esquimaux, to the number of about thirty. A very large portion of the book is taken up with the traffic and transactions of the voyagers with these dismal savages, with descriptions of their mode of life, their persons, dress, food, and methods of procuring it; all of which, as nearly as may be, had already been abundantly detailed by Ross himself, Parry, Franklin, and others. We shall therefore pass over the various accounts of their intercourse with this singular people, so very extensively scattered over the northern shores of America and its islands, and content ourselves with noticing their snow huts—which indeed differ very little from those already described—but were now frequently the means of accommodating Commander Ross, in the course of his long and painful journeys. The village of the tribe in question consisted of twelve of these lodging-houses, which had the appearance of so many inverted basins; a passage leads to each through a long crooked mound; they are generally about ten feet in diameter, and immediately opposite the doorway is a bank of snow, two feet and a half high, level at top and covered with various skins, which serves as the general sleeping place for the whole family. A lamp of moss and oil supplies both light and heat, so as to make the apartment, we are told, ‘perfectly comfortable.’ But they receive light also by a large oval piece of clear ice fixed in the roof. In the crooked passage is a recess for their dogs; the passage appears to be made crooked to enable them to turn the opening to leeward when the wind blows. Being formed entirely of blocks of snow, the completion of the fabric is but the work of a few hours.

Our voyagers soon discovered, or imagined they discovered, (for the parties knew nothing of each other’s language,) that these Esquimaux were able to give them some important geographical information; that they were acquainted with Winter Island and Repulse Bay, and had left Acoolee, a station opposite to the latter, only thirteen days before. One man drew with the pencil several large lakes close to that part of the country where they then were, marked the spots where their countrymen were to be found, and assured the strangers that the land here might be crossed in nine days to the salt water—were they not already in *salt water*? There was also in the party a female geographer, (a *pendant* to her of Parry,) who pointed out to them where they must sleep in their future progress, and where food was to be obtained. It seems that these people are provident, and that, in the summer season, they kill immense quantities of game and fish, particularly of salmon, which they bury in the snow for their winter provender, when land-animals are less plentiful,

plentiful, and the weather so severe as to prevent them from making their hunting excursions. About the month of April, great herds of musk-oxen and rein-deer make their appearance from the southward; and bears, wolves, gluttons, foxes, hares, and ermines, are abundant. Among the birds, swans, grouse, ptarmigans, partridges, snipes, snow-buntings, dovekees, and sea-gulls, are met with in considerable numbers. The seal is one of their most useful animals both for food and clothing.

But the quantities of salmon that frequent the lakes on the neighbouring isthmus, which communicate by small rivers with the sea, are quite astonishing. Captain Ross states, that a party once brought from the fishery 500 fish and returned for 200 more, which was all they could carry; 'bringing also,' he adds, 'a note from the Commander, by which I learned that they had taken 3378 fish at one haul;' that 'they had taken in all 5067, but were obliged to leave 3000 of them to the natives.'—p. 583. This was in the month of July.

These varied resources, added to the large stock of provisions of every kind from the *Fury's* stores, equal to nearly three years' consumption, relieved the party from all apprehensions of famine, or even of scarcity. With all this, and duly appreciating the anxiety which they must have felt, we cannot forbear recalling how different was the situation of that most excellent officer and man—Sir John Franklin! While Ross and his party were feasting on salmon and venison—with mince-pies and cherry-brandy—Franklin, on his Christmas-day, in his solitary ruined hovel, pervious to wind and snow, with a temperature 20° below zero, was left alone to waste away by famine, almost without the faintest ray of hope that he would ever be relieved, the spark of life just glimmering in the socket, and the flame only prolonged by being nurtured with the vilest of food,—pieces of bones and scraps of skin, picked out of the ash-heap, and boiled down into a miserable mess of acrid soup.

In point of fact, by our author's own account, they had now passed their first winter, not merely without suffering any great inconvenience, but in comparative comfort; and as spring advanced they looked forward to the time when the truth of the Esquimaux geography should be put to the test by a journey on the land. On the 1st of April Commander Ross set out on this expedition; and he returned on the 10th, not before he had satisfied himself that, having succeeded in crossing an isthmus, a little to the southward and westward of the ship, he had reached the *western sea* spoken of by the Esquimaux. 'I concluded,' he says, 'that we were now looking on the great western ocean, of which these people had so frequently spoken to us, and that

that the land on which we stood was part of the great continent of America.' This may be so, and we are inclined to think it so, but it remains to be proved. A second and third journey, towards the end of April, put the Commander in full possession of the geography of this isthmus, which connects the peninsula, named by Ross *Boothia*, and the land which, for the present, we are to consider as part of the continent of America; it also separates Prince Regent's inlet from the western sea; and, by a fourth journey, was ascertained to be about fifteen miles in width, consisting of a lake ten miles long in the centre, and five miles of land. This spot, until its geography was decided, had raised expectations that a passage might be found hereabouts into the sea to the westward. Commander Ross says,—

'The party which I had thus quitted for a short time had announced their arrival on the shores of the western sea by three cheers: it was to me, as well as to them, and still more indeed to the leader than to his followers, a moment of interest well deserving the usual "hail" of a seaman; for it was the ocean that we had pursued, the object of our hopes and exertions; the free space, which, as we once had hoped, was to have carried us round the American continent—which ought to have given us the triumph for which we and all our predecessors had laboured so long and so hard. It would have done all this, had not nature forbidden; it might have done all this had our chain of lakes been an inlet—had this valley formed a free communication between the eastern and western seas; but we had at least ascertained the impossibility; the desired sea was at our feet—we were soon to be travelling along its surface; and, in our final disappointment, we had at least the consolation of having removed all doubts and quenched all anxiety of feeling—that where God had said No, it was for man to submit, and to be thankful for what had been granted. It was a solemn moment, never to be forgotten; and never was the cheering of a seaman so impressive, breaking as it did on the stillness of the night, amid this dreary waste of ice and snow, where there was not an object to remind us of life, and not a sound seemed ever to have been heard.'—pp. 403, 404.

But when the hope of a navigable passage into the western sea appeared to be at an end, and that, according to the Esquimaux geography, the southern, like the western, shore of Regent's Inlet was closed round with land, the next important point to be ascertained was, whether the land to the southward of the isthmus was connected with, or a part of, the main land of North America;—and this could only be done by the Commander and his party tracing the western shore as far as their provisions would allow them to proceed.

'For such an attempt' (this able officer says) 'it was necessary to make a still further reduction in the allowance of provisions; and whatever

whatever they who are well fed and at ease may think, such sacrifices are not small to him who is already under-fed and hard worked, who must exert himself every hour beyond his strength, who feels that food would enable him to go through his task, and who, independently of this reasoning, is actually suffering under the instinctive and irrepressible cravings of animal nature. Yet, on mentioning my wishes to the mate, Abernethy, he informed me that the men had intended themselves to make the same proposal to me, and were only waiting for the proper opportunity of transmitting their wishes through him. It may be believed that I rejoiced in this generous feeling on their parts; and the necessary reduction was, therefore, immediately announced.'—pp. 414, 415.

Having proceeded to a projecting headland, which the Commander named Cape Felix, the land was seen to trend to the south-west, while, says this adventurous traveller, 'the vast extent of ocean then before our eyes assured us, that we had at length reached the northern point of that portion of the continent which I had already ascertained, with so much satisfaction, to be trending towards Cape Turnagain.' A fatiguing journey of twenty miles, over hummocky ice and snow, brought them to another projecting headland, which they named Victory Point, and from which the great extent of sea, free from all appearance of land—(as was also the case at Cape Felix)—raised the most lively expectations of being able, the following season, to complete the survey of this part of the coast of America. The distance from this spot to Cape Turnagain is stated to be not greater than the space which they had already travelled over, namely about 210 miles. We can readily enter into the feelings of regret experienced by this enterprising officer, when he found himself obliged to return—at a time too when as many more days as he had already spent in the journey would have accomplished his object, and solved a problem of vast importance to geography—one, as we shall hereafter show, that goes very far towards settling the question of a North-West Passage.

But,' he continues, 'these days were not in our power; for it was not days of time, but of the very means of existence that were wanting to us. We had brought twenty-one days' provision from the ship; and much more than the half was already consumed, notwithstanding the reductions which had been made, without which we should have even stopped far short of our present point; to reach which had occupied thirteen days, when we had provided ourselves for no more than eleven outwards. There was nothing, therefore, left to us but to submit; and thus, however mortified at the necessity of such a resolution, I was compelled to settle finally for our return to the ship, after we had advanced one other day. By the shortest route back, our distance from her was computed at two hundred miles; and even

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on a very scanty allowance, we could not reckon on provisions for more than ten days.'—p. 417.

On Victory Point our travellers erected a cairn of stones, six feet high, in which was inclosed a canister containing a brief account of the proceedings of the expedition since its departure from England,—but, without the remotest hope that this little history would ever meet the eye of any European.

'Yet,' says the Commander, 'we should have gone about our work with something like hope, if not confidence, had we then known that we were reputed as lost men, if even still alive, and that our ancient and tried friend Back was about to seek for us, and to restore us once more to society and home. And it is not impossible that the course of his present investigations from Cape Turnagain eastward may lead him to this very spot—that he may find the record and proof of our own "turn-again." We have known what it is for the wanderer in these solitudes to alight upon such traces of friends and of home, and can almost envy him the imagined happiness; while we shall rejoice to hear that he has done that in which we failed, and perhaps not less than if we had ourselves succeeded in completing this long pursued and perilous work.'—p. 419.

It may be added that Victory Point lies in lat. $69^{\circ} 37' 49''$, and long. $98^{\circ} 40' 49''$; and that a distant point seen, and named Point Franklin, as nearly as could be determined, from an estimated distance and bearings, was in lat. $69^{\circ} 31' 13''$, and long. $99^{\circ} 17' 58''$; so that the difference of latitude between Point Franklin and the general line of the coast of America is barely one degree.

Towards the end of June, while the ship was preparing for sea, in prosecution of further discovery, Sir John Ross went, with a party of his people and some natives, to a river about fifteen miles from the ship, on a fishing excursion, in which he appears to have been more successful in purchasing than in catching salmon. For a large knife, an Esquimaux gave him, out of one of their frozen pits, two hundred and twenty fish, averaging five pounds each, and therefore producing a ton weight of salmon. The natives take them by a spear with two divergent barbs of bone or ivory. But they now learned for the first time the use of the net, and were fully aware of its superior value, particularly when they afterwards saw so many thousands, as we have already mentioned, taken at a single draught. The seamen having taught them the art of making this instrument, there is no doubt their numerous skins when split into strips or threads will effectually serve the purpose, and that these poor people will thus have to thank our countrymen for an inexhaustible supply of this species of food.

It was not till the 19th of August that any attempt could be made to get the ship out of the ice, and even then it was found impossible to move her. 'The third week in August,' says Captain Ross,

Ross, 'found us where we had been since May in prospect, since September in place; the ice was still close.' But an open lane of water had frequently been visible at a little distance from the shore. In the four months thus lost—we might say eleven months—we have very little doubt that the *Victory*, had she not been impounded in ice, might have found sufficient 'lanes of water' to have carried her down to the bottom of Regent's Inlet, and back again to Barrow's Strait. The time she was shut up in the ice, as Captain Ross observes, was long enough to have enabled her to circumnavigate the globe. We only wonder he did not avoid this imprisonment by keeping away from the shore and trusting his ship to the ice, in the hope and, we may add, certainty, of meeting with these 'lanes of water.' The temperature, however, of the month of August was particularly promising; the highest and lowest being 58° and 33° , and the mean $40^{\circ}8$.

From the 1st to the 17th of September, the time was chiefly spent in futile attempts to get the ship released, but on the afternoon of the latter day they succeeded in warping her out into clear water, and getting her once more under sail:—

'Under sail!—we scarcely knew how we felt, or whether we quite believed it. He must be a seaman to feel that the vessel which bounds beneath him, which listens to and obeys the smallest movement of his hand, which seems to move but under his will, is "a thing of life," a mind conforming to his wishes: not an inert body, the sport of winds and waves. But what seaman could feel this as we did, when this creature, which used to carry us buoyantly over the ocean, had been during an entire year immovable as the ice and the rocks around it, helpless, disobedient, dead? Thus freed at last, we advanced about three miles; but then, finding a ridge of ice, we were obliged to make fast near the point which was at that distance to the north of us. The thermometer at midnight was 30° .'—pp. 470, 471.

Their hopes of making progress, at so late a period of the year, were soon at an end; the sea became covered with ice of the worst kind, and new ice was forming; the weather was most tempestuous, and the thermometer fell to 5° . They were not yet, moreover, in a secure harbour. The whole of October was employed in the severe labour of cutting away the ice; thus they one day gained an advance of sixteen feet, on another fifty, another forty; and after a month's incessant toil, the amount of their progress was no more than 850 feet. Here they were doomed to pass another winter, and as much of the following summer as would expire before favourable circumstances might contribute to their liberation; here they once more commenced housing the ship, building the embankments, and levelling the hummocks of ice near them; and here they resumed their former devices for passing the long dreary winter, which appeared to have set in already with great severity. In

In April, 1831, the Captain and Commander set off, each on an expedition towards the isthmus; the principal object of the former being, apparently, that of ascertaining the altitude of the land above the level of the western sea. The Commander proceeded along the western coast towards the northward, having a much more important object in view—that of ascertaining, as nearly as the nature of the operation and the accuracy of his dipping-needle would admit, the exact position of the north magnetic pole:—

‘The place of the observatory,’ says Commander Ross, ‘was as near to the magnetic pole as the limited means which I possessed enabled me to determine. The amount of the dip, as indicated by my dipping-needle, was $89^{\circ} 59'$, being thus within one minute of the vertical; while the proximity at least of this pole, if not its actual existence where we stood, was further confirmed by the action, or rather by the total inaction, of the several horizontal needles then in my possession. These were suspended in the most delicate manner possible, but there was not one which showed the slightest effort to move from the position in which it was placed: a fact, which even the most moderately informed of readers must now know to be one which proves that the centre of attraction lies at a very small horizontal distance, if at any.’—pp. 556, 557.

The latitude of this spot is $70^{\circ} 5' 17''$, and its longitude $96^{\circ} 46' 45''$ W. It was presumed, on their leaving England, that the magnetic pole was in latitude 70° , and longitude $98^{\circ} 30'$; neither of them very distant from the places assigned to it by Parry and Franklin, by intersections of the bearings of the needles, taken on meridians east and west of the pole.

The Commander observes—

‘It has been seen, that, as far as our instruments can be trusted, we had placed ourselves within one minute of the magnetic pole, but had not fixed upon the precise spot; presuming that this precise point could be determined by such instruments as it is now within the power of mechanics to construct. The scientific reader has been long aware of this: if popular conversation gives to this voyage the credit of having placed its flag on the very point, on the summit of that mysterious pole which it perhaps views as a visible and tangible reality, it can now correct itself as it may please; but in such a case, while a little laxity is of no moment, the very nonsense of the belief gives an interest to the subject which the sober truth could not have done. To determine that point with greater or with absolute precision (if indeed such precision be attainable), it would be necessary to have the co-operation of different observers, at different distances, and in different directions, from the calculated place; while, to obtain all the interesting results which these must be expected to furnish, such labours should also be carried on for a considerable time. What these several expectations are, I need not here say, since the subject is in this view somewhat too abstruse for popular readers; though I may
barely

barely allude to the diurnal and annual motions of the needle, and to the variations in the place of the pole itself, with the consequent deductions that might be made as to the future in this respect: all of them being of the highest importance in the theory of magnetism.'—pp. 558, 559.

The party having proceeded to the northward as far as Cape Nicholas of the chart, the coast beyond this point was seen stretching out due north, to the distance of ten or twelve miles farther; and the Commander concluded that it preserved, in all probability, the same direction as far as the Cape Walker of Parry, in lat. $74^{\circ} 15'$. At this Cape there is a great inlet, leading, no doubt, to that 'western sea' which washes the western shore of the Boothian Peninsula, and which, in all probability, extends down to the northern coast of America. This trending of the coast to the northward, however, with the recorded opinion of the Commander, on the probability of its stretching north up to Cape Walker, goes for nothing with Sir John Ross. With that perversion of mind which seems to have become habitual, instead of drawing a dotted line on his *chart* from the Commander's 'farthest north' to Cape Walker, as it stands printed in the *text*, he draws a gratuitous and unbroken dotted line in the direction of about N.W. by W., which, if continued, would strike the western end of 'Banks' Land,' about twenty degrees of longitude beyond Cape Walker. But there is cunning in all this: Sir John saw clearly that this opening, with Garnier's, Cunningham's, and some others seen by Parry, would infallibly lead down to the coast of America, and that such a route would render the accomplishment of the North-West Passage almost a certainty—a result that would be wormwood to our Knight, who, with a determination too apparent throughout the work, is disposed to give to his nephew as little merit as he possibly can, and to suppress everything that tends to the probability of a North-West Passage.

It may well be supposed how slowly the time moved on while shut up, for the second year, during so many months. About the middle of August, 1831, the Captain says,—

'We were weary for want of occupation, for want of variety, for want of the means of mental exertion, for want of thought, and (why should I not say it?) for want of society. To-day was as yesterday—and as was to-day, so would be to-morrow: while if there was no variety, as no hope of better, is it wonderful that even the visits of barbarians were welcome; or can anything more strongly show the nature of our pleasures than the confession that these were delightful—even as the society of London might be amid the business of London? When the winter has once in reality set in, our minds become made up on the subject; like the dormouse (though we may not sleep, which would be the most desirable condition by much), we

wrap

wrap ourselves up in a sort of furry contentment, since better cannot be, and wait for the times to come: it was a far other thing, to be ever awake, waiting to rise and become active, yet ever to find that all nature was still asleep, and that we had nothing more to do than to wish, and groan, and—hope as we best might.”—pp. 589-591.

We are not surprised that the eternal appearance of ice and snow should have disgusted Captain Ross—

‘When snow was our decks, snow our awnings, snow our observatories, snow our larders, snow our salt; and, when all the other uses of snow should be at last of no more avail, our coffins and our graves were to be graves and coffins of snow—Is this not more than enough of snow than suffices for admiration? Is it not worse, that during ten of the months in a year the ground is snow, and ice, and “slush;” that during the whole year its tormenting, chilling, odious presence is ever before the eye? Who more than I has admired the glaciers of the extreme north; who more has loved to contemplate the icebergs sailing from the Pole before the tide and the gale, floating along the ocean, through calm and through storm, like castles and towers and mountains, gorgeous in colouring, and magnificent, if often capricious, in form?—and have I too not sought amid the crashing, and the splitting, and the thundering roarings of a sea of moving mountains, for the sublime, and felt that nature could do no more? In all this there has been beauty, horror, danger, everything that could excite; they would have excited a poet even to the verge of madness. But to see, to have seen, ice and snow, to have felt snow and ice for ever, and nothing for ever but snow and ice, during all the months of a year—to have seen and felt but uninterrupted and unceasing ice and snow during all the months of four years—this it is that has made the sight of those most chilling and wearisome objects an evil which is still one in recollection, as if the remembrance would never cease.’—p. 603.

The ship was loose on the 28th of August, and crept to the northward, on their intended return, about four miles in three days. Up to the end of September, their chance of liberation became less every day—the prospect was a dismal one, as it suggested the idea that the ship would never be extricated, and that they would be compelled to abandon her, with all that was on board. ‘When we first moved,’ says Captain Ross, ‘from our late harbour, every man looked forward to his three years’ wages, his return to England, and his meeting with friends and family; the depression of their spirits was now proportionate.’ They contrived, however, we are told, to keep up their spirits—they had made *some* progress, though it was but a few miles, on their return—they had still before them the *Fury’s* remaining store of provisions, and the *Fury’s* boats to carry them into Davis’s Strait, even should they be obliged to abandon the ship.

Fast beset in Victoria Harbour, they now, in October, began to dismantle the ship, land the provisions, and place their two boats so as to be able to construct sledges under them. The winter passed over as usual, except that one case of scurvy occurred. In February, 1832, however, the medical report was less favourable than it had hitherto been; all were much enfeebled: an old wound which Captain Ross had in his side broke out, with bleeding,—one of the indications of scurvy. The cold was intense; but the Captain says, the thermometer, in the first week of April, rose on a sudden to *plus 7°*, not having passed zero before for 136 days. 'I do not believe,' he adds, 'there is another record of such a continuous low temperature; and it was a state of things most certainly to confirm us in our resolution of leaving the ship to her helpless fate, and attempting to save ourselves in the best manner that we could.' Accordingly, towards the end of April, they commenced carrying forwards a certain quantity of provisions, and the boats with their sledges, for the purpose of advancing more easily afterwards. The labour of proceeding over ice and snow was most severe, and the wind and snow-drift rendered it almost intolerable.

On the 21st of May, all the provisions had been carried forward to the several deposits, except as much as would serve for about a month. In the process of forming these deposits, it was found that they had travelled, forwards and backwards, 329 miles to gain about thirty in a direct line. Preparation was now made for their final departure, which took place on the 29th of May:—

'We had now secured everything on shore which could be of use to us in case of our return; or which, if we did not, would prove of use to the natives. The colours were therefore hoisted and nailed to the mast, we drank a parting glass to our poor ship, and having seen every man out, in the evening I took my own adieu of the Victory, which had deserved a better fate. It was the first vessel that I had ever been obliged to abandon, after having served in thirty-six, during a period of forty-two years. It was like the last parting with an old friend; and I did not pass the point where she ceased to be visible without stopping to take a sketch* of this melancholy desert—rendered more melancholy by the solitary, abandoned, helpless home of our past years, fixed in immovable ice till time should perform on her his usual work.'—p. 643.

On the 1st of July, after a full month's most fatiguing journey, they encamped on Fury Beach. The first thing to be done was

* By the way, Captain Ross's original drawings, some of which we have accidentally seen, would have disgraced the fingers of a schoolboy of twelve. Those from which his engravings have been manufactured may be pretty things—but what is the value of such 'graphic illustrations' in a case like this? and was it not rather odd to inscribe them with '*Ross delineavit*'?

to construct a house, which was to be 31 by 16 feet, and 7 feet high; to be covered with canvass. The next was to set the carpenters to work in repairing the three boats of the *Fury*.

On the 1st of August the ice unexpectedly broke up, leaving some navigable clear water, on which they prepared to embark, in the hope of reaching Baffin's Bay before the departure of the whaling vessels. The boats were stored with two months' provisions, bedding, and other necessary articles; and each carried seven men, with an officer. The sudden setting in of ice, however, obliged them to haul the boats on shore; and from this time they crept among rocks, and ice, and ice-bergs, along shore, on to the last day of August, when they reached the north-eastern extremity of America, as Sir J. Ross asserts it to be; and here they were stopped, by finding the sea, at the junction of Regent's Inlet with Barrow's Strait, covered with one solid mass of ice. They remained here three days, when every one agreeing that all hope of escape was at an end, and that nothing remained for them but to return to *Fury Beach*, they prepared for this retrograde movement. Commander Ross, it is said, began here to more than hesitate respecting their escape; and Sir John admits that, with regret, he began himself to question whether they should succeed in passing the barrier of ice that season.

On the 25th of September, therefore, they determined to commence their return. Their situation had now become truly serious; it was even doubtful whether the state of the ice would allow them to work their boats back to *Fury Beach*; they had but ten days' provision left, at half allowance, nor fuel enough remaining to melt the snow for their required consumption of water. They were now also experiencing the greatest sufferings they had yet endured from the cold. They were soon convinced that going back in the boats was out of the question; they therefore hauled them up on the beach above high-water mark, and the carpenter set about making sledges out of the empty bread-casks.

On the 7th of October, after a most toilsome and harassing journey, they reached their house—'our labours at an end, and ourselves once more at home.' Here, of the provisions left behind them, flour, sugar, soups, peas, vegetables, pickles, and lemon-juice, were in abundance; but of preserved meats there remained not more than would suffice for their voyage in the boats during next season.

We have hitherto refrained from noticing any of the numerous charges brought against Sir John Ross in the book of *Huish*; but there is one, to which a circumstance that occurred in this journey has given rise, of so serious a nature that, in our opinion, it ought long ago to have been contradicted distinctly. Sir John may affect

to treat it with what is called silent contempt, which is but too frequently resorted to when it may not be quite convenient to answer a charge of delinquency. We do not believe the fact to be as stated, for, with all his faults, we do not think the Captain lacks humanity; but *Huish* on this occasion is particularly precise as to dates and circumstances,—and there can be no doubt that the story he tells, or something very like it, has been widely circulated by the men who composed Sir John's late crew. The Captain himself loosely mentions that a man of the name of Taylor had his foot, or a great part of it, amputated, on account of its being frost-bitten. Describing his journey on the 4th Oct. 1832, he says, 'to increase our troubles, the lame man, Taylor, could neither walk with his crutches nor ride on the sledges, which were perpetually upsetting upon the rough ice; in some manner or other, however, we gained a bad resting-place at seven.' On the next day he says, 'we gained seven miles on this day's journey, in spite of a strong cold wind and constant snow, and were enabled to carry the mate, Taylor, by returning for him with an empty sledge. Burdened and obstructed as we were, this was a great additional grievance; but they who were inclined to murmur had, at least, the satisfaction of reflecting that their case was better than his.'—(p. 678.) This is all that Sir John Ross has stated, though, being just at the end of his book, he had time enough to have disavowed the charge—which, as we said before, we should have deemed a more prudent course than to shelter himself under a dignified silence. Whether a long and lugubrious paragraph about 'ingratitude, obloquy,' &c. &c. at p. 705, has any reference to the case of Taylor we know not, but it is too mysterious for us to dwell upon. The statement in *Huish* is as follows:—

'The sledges were made for the transportation of some of the immediate requisites, but not of sufficient strength to bear the weight of a man, in addition to the necessary cargo. Under these circumstances, the conveyance of Taylor, by means of the sledges, was considered as next to impracticable; and, therefore, the question was raised, whether it were possible for him to hobble on his stump, and, if that could not be accomplished, in what manner was he to be got to Fury Beach? The whole of the crew proffered their aid towards rendering the conveyance of him as easy as possible; but a very different plan was suggested by Captain Ross, and that was, *to leave the poor fellow behind them!* If this horrid suggestion be founded in truth, Captain Ross must, at the time, have been under the dominion of some fiend of hell, for from no other source could such an infernal idea have been poured into his mind.'—*Huish*, p. 659.

We may pass the monotonous proceedings of the winter at Fury Beach. The chief event, which cast a damp on all, was the death
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of the carpenter, on the last day of February, 1833. The want, however, of exercise, of sufficient employment, short allowance of food, lowness of spirits produced by the unbroken sight of the dull, melancholy, uniform waste of snow and ice, had the effect of reducing the whole party to a more indifferent state of health than had hitherto been experienced. Two of the seamen were far gone in the scurvy:—

‘We were indeed all very weary of this miserable home. . . Even the storms were without variety: there was nothing to see out of doors, even when we could face the sky; and within, it was to look, equally, for variety and employment, and to find neither. If those of the least active minds dozed away their time in the waking stupefaction which such a state of things produces, they were the most fortunate of the party. Those among us who had the enviable talent of sleeping at all times, whether they were anxious or not, fared best.’
—*Ross*, p. 695.

At length, the long-looked-for period arrived when it was deemed necessary to abandon the house, in search of better fortune; and on the 7th of July, being Sunday, the last divine service was performed in their winter habitation. The following day they bade it adieu for ever! and having been detained a short time at Batty Bay, and finding the ice to separate, and a lane of water open out, they succeeded in crossing over to the eastern side of Prince Regent Inlet. Standing along the southern shore of Barrow’s Strait, on the 26th of August they discovered a sail,—and, after some tantalizing delays, they succeeded in making themselves visible to the crew of one of her boats:—

‘She was soon alongside, when the mate in command addressed us, by presuming that we had met with some misfortune and lost our ship. This being answered in the affirmative, I requested to know the name of his vessel, and expressed our wish to be taken on board. I was answered that it was “the *Isabella* of Hull, once commanded by Captain Ross;” on which I stated that I was the identical man in question, and my people the crew of the *Victory*. That the mate, who commanded this boat, was as much astonished at this information as he appeared to be, I do not doubt; while, with the usual blunderheadedness of men on such occasions, he assured me that I had been dead two years. I easily convinced him, however, that what ought to have been true, according to his estimate, was a somewhat premature conclusion; as the bear-like form of the whole set of us might have shown him, had he taken time to consider that we were certainly not whaling gentlemen, and that we carried tolerable evidence of our being “true men, and no impostors,” on our backs, and in our starved and unshaven countenances. A hearty congratulation followed of course, in the true seaman style, and, after a few natural inquiries, he added that the *Isabella* was commanded by Captain Humphreys; when he immediately

immediately went off in his boat to communicate his information on board ; repeating that we had long been given up as lost, not by them alone, but by all England.

' As we approached slowly after him to the ship, he jumped up the side, and in a minute the rigging was manned ; while we were saluted with three cheers as we came within cable's length, and were not long in getting on board of my old vessel, where we were all received by Captain Humphreys with a hearty seaman's welcome.

' Though we had not been supported by our names and characters, we should not the less have claimed, from charity, the attentions that we received, for never was seen a more miserable-looking set of wretches ; while, that we were but a repulsive-looking people, none of us could doubt. If, to be poor, wretchedly poor, as far as all our present property was concerned, was to have a claim on charity, no one could well deserve it more ; but if to look so be to frighten away the so-called charitable, no beggar that wanders in Ireland could have outdone us in exciting the repugnance of those who have not known what poverty can be. Unshaven since I know not when, dirty, dressed in the rags of wild beasts instead of the tatters of civilization, and starved to the very bones, our gaunt and grim looks, when contrasted with those of the well-dressed and well-fed men around us, made us all feel, I believe for the first time, what we really were, as well as what we seemed to others. Poverty is without half its mark unless it be contrasted with wealth ; and what we might have known to be true in the past days, we had forgotten to think of, till we were thus reminded of what we truly were, as well as seemed to be.

' But the ludicrous soon took place of all other feelings ; in such a crowd and such confusion, all serious thought was impossible, while the new buoyancy of our spirits made us abundantly willing to be amused by the scene which now opened. Every man was hungry and was to be fed, all were ragged and were to be clothed, there was not one to whom washing was not indispensable, nor one whom his beard did not deprive of all English semblance. All, everything, too, was to be done at once ; it was washing, dressing, shaving, eating, all intermingled ; it was all the materials of each jumbled together ; while, in the midst of all, there were interminable questions to be asked and answered on all sides ; the adventures of the *Victory*, our own escapes, the politics of England, and the news which was now four years old. But all subsided into peace at last. The sick were accommodated, the seamen disposed of, and all was done, for all of us, which care and kindness could perform. Night at length brought quiet and serious thoughts ; and I trust there was not one man among us who did not then express, where it was due, his gratitude for that interposition which had raised us all from a despair which none could now forget, and had brought us from the very borders of a not distant grave, to life, and friends, and civilization.

' Long accustomed, however, to a cold bed on the hard snow or the bare rock, few could sleep amid the comfort of our new accommodations.

tions. I was myself compelled to leave the bed which had been kindly assigned me, and take my abode in a chair for the night, nor did it fare much better with the rest. It was for time to reconcile us to this sudden and violent change, to break through what had become habit, and to inure us once more to the usages of our former days.'—pp. 720-723.

On the return of the party from this ill-fated expedition, Captain Ross addressed two letters to the Secretary of the Admiralty—the one giving a summary of his proceedings, and the other stating his utter inability to fulfil the engagements he had entered into with his crew, and praying their Lordships to afford him the means of discharging obligations of so sacred a character. That he had no claim whatever on the public for an ill-prepared, ill-concerted, and (we may add) ill-executed undertaking, wholly of a private nature, will not be denied; and the wealthy individual at whose expense the ship was fitted out, and who made or sanctioned the 'sacred' engagements with the men, was the proper quarter to which application should have been made—at least, in the first instance. The Board of Admiralty, however, (Oct. 28, 1833,) directed their secretary to reply that,—

'although these men have no claim on his Majesty's Government, inasmuch as the expedition was not sent out by the Board of Admiralty, yet, in consideration of its having been undertaken for the benefit of science, of the sufferings these men have undergone, the perilous situation in which they were placed for so long protracted a period, and their uniform good conduct under circumstances the most trying to which British seamen were perhaps ever exposed—and their Lordships being moreover satisfied of your utter inability to fulfil the engagements entered into by you, and of the destitute state in which these people have providentially arrived in their native country, have been induced under such peculiar circumstances, from a feeling of humanity, immediately to relieve you from your engagement, and them from pressing necessity, rather than wait till Parliament shall be assembled, to which it is intended to submit the case. Their Lordships have, therefore, directed the Accountant-General of the Navy to advance to you the sum of 4580*l.* 12*s.* 3*d.*, as the amount which, by your statement, you feel yourself under an engagement to pay to the persons therein named.'—p. 739.

The way in which the parties were remunerated appears from the following memorandum:—

'All the men have received double full pay until they finally abandoned their ship, and full pay after that until their arrival in England, amounting to the gross sum of 4580*l.*; they have besides been employed in eligible situations in the dock-yards, or placed in others that will lead to promotion; Mr. Abernethy, the gunner, has been promoted, and appointed to the Seringapatam; Mr. Thom, purser, has been appointed to the lucrative situation of purser of the *Canopus*;

Mr.

Mr. McDiarmid, the medical officer, has been appointed assistant-surgeon of the navy, and, when qualified to pass his examination, will be promoted to the rank of surgeon; Commander Ross, to whom it appears that the greater part of the scientific results of the expedition are due, has been placed on full pay, and appointed commander of the *Victory* for twelve months, that he may by that length of service be enabled to receive the rank of post-captain, which is, by a special minute of the Admiralty, ensured to him at the expiration of that time.'—*Report, &c.*, pp. 6 and 7.

This prompt resolution to afford relief to the officers and men might have been expected from those feelings of humanity for which Sir James Graham is distinguished: he did not wait the lingering process of an application to Parliament, when it might meet: alive to the sufferings and privations those brave fellows had undergone—their escape from dangers long endured, and overcome by native energy, struggling as it were against hope: admiring, as all must do, the boldness, if not the prudence, of the enterprise—the courage, perseverance, and fortitude under distress, so creditable to the parties, and so honourable to the national character of British seamen—he did not hesitate to take upon himself, at once, the responsibility of indemnifying and remunerating this gallant handful of men. With regard to Captain Ross himself, however, no such haste was required, and Sir James properly left it to the Government to deal with him as might be thought fit. As soon, therefore, as Parliament was assembled, the Captain had recourse to a quarter where the public purse is generally opened freely to individuals, especially when warmly supported by a friend—and where is the Scotchman who is at a loss for such a friend on an emergency?—we mean a committee of the House of Commons. The speeches on his petition for a grant of money being presented by Mr. Cutlar Ferguson, may be referred to in the *Mirror of Parliament* for March 13, 1834; and well would it have been if the criticism which Sir Robert Inglis then applied to the puffing parade of Captain Ross's countryman had been accepted as a sufficient warning—but no—the committee were appointed—and their proceedings, favourably as they were disposed, have unintentionally, no doubt, damaged, to a very material degree, the Captain, and, we regret to add, the Commander also; though the latter, we firmly believe, undeservedly—chiefly by the evidence of Sir Felix Booth, which, as we understand, he corrected once, as he was called upon to do, but not to the extent which he might have done. Had the committee recommended 5000*l.* to be given to Captain Ross, considering his case solely as one of compassion, to indemnify him for his losses and sufferings, without any oral examination, they would have spared *him* the utterance of a great deal of nonsense, and *themselves* the charge of inaccuracy, in reporting that a 'great public service had been performed;'

performed ;'—whereas no public service, that we can discover, has been achieved, unless it be on two points, both of which were accomplished solely by *Commander Ross*—viz., an approximation to the north magnetic pole—and tracing the coast which in all probability unites with the northern coast of America.

We are much mistaken if the account of the voyage now produced does not disappoint every one that may take the trouble to toil through it. The first reflection to which the perusal gives rise, is the cold and heartless manner in which the bulk of the narrative is drawn up—the unwillingness to give praise or make acknowledgment, even to him on whom the safety of the expedition mainly depended, and by whom all that has been done was done. The commiseration so generally felt for their supposed deplorable situation—the readiness with which the government gave to Captain Ross 5000*l.*, and the same sum nearly to the crew—the public sympathy so powerfully excited as to have caused a subscription to be raised, sufficient to send out an expedition to ascertain their fate—the voluntary sacrifice made by a brave officer experienced in those regions, by undertaking that expedition ;—these were circumstances which might have been expected to call forth some expression of thankfulness and admiration—but no—not a syllable, throughout his 740 pages, escapes our author, to manifest the least feeling of gratitude, or sense of obligation. So reckless does Sir John Ross appear of all that has been done, that the name even of Back, who we fear has suffered far more than himself, is not once mentioned by *him*—although Commander Ross did not miss an occasion of speaking warmly and properly of his ancient and tried friend having 'gone to seek them, and to restore them once more to society and home.' If now and then in the captain's own story a touch of the pathetic occurs, the effect is immediately destroyed by some levity of expression, some coarse joke, or some gross vulgar absurdity, as that, for instance, of recommending all Arctic voyagers hereafter to cram their stomachs, as the Esquimaux do, with whale blubber and seal oil, as the best mode of generating animal heat. This, however, and a whole treatise on the same subject, we suspect to be the production of Dr. M'Culloch.

Instead of bestowing the least praise on the exertions of his nephew either in his answers to the Committee or in his book—in the former Sir John speaks slightly of his losses, considers him not entitled to any portion of the grant, and states that he was fully satisfied with his promotion ;* in the latter he betrays an unworthy

* It may be inferred, indeed we are satisfied, from the questions put to Captain Ross, that the committee were desirous of awarding something to the meritorious Commander, for his services and losses—probably a portion, as surely ought to have been the case, of the 5000*l.*—but that the adverse answers given by the uncle prevented it.—See *Report and Evidence*, pp. 18, 19.

jealousy of what the young man had accomplished. A silly chapter which he calls 'Remarks on the Assignment of the Magnetic Pole,' concludes thus :—

' If this last journey of thirty miles, as it appears by the narrative, was performed without my presence, which was required in another direction and for other purposes—and this keystone of all our previous labours laid by the party, consisting chiefly of the mates Blanky and Abernethy, under the immediate orders of *my successful nephew*—heaven forbid that I should attempt to rob them of such honours as they are entitled to on this ground, or to claim the credit of having planted the British flag on this long-desired spot with my own hand. Let this last closing act of my labours on this subject, as of theirs, confer such honour on this party as they may claim or deserve: I can say, like others, though in a quotation rather hackneyed, "*Palmarum qui meruit ferat*," and if I myself consent to award that palm to him who commanded this successful party, as is the usage, it must not be forgotten that in this I surrender those personal claims which are never abandoned by the commander of that flag-ship, which so often gains the victory, through the energy, intelligence, and bravery of the men and officers whom he directs and orders, or by the captain-general who carries a town through the courage and activity of the sergeant who leads the "forlorn hope."

' But if I have done this, I should not be justified in thus surrendering the rights of the brave, and patient, and enduring crew of the Victory, nor perhaps those of him, the noble-minded and generous, who sent the Victory and her crew to the Polar regions. It must be hereafter remembered in history, and will be so recorded, that it was the ship Victory, under the command of Captain John Ross, which assigned the north-west Magnetic Pole, in the year 1831, and that this vessel was fitted out by him whom I can now call Sir Felix Booth; a name to be honoured, had it even remained without such a distinction, as long as British generosity and spirit shall be recorded as a characteristic of the merchants of Britain.'—pp. 570, 571.

In his examination before the committee, in speaking of the Magnetic Pole, the Captain never once mentions the name of Commander Ross, but says, '*We* arrived at the spot;—'*We* proceeded round it;—'*We* passed round it;—' Which ever way *we* passed it; ' As *we* passed round it, the compass turned towards it horizontally,' &c. &c. Captain Ross was never within forty miles of the spot, and there is no truth in the statement of 'passing round it.' Being asked by the committee, 'Within what area do you conceive you have reduced the situation of it?' he answers, 'One mile.' Captain Beaufort, however, informed them, 'there can be no specific or precise point, *within a degree or half a degree.*'

We may here notice a very whimsical part of Captain Ross's examination, respecting the magnetic needle :—

' Did you remark whether light, such as the light of a candle, had
any

any influence upon it?—The light of a candle has also an effect upon it; those effects have been accurately observed.—Then you consider that was a matter of importance to science, inasmuch as it showed the connexion between light and heat and magnetism?—Yes.—Did you remark that any metallic substance produced an effect on the magnet?—Yes, even brass.—The buttons of your coat?—The buttons of my coat produced an effect on the magnet.—That the north pole of the needle would point to them?—Yes.—*Evid.* p. 12.

The idea of going into the Arctic regions to examine whether the light of a tallow candle, probably stuck in an *iron* socket, and his brass buttons with *iron* necks to them, produced an effect on the needle, which he had just told them ‘had no power of traversing to any particular point,’ is undoubtedly very amusing. It reminds us of what happened to a very different man from Ross—Troughton, the mathematical-instrument maker. On approaching his face towards a delicately suspended needle, he observed it to be affected with a tremulous motion, and it was some time before it occurred to him that there were steel springs in his wig. Whether Ross wore a wig or not we cannot say.

When asked about magnetic electricity, he responds, ‘I know of no magnetic electricity. I know of no such term; but the effect of light and heat upon the magnetic needle is an important discovery, *which we have made.*’ The effect of *light* and *heat* on the needle, where for three or four months on end no sun is visible, and the temperature is 40° below zero, is certainly ‘an important discovery’!—but, seriously, can this have been sheer ignorance, or an attempt to practise on the credulity of the committee? We ask this, because experiments have been made in this country, where the magnet is in full activity, to ascertain what effect the strong light and heat *of the sun* have on a most delicate and sensitive needle. For this purpose, an instrument was fixed in the garden of the Royal Observatory, seventeen years ago, and observations continued by Mr. Pond for three years, the result of which was as follows:—‘From sun-rise to the hottest part of the day, or about two o’clock, the *southern* part of the needle moves about 5 or 6 minutes in a direction from W. to E., or contrary to the path of the sun—and returns, in the course of the evening and following night, to its former position.’ From this our readers may judge of the effect of a farthing rush-light, or a brass-button, on the magnetic needle in the midst of intense frost and snow. So much for the ‘important discovery *which we have made*’!

That Captain Ross should take every occasion to sneer at that which he has twice failed to settle, and concerning which in reality he has the least possible information—the question of a North-West Passage—might be expected. Thus, in one place, he

he says:—‘I imagine no one was very sanguine about future north-west passages, even should we contrive to make one ourselves.’—(p. 464.) In another place, speaking of the same subject, he says,—‘of which, if I mistake not, we now know as much as is soon likely to be known, and far more than will ever be of any use.’—(p. 539.) Being asked by the committee:—‘From your experience of those seas, do you conceive that any further attempt to discover the North-West Passage would be attended with great danger?’ he replies; ‘I do.’ ‘And if successful would it be attended with any public benefit?’—‘I believe it would be utterly useless.’ The committee might have gone further and asked him—‘If this be your opinion, what did you go for?’ But Captain Beaufort, on whose character as an able and in the highest sense scientific navigator we need not enlarge, and Commander Ross, who had passed ‘fourteen summers and eight winters’ in the Arctic seas, and been with Parry on every voyage, were also examined. Captain Beaufort was asked,—

‘Do you consider that the closing up of Prince Regent’s Inlet narrows the range with which a north-west passage may be found within a short compass?—It only narrows it by one of the openings.—Does not it narrow the opening to something above 74° north latitude?—There are several openings from the end of Lancaster Sound; Prince Regent’s Inlet was one of them; by closing *that* Captain Ross has removed *one* of the probable means of getting to the westward; but *there are three still open, in which success is just as likely as in the other.*—Will you specify their names?—One is going out by the Wellington channel to the north-west, that is, going to the northward of the chain of islands discovered by Captain Parry, and approximating the Pole; another, proceeding by Melville Island in the same direction that Captain Parry previously tried; and the third would be by getting to the south-west as soon as the vessel has passed the cape which Captain Ross supposes to the northern extreme of America, and then endeavouring to get over to the shore laid down by Captain Franklin and Dr. Richardson; all those three are still open to future enterprise.—Do you consider that the closing of the most southerly outlet closes that supposed to be most likely to be practicable?—No; for *that is not the route I should have taken if employed on that service.*’—*Evid.* p. 22.

Commander Ross was asked,—

‘You do not think the voyage has furnished any conclusion against the existence of a north-west passage?—No; *it has made it still more certain than it was before that a north-west passage must exist.*—Upon what observations made in the last voyage do you ground that opinion?—From the additional portion of the outline of the continent of America explored upon this occasion, on the northern coast of America and the western coast of Boothia.—Do you believe that it would

be

be practicable to go through that north-western passage?—There is no question that it would be much more easy, now that we are acquainted with the nature of the formation of the continent of America.—Would it be best accomplished by steam or by sailing?—By sailing.—Supposing this to be accomplished, would it be at all beneficial to commerce?—It is quite uncertain what benefits may result from it; in favourable seasons it may be possible to get through it with very little difficulty; for instance, on our last voyage we sailed on an open sea, where it is usually covered with ice; but it was a remarkably favourable season; *such seasons may occur periodically; if so, there would be no difficulty on those occasions in getting from Baffin's Bay to Behring's Straits.*—Do you believe that any attempt to penetrate would be attended with danger?—Nothing more than the ordinary danger of navigating the Northern Seas.'—*Evid.* p. 27.

With regard to geographical information, which, we apprehend, was one principal object of Sir John Ross's expedition, his chart, as all charts are meant to do, ought to elucidate his text, and *vice versa*. But here the very few names which appear in the text are not to be found in the chart, nor do any of those multitudes which blacken the chart occur in the text—both text and chart, therefore, are rendered wholly useless for the guidance of the reader. The names assigned by *Commander Ross*, on his two important journeys are—with one or two exceptions—obliterated from the *Captain's* chart, and replaced by those of more *dignified* personages; still not a word even about them appears in the text. As a curiosity we will give a few of these. In the first place we have 'The Magnetic Pole of William IV.,' and 'Cape Adelaide,' to neither of which can there be the least objection—on the contrary;—Capes Cumberland, Gloucester, Sussex, and Cambridge, might also be allowed to stand;—then we have Clarence Islands, consisting of eight, Munster, Falkland, Erskine, Adolphus, Fox, Frederick, Augustus, and Errol—with Capes Sophia, Sidney, and Mary. Then comes a whole host of foreigners, who, we conceive, have no business there:—Louis Philip (*sic*).—Capes Nicholas, Carl XIV.-Johan, Francis II., Frederick VI., Alexandra, Maria Louisa, Maria (*da*) Gloria—and Joshephine (*sic*) Bay! To which may be added, Lieven, Esterhazy, and many others, not one of which, except the name of his present majesty, is mentioned in the text.

Again; we find in the text a great number of native names, some of them hard enough, such as Too-noul-lead, Tar-río-nit-yoke, Ac-cood-le-ruk-tuk, &c. &c., pointed out by the natives, who accompanied our countrymen on their journeys, not one of which, except that of *Shagavoke*, at the head of an inlet of the isthmus, is inserted in the chart, so that the narrative itself of these travels is rendered almost wholly useless, by the utter inability of knowing,

on

on any given occasion, whereabouts the traveller is. The name of *Neit-chillee* is fifty times repeated as a very important place, but we may as well look for a needle in a bottle of hay, as for *Neit-chillee* on the chart. It is, in short, very generally suspected, that the interests of geography have been sacrificed to considerations of no very lofty character—among others, to the expectation of gold snuff-boxes, ribbons, and the like baubles, from foreign potentates—and yet the Royal Geographical Society of London, which certainly owes not one iota of information to Sir John Ross, out of pure compassion we suppose, bestowed upon him the King's medal of fifty guineas!

The Captain has been censured for placing the name of King William on or near the spot of the magnetic pole, because he could not have known of the accession of his present Majesty until long afterwards;—but what of that? He had the full right at any time, before the chart was published, to bestow what name he pleased on particular points—and he has not been sparing in the exercise of that right. We have, however, a charge of a rather different nature to prefer against him, and one which he certainly ought to explain, *if he can*, and if he has the slightest value for his own character as a surveyor, a geographer, and a navigator. We understand that in the original chart of *Commander Ross*, which either is or was in the Admiralty, the *Clarence Islands* of the book chart, (which the Commander discovered, and named *Beaufort's Islands* as a well-deserved compliment to the hydrographer of the Admiralty,) consist of *three*,* and three only—and that the other *five* in the book chart are, like the Croker Mountains, non-entities. As to the motives of so unparalleled a deception, we shall hazard no guess. Sir John Ross himself never saw even those *three* existing islands.

The Knight has made another most extraordinary discovery—that of a fact unequalled in modern times, and, we believe, but once in days of yore—namely, when Pharaoh and his host were drowned in the Red Sea; he has actually built up a *wall* of water! and as it is made to serve as one of the grounds on which he *presumes* there can be no North-West Passage, we will let him speak for himself. Great preparation must evidently have been made for putting the questions in this part of his examination, in the course of which he puzzled both himself and the committee; the latter somewhat abruptly ask him,—

‘Did you observe the difference in the altitude of the two seas east

* The three *existing* islands are those named in the *Captain's* chart Adolphus, Frederick, and Augustus: ‘Three low islands,’ says Commander Ross, ‘situated about ten miles to the northward of our present position (near Parry's Port), were named *Beaufort Islands*.’—(p. 413.)

and west of Boothia Felix?—Yes.—Do you draw any conclusion from that difference of altitude which bears on the subject of the North-West Passage?—I consider it to be negative.—You consider it a presumption?—Yes, a presumption that there is no such passage, but not a proof.—What was the difference?—The difference is thirteen feet.—Upon the supposition that the land is continuous northward from the seventy-fourth degree to the pole,—[A most extraordinary supposition of the learned member, since the contrary has been *proved*!—should you expect to find that difference of altitude in the seas?—I should certainly, from the *rotative!!!* [rotary] motion of the earth.—*Evid.* p. 17.

The committee, having in the mean time examined Commander Ross, asked the Captain, on a subsequent day,—

‘You stated, among other reasons you gave for believing that there was no North-West Passage practicable, that there was a difference of the altitude of the two seas east and west of the Isthmus which unites Boothia with the continent of America?—Yes; I was the only officer there; Commander Ross had no opportunity of ascertaining it; it was while he was on other services; it was when I went with the provisions to him I ascertained that; in two years, in June, 1830, and the end of May, 1831.—The observations made at two different times both led you to the same result?—Yes.—Have you any doubt upon that?—*Not at all*; I measured it with the theodolite in the usual way; the process becomes very simple, and incapable of error to those who understand it.—There is a difference, is there not, in the altitude of the Pacific and Atlantic Oceans on the east and west sides of the Isthmus of Darien?—[Here again the learned member commits a blunder—there are no *east* and *west* sides of the Isthmus of Darien—it *lies* east and west.]—I have heard there is, and the Red Sea and the Mediterranean also; there is eight feet rise and fall of tide on the east side of those isthmuses, and only fourteen inches on the west side; I tried that at the time; I broke a hole in the ice for the purpose.’—*Ib.* p. 32.

What he means by ‘those isthmuses,’ we are completely at a loss to discover—equally so, what ‘the hole in the ice’ was for; but as water was, heretofore, in the habit of finding its own level, and as the same water flows round the Boothian peninsula—the thirteen feet wall, being, notwithstanding the *rotative* motion of the earth, a physical impossibility, we can only conclude it to have been a miracle, for the sole purpose of stopping the Captain in his not otherwise supernatural career. We must not, however, omit the evidence of Commander Ross on the same point:—

‘Are you aware of the fact, that the two seas, right and left of the isthmus which unites Boothia with the continent of America, are of different altitude?—No, I am not; nor had we the means of ascertaining the fact with accuracy; it would take at least two or three months to ascertain it with the accuracy such an observation would require.—You have no reason to suppose such a thing?—*None whatever*; no,

I never

I never heard of it till this moment.—Has Captain Ross never told you that he had ascertained that to be the fact?—Captain Ross may have made observations which have satisfied his mind, but I doubt whether he can have made observations that would satisfy the minds of those who may investigate the matter.'—*Ib.* p. 27.

So the whole of this levelling process, with 'the theodolite in the usual way,' &c. and the result thereof, were carefully concealed from Commander Ross and bottled up solely for the use of the Committee! Well might the Commander be taken by surprise; but we have no doubt—can any one doubt?—that the average difference in the altitudes of the Atlantic and Pacific, on the *north* and *south* sides of the Isthmus of Darien or Panama, ascertained by Mr. Lloyd after two years' labour, instead of two days, to be *thirteen* feet, furnished the data, and the only data, for the *thirteen* feet between the two sides of the Isthmus of Boothia?—'those isthmuses' being as like to each other, as the two rivers of Monmouth and Macedon.

But 'worse remains behind.' We are, indeed, utterly at a loss to comprehend what evil genius could have urged on the gallant Captain to stumble, once more, on those fatal mountains on which he suffered shipwreck in the year 1818. Had he no friend at his elbow? or rather, did he put himself into the hands of some injudicious and indiscreet friend, (query? the one already alluded to?) who thus has driven him to pronounce his own condemnation from his own mouth? Nature might have made a range of mountains across Lancaster Sound, and Ross might have imagined that he saw them; but nature never exacts physical impossibilities from human beings: Ross, however, finds no difficulty in performing that which is physically impossible. We read with perfect astonishment the following extract:—

'Having, as I have already noticed, left the chest of minerals near a notable cairn, as being too heavy for us to carry farther, I must here point out its latitude as $73^{\circ} 51'$; that having been deduced from two meridian altitudes of the sun. The *mountain*, therefore, which I formerly mentioned as being situated at this place,—[that which he calls the north-east point of America,]—lies between the latitudes of $73^{\circ} 53'$ and 74° north; and as its longitude is 90° west, it occupies the place at which *I had marked Croker's Mountain* in 1818. I can, therefore, have no doubt that the land on which I now stood was the same that I had seen in my first voyage, and which I had been able to observe very distinctly from the vicinity of the mountain to which I then gave the name of Hope's Monument.'—p. 671.

When a prudent man gets into a scrape, he suffers the memory thereof silently to die away, mindful of a certain old proverb about *stirring*, &c.; or, which is better, openly avows his error, and thus disarms censure. Had the Captain, now that he must have

have seen, and did see, his former mistake, candidly and frankly owned it, this would at once have silenced criticism—at least we can speak for ourselves. He has thought fit, however, to take a different—and we must say a most disingenuous—course, which we feel it our duty to expose. Mark, then, how ‘a plain tale will set him down.’ In his book of 1818 we find the following passage:—

‘The land I then saw was a *high ridge of mountains*, extending directly across the bottom of the inlet. This chain appeared extremely high in the centre,’ &c. . . . ‘It (the weather) completely cleared up for about ten minutes, and I distinctly saw the land round the bottom of the bay, forming a *connected chain of mountains* with those which extended along the north and south sides. This land appeared to be at the distance of *eight leagues*.’—*Voyage to Baffin’s Bay in 1818*, pp. 173, 174.

No description could be more clear and distinct than this is of a nonentity. Now let us compare it with the above extract from his book of 1835. Here this noble chain of mountains is shrivelled up into *A mountain*; and, instead of its stretching round the bottom of the bay (which by his own chart is forty-two miles across), we now find IT perched at the extremity of the supposed north point of America, wholly out of the counterfeit bay: still he avers that he *formerly* stated IT to be situated at *this place*. We shall see:—this *mountain*, he now tells us, lies between the latitudes of $73^{\circ} 53'$ and 74° north; that is to say, it occupies a space of *seven miles*: in 1818, by his own showing, it stretched from $73^{\circ} 36'$ to $74^{\circ} 18'$, or *forty-two miles*. This is rather unlucky for the Captain’s averment, but what immediately follows is much more so. ‘And as its longitude,’ he continues, ‘is 90° west, it occupies the place at which I had marked Croker’s *mountain* (still in the singular number) in 1818.’ Now we shall show the gallant Knight that his conclusion is a *non sequitur*; the *mountain*, in his chart of 1818, is placed in longitude $83\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$, and cannot therefore, in its new position of 90° , occupy the place he marked it in 1818; unless, indeed, as we are dealing with impossibilities, it possesses the gift of ubiquity.

We cannot leave this subject without pointing out the absurdity, as well as the meanness of this subterfuge. ‘In 1818,’ he says, ‘I saw very distinctly, from the vicinity of the mountain called by me *Hope’s Monument*, the land which I called Croker’s Mountain.’ Now Hope’s Monument appears, in his own chart, in lat. $74^{\circ} 43'$, and long. $80^{\circ} 30'$. We have seen that this *mountain* of 1832 (whatever its name may be) occupies a place in long. 90° ; and is, therefore, according to his logic, identically the same with that of 1818. If we reject the small difference of latitude, and assuming only that

of longitude ($9^{\circ} 30'$), we have a distance of 157 nautical miles from the spot in Lancaster Sound, where, from the deck of the *Isabella*, Ross asserts he saw that singular mountain, which by some means or other, between the years 1818 and 1832, has transported itself from the sound to the north-eastern extremity of the *Boothian Peninsula*. We know of no parallel to this stretch of the visual organ, except it be that of the notorious Fernan Mendez Pinto, who saw the Great Wall of China from the neighbourhood of Amoy, about a thousand miles off. Perhaps his friend the *feelosopher* may suggest a *wee bit* refraction; but the largest bit will fall infinitely short of what would be required to raise a hill of *six hundred feet* so as to be visible at the verge of the horizon from the above-mentioned distance; nothing short of the height of *fifteen thousand feet* would show itself! If Parry had not, in 1819, completely demolished this fine range of mountains, with Cape Rosamond in the centre of it—of whose castellated summit a splendid view *illustrates* Ross's book of 1818—Ross, in his volume of 1835, would have done the work for him.

We may mention another circumstance, which is remarkable only as it shows, among a multitude of instances, the loose manner in which the most simple statement of what are meant to be facts is usually made. This said unfortunate *mountain* seems doomed to find no resting place; it is stated in the *text* of 1835, as lying between $73^{\circ} 53'$ and 74° , but in his own *chart* of the same date, the *whole space* between these latitudes is occupied by *water*!

But we have not yet done with the new Croker's Mountain. A more gross misrepresentation of a recorded fact, with the testimony before one's eyes, and it was under his own, can scarcely be imagined than the following:—

'Since that period (1818), it (the mountain) has been considered as belonging to what have been termed Leopold's islands; thus receiving a new name which I cannot admit. I must therefore restore to it that one *which I originally conferred*, and in assuming a right granted to all discoverers, reclaim, of course, the right also of discovery over a land of which I *then* took possession [*'i.e.* at the distance of 157 miles!'] Since this spot is also a portion of the mainland, and not that island which has been asserted, *in the more recent voyage to which I have thus referred*, it is equally my duty to point out that the discovery of the north-east cape of the American continent thus *belongs to myself*, and to the original voyage which I made to these northern seas. Finally, in thus restoring the original designation of this spot, I must equally assert my right to establish everything else connected with it, as it stands in my own charts, and therefore replace the names which I then conferred on several objects in its vicinity.'—p. 671.

Can

Can assurance go beyond this? In the '*more recent voyage*' to which he refers we find the following passage:—

'We had now an opportunity of discovering that a long neck of very low land runs out from the southward of the Leopold Islands, and another from the shore to the southward of Cape Clarence. These two had every appearance of joining, *so as to make a peninsula instead of an island* of that portion of land which, on account of our distance preventing us from seeing the low beach, had, in 1819, been considered under the latter character.'—*Parry's Third Voyage*, p. 98.

Nor is this all. Sir Edward Parry in his chart *has joined the island to the continent* by two dotted lines, forming an isthmus. And is it thus that an officer, with the facts staring him in the face, shall dare 'to pluck the laurels from his brother's brow'? The thing is in itself too paltry to be of the least importance, as concerns anybody but Ross himself; Parry, we are well assured, will laugh at it.

We consider it our duty, however, to put matters on their right footing, to correct misrepresentations, and to repel the unfounded and uncalled for insinuations against Captain Parry contained in the following extract:—

'Sir Edward Parry remarks that Lancaster Sound had "obtained a degree of notoriety beyond what it might otherwise have been considered to possess, from the very opposite opinions which have been held with regard to it." This language is somewhat ambiguous, at least; and either from this cause, or others, it has been inferred by some of those persons who took an interest in the discoveries and proceedings of that voyage, that Sir Edward's opinion was opposed to mine, when we were employed together on that first expedition. Under such a conclusion, the same persons ought also to have perceived, that, as a matter of course, he must have then expressed that difference of opinion to me, since this was his duty as my associated though junior officer; and thence, I presume, they will have further determined, that, in acting as I did, I proceeded in opposition to his declared opinion. If this be the case, it is necessary that those persons should be undeceived; for he did not *at that time* make any such opinion known to me, and I am therefore bound to conclude that he did not entertain it. He could not have believed that there was a passage through Lancaster Sound, or he would have told me that he thought so; for it would be to suppose him capable of gross misconduct as an officer, were I to imagine that, when he was my second in command, he suppressed any opinion that could concern the duty in which we were both engaged; above all, that he concealed an opinion which, on account of its very high importance, it was the more strongly his duty to have communicated. Nor is there a single officer belonging to either of the ships, who, if he now says that he differed from me in opinion at that time, is not equally censurable; since it was incumbent on all to have stated to me what they believed or thought on that leading object of the expedition.'—*Ross*, 1835, pp. 89, 90.

Now this vain and jealous man seems not to see, what everybody else will see, that if it were true that *Parry* had been so negligent of his duty as not to remonstrate with his commanding officer for his misconduct in abandoning one of the noblest objects ever attempted by human effort, *that commanding officer* was not one jot the less to blame. But we happen to be acquainted with two very strong reasons why *Parry would not, could not, and therefore did not*, make any such remonstrance. The first is, the simple fact of the utter impossibility of stating his opinion, if he had formed any, when the *Isabella* turned back in Lancaster Sound. This ship was six miles a-head of the *Alexander* when she put about; she came rattling past her, with a strong wind blowing right down the sound, without hailing, without making any signal, and without heaving to; *Parry*, therefore, had nothing to do but to follow his leader, in utter ignorance of the cause of the sudden abandonment. His eyes were not keen enough to carry the view to Croker's Mountains—and he could not imagine non-entities; and therefore *could not and did not* give any opinion to his commanding officer.

The second reason, even had he formed an opinion, is as strong as the first, and perhaps stronger. Two or three days before this event, when at or near the head of Baffin's Bay, Ross consulted *Parry* personally, regarding the openings in the land; and to prevent any mistake the latter sent a note, in which he pointed out where they disagreed—to which the former returned an offensive reply,—such as was not calculated to encourage his junior officer to volunteer opinions a second time, unless specially called for. Whether this uncourteous reply was owing to *Parry's* opinion not being exactly suitable to his wishes, or whether it might be construed to imply that all had not been done that might have been done, in the examination of those numerous openings or inlets seen by Baffin, we pretend not to know; but the rapid manner in which Ross ran along the coast, and out of Lancaster Sound, gives the appearance of a premeditated and predetermined resolution to avoid a winter's residence, and to get home as speedily as possible.

After such treatment, how could he or any one expect that *Parry would* subject himself a second time to be so insulted? and what right has the Ross of 1835 to throw out insinuations against the *Parry* of 1818—seventeen years having passed away—because the latter did not see things that had no existence?—but the real cause of grievance undoubtedly is, that the *Parry* of 1819 demolished the 'unsubstantial phantom'—the 'baseless fabric of a vision,'—so happily named in the Westminster Epilogue the *Acrokeraunian Mountains*.*

* 'Acroceraunia, montes Epiri—known to the moderns [singularly enough] as the *Monti della Chimera*.'—*Ainsworth's Dict.*

Ross seems disposed, throughout, to manifest a malicious feeling against Parry; and truly he is sometimes indiscreet in his choice of occasions. For example, in his examination before the Committee, he says, speaking of the Act which grants a reward for the discovery of the North-West Passage, 'the original Act of Parliament was *repealed* after my voyage, and again *renewed on purpose for Captain Parry*.' Here, with submission, Sir John Ross states what is not the fact. The Act of 58 George III. (8th May, 1818), by virtue of which, *and of which only*, Parry got the reward in 1820, was not repealed till 1829. The Act 1 and 2 George IV. (23rd Feb. 1821) was a mere explanatory Act, amending the scale, and declaring that no more than 20,000*l.* shall be paid altogether for the whole passage; and an order in council was grounded upon it, fixing a scale of rewards for *portions* of the passage. The scheme for the distribution of 5000*l.* to the crews of the Hecla and Griper was authorised on 30th Nov. 1820,—*before* the passing of the explanatory Act which, the Committee are informed, was 'renewed on purpose for Captain Parry!'

We have taken occasion to observe on the jealousy with which Ross regards his brother officers employed on discoveries. It would hardly be believed that, at the conclusion of a very silly 'Introduction,' he appears desirous, in what he calls a piece of 'novel geographical criticism,' to deprive Beechey, Franklin, Richardson, Hearne, and Mackenzie of all their discoveries, by sending De Fuca and De Fonte, of whose histories he evidently knows nothing, through the Strait of Behring, and along the whole northern coast of America, as far as the Isthmus of Boothia! and that no one may mistake his meaning, he draws a 'comparative chart of ancient and modern navigators,' in which their two tracks are laid down—tracks which, he says, 'they *must* have made to reach the Isthmus of Boothia, which I have *reason to believe* they did, from the uniformity of their descriptions to what *we* saw.' *We* want nothing more than this 'chart of ancient navigators,' and the 'novel criticism' which accompanies it, to convey a true impression of Sir John Ross. Although it would seem to prove his utter ignorance of what has been attributed to the old pilot Juan de Fuca, and to De Fonte, the intention is obviously to deprive Beechey, Franklin, and the rest, of the merit of their valuable discoveries, which indeed he does not scruple to say are no new discoveries, for they had 'long ago been effected by those old navigators.' But enough of such trash as this—and more than enough of Captain Ross and his book.

With regard to our northern explorers, whose conduct under the most trying circumstances has been above all praise, they must content themselves with the golden opinions of their countrymen,
and

and console themselves with this reflection—that their names will live through all posterity, and be enrolled among the first and choicest in the list of those naval worthies, who, by their exertions and discoveries, have contributed to establish and extend the reputation of England. They have the proud reflection that, although they have not had the good fortune to be rewarded, as they well deserved to be, with honours and emoluments, they have not condescended either to flatter foreign potentates with names on a worthless chart—or to traverse the continent of Europe in quest of baubles and bits of ribbon, to dangle from a button-hole—or to petition parliament for grants of public money, and yet, at the same time, hire brazen-faced bagmen to beat up for private subscriptions—the last resource of '*Malesuada Fames*.'

On the whole, whether we look at his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, or at his strange narrative, we can arrive at no other conclusion than this—that 'Sir John Ross, C.B., K.S.A., K.C.S., &c. &c.,' is utterly incompetent to conduct an arduous naval enterprise for discovery to a successful termination. What we complain of, however, is not so much the want of skill, as the loose and inaccurate manner in which he slurs over and states facts, whose only value is their minute correctness. What possible use can, or rather, what positive mischief may not, arise from the works of an hydrographer who can create islands, or move mountains, *ad libitum*, with a few strokes of his pen! What reliance are future navigators to place on such a chart and narrative as we have endeavoured to describe! The value of hydrography consists entirely in its fidelity. Whatever the general professional abilities of Sir John Ross may be, or may once have been, every one must admit that, on two occasions, he has *proved himself* to be wanting in the high qualifications for conducting a voyage of discovery in unknown seas, and particularly so for deciding such a question as that of a passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; a passage which, baffled from incompetence, and prejudiced from spite, he now, *ex cathedrâ*, pronounces to be impracticable, notwithstanding the progressive discoveries of Parry, Franklin, Richardson, and Beechey have reduced it almost to a practicable certainty. Commander Ross has viewed that sea which washes the shores of America, from points that are distant sixty or seventy miles from each other, and seen it everywhere free and uninterrupted by any land; Franklin, Richardson, and Beechey have seen the same from every part of the coast, save and except about 150 miles. Can there then be a doubt scarcely remaining—we have none whatever—that a vessel, passing through one of the openings beyond the Boothian Peninsula into the Western Sea, would with ease, in one season, make

make good her passage through Behring's Strait? If, on the return of Back, he shall have established the truth of Commander Ross's conjecture as to the uninterrupted continuation of the western and, northern coast of America, and, in consequence of this, Government should decide to follow up an enterprise which has already redounded so much to the credit of the nation and the glory of British seamen—if, on considering how much has been effected, and how little remains yet to be done, an expedition with two small vessels should be resolved on—we do not hesitate to say that Captain James Clarke Ross, from his long experience in the navigation of the Arctic Seas—his zeal and unabated ardour—his scientific acquirements, practical and theoretical—and last, not least, his youth and sound constitution, is the officer whom we should pronounce, under all circumstances, the best qualified to be intrusted with this honourable duty;—and, let us be forgiven for adding that, for similar reasons, his friend Commander Back might fitly be appointed his second in command.

ART. II.—*Journal of Frances Anne Butler* (Fanny Kemble).
2 vols. Post 8vo. London. 1835.

THIS is a work of very considerable talent, but, both in its conception and execution, of exceeding bad taste. There is something overbold, not to say indelicate, in the very idea of a young woman's *publishing* her private Journal; but when we found *this* Journal treating—besides her own personal concerns—of the manners and characters of her family, her friends, and even of the strangers into whose society she had been admitted, in a style of *free and easy* criticism, we confess that we were even less surprised by the abilities than at the self-confidence of this young lady. Nor is this fundamental error much alleviated by the style of execution, which is often colloquial almost to vulgarity, and occasionally bold even to coarseness. Such are the first, and not very agreeable, impressions that the work creates; and we doubt whether all the amusement it may give, and the admiration that particular passages will excite, can compensate, to the generality of readers, for those—considering the writer's age and sex—unnatural defects.

But there is, we are glad to say, a view of Miss Kemble's (or, as we must now call her, Mrs. Butler's) personal position, which will not only explain away much of the anomaly, but will serve as an excuse, if not an apology, for many of those particulars which at first sight create the most surprise, and seem to deserve the least approbation. She is in years a young woman, but she has had

had considerable practice in the ways of the world. In many passages she expresses herself concerning her *profession* in very strong terms, sometimes of contempt and sometimes of disgust; but she never appears to have considered it in that particular point of view which bears most directly on her own case. The life of an *actress*—the habits of individual thought, study, and exertion—the familiarity with bargains, business, and bustle—the various and ever-varying situations and society into which she is thrown—the crossings and jostlings of the dramatic *race*—the acquired confidence which enables her to outface multitudinous audiences—and the activity and firmness of personal character which are necessary to maintain her rights from the encroachments of rivals and the tyranny of managers—must all tend to blunt the feelings of youthful timidity, to weaken the sense of feminine dependence, and to *force*, as in a hot-bed, to premature exuberance, all the more vigorous qualities both of mind and body. An actress lives fast: her existence is a perpetual wrestling-match, and one *season* gives her more experience—and with experience, more of the nerve and hard features of the world—than a whole life of domestic duties could do. In short, a *young actress* may be in mind and character an *old woman*; and when it happens, as in 'Master Fanny's' case, that the mind is originally of a vigorous and hardy cast, it is clear that she ought not to be measured by the standard of those more delicate young persons whose mental complexions have not been *bronzed* by the alternate sun and breezes of the stage, the green-room, and the box-office.

Again—the variety of characters with which she is obliged to identify herself (some of them not the most moral—Calista or Milwood, for instance—and some of them not the most feminine—as Lady Macbeth or Constance) must familiarize her with ideas and manners which never could approach a young woman in private life; and the infinite variety of such exhibitions gives her a kind of off-hand indifference to appearing before the public in any new character which may offer—even *that of a journalist*. Again—the general applause, and the individual attention, which actresses are in the habit of receiving, gives them inevitably a degree of self-confidence, a reliance on their own talents and judgment, and an idea of their own capacity and *importance*, which no other female mind is likely to attain. And, finally, all their thoughts and actions are calculated on familiarity with the *public*—they dress for the public, they read for the public, they write for the public, they live for the public—and accordingly think nothing of making the public their confidants in matters which an ordinary female conceals in the bosom of her family.

These are the considerations by which we account for Mrs.
Butler's

Butler's having thought of publishing her Journal at all—for the strange frankness in which she brings herself and all her friends on the literary stage—and for the decided tone and hardy expressions in which she exhibits her opinions : and if they do not constitute a sufficient excuse, we are satisfied that they afford at least the only rational explanation of the (otherwise unaccountable) step which Mrs. Butler has taken, in admitting the public into her dressing-room, and inviting them to the dinner and tea tables, and even into the *sick-chambers* of her friends and admirers.

But while Mrs. Butler's *profession* (should we say her *late* profession?) may be thus advanced in palliation of what we know has surprised the generality of readers, it has also, as might have been expected, influenced her literary style. If she is at times colloquial to vulgarity, she is at others pompous even to bombast, and in both cases she is *acting*. Her Journal, we are satisfied, was from an early period, if not from the first line, destined for publication ; and the whole thing is arranged for *stage effect*. She is pompous, to prove that she can be dignified ; and then she interposes trivialities, in order to appear natural. She wishes to show that she can play Lady Macbeth and Nell in the same volume ; but it seems to us that her pomp is more natural than her familiarity, and we trace quite as much affectation in her records of the ' packing of her trunks,' or the ' mending her gown,' as in her elaborate criticism on Hamlet, or her gorgeous descriptions of natural scenery.

With this clue in our hands we think we may venture to begin unravelling the Journal.

Though she is strangely ignorant of the author of the celebrated expression—'*du sublime au ridicule il n'y a qu'un pas*'—which she attributes to 'a French critic,' there is hardly a page of her work in which she does not exhibit an example of it—here is one of the most moderate :—

'The *steadfast* shining of the moon held *high supremacy* in heaven. The bay lay like *molten silver* under her light, and every now and then a tiny skiff, emerging from the shade, crossed the bright waters, its dark hull and white sails relieved between the shining sea and radiant sky. Came home at nine, *tea'd*, and sat embroidering till twelve o'clock—*industrious little me*.'—vol. i. p. 81.

The *play* and the *after-piece* !

Mrs. Butler's natural good sense (and she has a great deal of it) sees the actor-style in others, but does not perceive it,—as every body else must do most strongly,—in herself.

'—dined with us : what a handsome man he is ! but oh, what a *within* and *without* actor. I wonder whether I carry such a brand in every limb and look of me ? if I thought so, I'd strangle myself. An actor

actor shall be self-convicted in five hundred. There is a *ceaseless striving at effect, a straining after points* in talking, and a *lamp and orange-peel twist* in every action. How odious it is to me! Absolute and unmitigated vulgarity I can put up with, and welcome; but good Heaven defend me from the genteel version of vulgarity—to see which in perfection, a country actor, particularly if he is also manager and sees occasionally people who bespeak plays, is your best occasion.”—vol. i. pp. 66-68.

This is but too true; but we hope the offence of smelling of the stage-lamps is not quite so serious as Mrs. Butler represents it; for assuredly she is as clearly, though not so offensively, guilty of it as any stroller of her acquaintance; and if she really thinks the crime *capital*, she must, like the self-devoted ecclesiastic of the middle ages, pronounce her own sentence—*adjudico me cremari*—or, to adopt her own expression, *I condemn myself to be strangled*. And it is singular enough that the two paragraphs which immediately precede and follow this anathema against vulgarity appear to us to be not only vulgar, but something still less excusable.

‘Stitching the whole blessed day. Mr. — and his daughter called; I like him: his daughter was dressed up in French clothes, and looked very stiff; but, however, a first visit is an awkward thing, and *nothing that isn't thorough-bred* ever does it quite well. Worked till dinner-time. My dear father, *who was a little elated*, made me sing to him [the actor above-mentioned], which I greatly gulped at. When he was gone, went on playing and singing. Wrote journal, and now to bed.’

We hope that Mr. —'s daughter, though ‘*she isn't thorough-bred*,’ would not have been guilty of the worse than vulgarity of hinting at her ‘*dear father's elevation*,’ nor of letting the aforesaid actor know, *through the public press*, that she thought him ‘*what a handsome man!*’ but so *vulgar* as to deserve hanging. To console the poor fellow, we subjoin a few instances of that dramatic ‘*twist*’ by which his harsh critic is herself unconsciously ‘self-convicted:—

‘Played till I was tired; dozed, and finally came to bed. Bed! *quotha!* ’tis a frightful misapplication of terms.”—vol. i. p. 8.

‘We passed a pretty house, which Colonel — called an old mansion: mercy on me, him, and it! Old, *quotha!* the woods and waters, and hills and skies, alone are old here.”—p. 102.

‘My father told me he had been seeing Miss Clifton, the girl they want him to teach to act (*to teach to act, quotha!!!*); he says she is very pretty indeed, with fine eyes, a fair, delicate skin, and a handsome mouth; moreover, a tall woman—and yet from the front of the house her effect is *NOUGHT*.”—pp. 148-150.

Here we must observe by the way, that one who affects the quaintness

quaintness of Shakspeare's language should understand it. Mrs. Butler more than once expresses censure by saying 'the thing is *nought*'—nought, *quotha!* she means *naught*: and in a very remarkable passage in Richard III. (which we refrain from quoting more particularly), Shakspeare himself marks the very *broad* distinction between the two words.

Mrs. Butler seems to have a laudable reverence for religion, and frequently tells us of the assiduity with which she worked at her 'bible-cover;' but even on the most serious occasions she lays aside her 'bible-cover,' and the better thoughts it might inspire, to intersperse dramatic slang of the least decorous sound:—

'The sermon would have been good if it had been squeezed into half the compass it occupied; it was upon the subject of the late terrible visitations with which God has tried the world, and was sensibly and well delivered, only it had "*damnable iteration*."—vol. i. p. 71.

'It is true, *by my faith!* it is true; there it is written, here I sit, I am myself and no other, this is New York, and nowhere else.'—vol. i. p. 48.

'I was roused by a pull on the shoulder, and a civil and considerate lady asked me to do her the favour of lending her my book. I said 'by all manner of means,' *wished her at the devil*, and turned round to sleep once more.'—vol. ii. p. 17.

'Sketched till *dark*. Chose a beautiful claret-coloured velvet for Mrs. Beverley; which will cost Miss Kemble eleven guineas, *by this living light!*'—vol. i. p. 195.

And the affectation of this last exclamation is not more offensive than absurd. She chooses her claret-coloured gown *after it was dark*, and then *swears* 'by the *living light!*'

In the same style of vulgar irreverence is her reflection on the ship which had conveyed her to America:—

'Poor good ship, I wish to Heaven my feet were on her deck, and her prow turned to the east. I would not care *if the devil himself drove a hurricane* at our backs.'—vol. i. p. 91.

Does Mrs. Butler mean any harm by this? Certainly not—there is much better evidence than the 'bible-cover' that she has a strong, though we cannot say an *adequant*, religious feeling; but as the Stage has reconciled her to the publishing her living Journal, the Stage has reconciled *her* ears to expressions which startle, and we must add offend, *ours*.

In the midst of a great affectation of simplicity of taste and manner, she contrives to display all possible vanities; and though she laughs at the Americans for their absurd admiration of titles, she takes special care to introduce, by hook or by crook, every lord or lady she was ever acquainted with. In the following passage it *accidentally* escapes her that she is not only a *universal genius*, reading Dante—writing novels—and darning shirts, with equal

equal facility, but is, moreover, an *habituée* of the highest circles of English aristocracy:—

'Finished Journal, wrote to my mother, *read a canto in Dante, and began to write a novel.* Dined at five. After dinner, put out things for this evening, played on the piano, *mended habit-shirt*, dressed myself, and at a quarter to ten went to the theatre for my father. I had on the same dress I wore at *Devonshire House*, the night of *the last ball I was at in England*, and looked at myself with amazement, to think of all the strangenesses that have befallen since then. Lord! Lord! what fools men and women do make themselves.'—vol. ii. p. 23.

They do indeed, but never so completely as when a lecturer on folly exhibits such *transparent* affectation.

This indeed is the predominant feature of Mrs. Butler's book; and, we presume (for the reasons already given), of her character. Perhaps it may not be quite exact to call that 'affectation,' of which probably she is often—nay, generally—unconscious, and which has become so *habitual* that she fancies it *natural*. We indeed allege it not as censure, but as defence of what, in a case not susceptible of the like apology, would be a gross indelicacy, and, when she speaks of other persons, a breach of all the confidences of friendship and private life.

But it is not in manner and modes of thinking only that we trace this disposition to *étalage* and factitious decoration. Her description of natural objects, though in itself very clever, becomes indistinct and perplexing from an excess of colour. Within seven lines we have '*golden skies—green, brown, yellow, and dark maroon thickets—grey granite, circled with green—purple waters—a red road—and all under a rosy light—till the eye is drunk with beauty*'—(vol. i. p. 208.) Now all this '*gorgeous and glorious*'* brilliancy which intoxicates the eye, is excellent now and then, and on special occasions; but in *every* third or fourth page—at *every* new prospect she sees—at *every* sun-rise or sun-set she witnesses, it grows intolerable. We wonder that she did not recollect, from the childish experiment of spinning a court-card, that the gaudiest hues will become, by rapid repetition, a dingy confusion; she keeps *spinning the Queen of Diamonds* so unremittingly all day long that one cannot make out what card it is. This flowery profusion of tints is very wearisome, but her metallic metaphors are still worse. No herald painter deals more largely in *or* and *argent*. It is really incredible what a quantity of gold and silver she uses up—'silver clouds'—'silver vapours'—'silver light'—'silver waves'—'silver lamp'—'silver belt'—'silver

* These are two of the most abused words in the book—everything—from the 'sun' to 'slip-slop,' and from 'the Atlantic' to the 'master of the ship' that navigates it,—is by turns *glorious* and *gorgeous*.

springs'—'floating silver,' and 'molten silver;' and then, on the other side of the account, we have 'golden skies'—'golden waves'—'golden shores'—'golden spray'—'golden snake'—'golden disk'—'golden fruit'—'golden wings'—'golden leaves'—'golden willows'—'golden glories,' and 'golden froth'—in short, every visible object is so *plated* and *gilt*, that the face of nature, in Mrs. Butler's sketch-book, looks like a silver-smith's shop-window. And all this surprises us the more from the deep disgust she expresses at the *false finery* which she herself is forced to put on 'in the way of her vocation—*foil stone*—*glass beads*, and *brass tape*.'—(vol. i. p. 248.) Is it not wonderful that she does not see that her own mode of overloading Nature is of the same tawdry fashion?—and that calling a brook 'a *silver snake*,' and a fog 'a *golden mist*,'—a cloud an '*inky curtain*,' and a shower of rain '*fringe*' to the said curtain, is very much in the style of *glass beads* and *brass tape*—indeed, some of them are rather worse; for these flimsy counterfeits pay their homage to reality, while Mrs. Butler's degrades the glories of nature into specimens of handicraft.

These descriptions, however, occupy so much of the book, are evidently such favourites with Mrs. Butler, and are, indeed, with all their faults, so clever, that it would be unjust not to give some entire specimens. We shall extract two or three which we think among the best, and the *least* marked with the blemish we have just complained of:—

'To Fair Mount, where we got out, and left the coach to wait for us. The day was bright, and bitter cold: the keen spirit-like wind came careering over the crisping waters of the broad river, and carried across the cloudless *blue* sky the *golden* showers from the shivering woods. They had not lost their beauty yet; though some of their *crimson* robes were turned to palest *yellow*, and through the thin foliage the dark boughs and rugged barks showed distinctly: yet the sun shone joyfully on them, and they looked beautiful still; and so did the water, curled into a thousand mimic billows, that came breaking their *crystal* heads along the curving shore, which, with its shady indentings and bright granite promontories, seemed to lock the river in, and gave it the appearance of a lovely lake.'—vol. i. p. 225.

'While despatching breakfast, the reflection of the sun's rays on the water flickered to and fro upon the cabin ceiling; and through the loop-hole windows we saw the bright foam round the paddles sparkling like *frothed gold* in the morning light. On our return to the deck, the face of the world had become resplendent with the glorious sunshine that now poured from the east; and rock and river, earth and sky, shone in intense and dazzling brilliancy. The broad Hudson curled into a thousand crisp billows under the fresh north-wester that blew over it. The vaporous exhalations of night had melted

melted from the horizon, and the bold, rocky range of one shore, and exquisite rolling outline of the other, stood out in fair relief against the deep serene of the blue heavens.'—p. 260.

Such passages, we repeat, would be admirable if they were not so superabundant, and we assure our readers that these are the most moderate specimens of this gorgeous style which we could select out of some hundreds. The following description of a storm in the city of New York is more distinct, and, if we may use the expression, more *individual*, though even here we have rather too much of old Dennis's theatrical thunder:—

'A tremendous thunder-storm came on, which lasted from nine o'clock till past two in the morning: I never saw but one such in my life; and that was our memorable Weybridge storm, which only exceeded this in the circumstance of my having seen a thunderbolt fall during that paroxysm of the elements. But this was very *glorious*, awful, beautiful, and tremendous. The lightning played without the intermission of a second, in wide sheets of *purple* glaring flame that trembled over the earth for nearly two or three seconds at a time; making the whole world, river, sky, trees, and buildings, look like a ghostly universe *cut out in chalk*. The light over the water, which absolutely illumined the shore on the other side with the broad glare of full day, was of a magnificent *purple* colour. The night was pitchy dark, too; so that between each of these *ghastly smiles of the devil*, the various *pale* steeples and buildings, which *seemed at every moment to leap from nothing into existence*, after standing out in fearful relief against a background of fire, were hidden, like so many dreams, in deep and total darkness. God's music rolled along the heavens; the forked lightnings now dived from the clouds into the very bosom of the city, now ran like tangled threads of fire all round the blazing sky. "The big bright rain came dancing to the earth," the wind clapped its huge wings, and swept through the dazzling glare; and I stood, with eyes half veiled (for the light was too intense even upon the ground to be looked at with unshaded eyes), gazing at this fierce holiday of the elements—at the *mad lightning*—at the brilliant shower, through which the flashes shone like day-light—listening to the huge thunder, as its voice resounded, and its *heavy feet rebounded along the clouds*—and the swift spirit-like wind rushing triumphantly along, uttering its wild pæan over the amazed earth.'—vol i. pp. 109, 110.

All this, notwithstanding the two or three *bright* flashes of genius with which it is illumined, is too long and too wordy, and reminds us of Sheridan's at once pleasant and acute *criticism* on the theatrical propensity to *over-do*—'Ay, this is always the way at the theatre—give these fellows a good thing, and *they never know when to have done with it*.'

Though her finished pictures are too elaborate, she is very often very successful in a sketch, and creates by a word or two a very lively image—though even in the best of these there is, generally,
some

some mark of the craft—something more striking than natural—some '*glass beads and brass tape!*'

'The day was most lovely, and my eyes were constantly attracted to the church windows, through which the magnificent willows of the burial-ground looked like *golden-green fountains* rising into the sky.'—vol. i. p. 129.

'The bridges here are all made of wood, and for the most part covered. Those which are so are by no means unpicturesque objects. The one-arched bridge at Fair Mount is particularly light and graceful in its appearance; at a little distance, it *looks like a scarf, rounded by the wind, flung over the river.*'—vol. ii. p. 30.

And this description of a soft mild dawn, though somewhat too fanciful, conveys, if not an image, at least a sentiment:—

'At six o'clock, just as the night was *folding its soft black wings*, and rising slowly from the earth.'—vol. i. p. 157.

We can forgive her making her ship '*reel like a drunken man*,' or '*dance like a fairy*,' for one exquisite (*yet still theatrical*) touch by which she describes the way of a vessel under full sail on a calm sea, as '*courtesying along the smooth waters*'—(vol. i. p. 46); and the homely expression with which she sketches the appearance of the wintry woods is almost as graphic:—

'The comfortless, *threadbare* look of the wintry woods.'—vol. ii. p. 115.

Her contrast of the towns of New York and Philadelphia is very terse and lively:—

'I like Philadelphia extremely; there is a look of comfort and cleanliness, and withal of age about it, which pleases me. It is quieter, too, than New York; and though not so gay, for that very reason is more to my fancy: the shops, too, have a far better appearance. New York always gave me the idea of an irregular collection of temporary buildings, *erected for some casual purpose, full of life, animation, and variety*, but not meant to endure for any length of time;—a FAIR, in short. Philadelphia has a much more substantial, sober, and city-like appearance.'—vol. i. p. 178.

And the sketch of Washington is equally so:—

'Washington altogether struck me as a *rambling red-brick image of futurity*, where nothing *is*, but all things are *to be*.'—vol. ii. p. 138.

Sometimes she sketches in the true spirit of caricature:—

'Presently came in Baron —, a man with a thick head—*thick white hair that stood out round it like a silver halo*—and gold earrings.'—vol. ii. p. 94.

'The play, the Hunchback: the house crammed from floor to ceiling. I had an intense headache, but played tolerably well. I wore my red satin, and *looked like a bonfire.*'—vol. i. p. 144.

'D—, wrapped up in a shawl, sat till morning under the half-open hatchway, *breathing damp starlight*'—vol. ii. p. 245.

Mrs.

Mrs. Butler, like Mrs. Trollope, and indeed everybody else, admits the extraordinary proportion of female beauty amongst the Americans: but—

'The women's voices here distract me—so loud, so rapid, and with such a hurry! What a pity—for they are, almost without exception, lovely-looking creatures—with an air of refinement in their appearance which would be very attractive, but for their style of dress and those said tremendous shrill loud voices.'—p. 312.

And then she adds:—

'Were the women large and masculine in their appearance this defect would appear less strange, but they are singularly delicate and feminine in their style of beauty, and the noise they make strikes one with surprise as something monstrous and unnatural—*like mice roaring*.'—p. 313.

And the Philadelphia riding-school:—

'At half-past twelve set off to the riding-school. It was full of women in long calico skirts, and gay bonnets with flaunting feathers, riding like wretches; some cantering, some trotting, some walking—crossing one another, passing one another in a way that would have filled the soul of Fossard with grief and amazement. I put on a skirt and my riding-cap, and mounted a rough, rugged, besweated *white-brown beast that looked like an old trunk*.'—vol. ii. p. 39.

This is perfect—but she could not resist the dramatic demon who prompted her to spoil it, by adding—

'Its coat standing literally on end

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine,"'—*ib.*

a poor quotation, without either truth or humour. She had better have stuck to the *trunk*.

From one whose every thought, word, and deed has a dramatic origin, we are surprised at such very flimsy and unjust observations as the following:—

'How I do loathe the stage! these wretched, tawdry, glittering rags flung over the breathing forms of ideal loveliness; these miserable, poor, and pitiful substitutes for the glories with which poetry has invested her magnificent and fair creations—the glories with which our imagination reflects them back again. What a mass of wretched mumming mimicry acting is! Pasteboard and paint, for the thick breathing orange groves of the south; green silk and oiled parchment, for the solemn splendour of her noon of night; wooden platforms and canvass curtains, for the solid marble balconies, and rich dark draperies of Juliet's sleeping chamber, that shrine of love and beauty; rouge, for the startled life-blood in the cheek of that young passionate woman; an actress, a mimicker, a sham creature, me in fact, or any other one, for that loveliest and most wonderful conception, in which all that is true in nature, and all that is exquisite in fancy, are moulded into a living form. To *act* this! to *act* Romeo and Juliet!

Juliet! horror! horror! how I do loathe my most impotent and unpoetical craft!—vol. ii. p. 26.

Now all this appears to us very silly. She looks at the wrong side of a Gobelin tapestry and complains that, instead of landscape or figures, she sees only a confusion of fuzzy threads: she looks at the stage from behind the scenes instead of from the boxes, and talks of pasteboard, and paint, and oil, and canvass, about as wisely as if one should say that a picture of Claude's (whom she very much admires—for his *silver* temples and *golden* waters, we suppose) is mere oil and canvass—that a watch is only little bits of brass and iron put together by dirty hands—nay, that her own 'sweet body' is a mass too terrible to look at, but for the delicate skin which covers it! But the fact—that these are 'poor pitiful substitutes for the glories of poetry'—is false. They are, if we, too, may borrow a metaphor from the silversmith, the indispensable *settings* of this species of poetic gems. This indeed she, in a better temper, elsewhere admits, when she says that even from the lips of the best reader, the glories of dramatic poetry can never suffice of themselves; and that when she heard Mrs. Siddons, in her every-day dress, read some of the finest passages of Shakspeare, she found the incalculable want of the scenic illusion. It is most true that there are things in tragic poetry, and especially in Shakspeare's, which one enjoys more in one's solitary closet, than even when a Kemble or a Siddons walks the stage: but these are not at all the things Mrs. Butler is here alluding to; and, laying them out of view, let us ask ourselves whether there is any strollers' barn whose ragged scenery and tawdry dresses do not give to the finest piece that is fit for the stage at all, an effect on the feelings which no reading can approach? Has Mrs. Butler no respect for the intellectual power of the actor who triumphs over such defects (and the more miserable the defects the greater the triumph), and who, by an art—which, in its perfection, requires some of the fairest gifts that God vouchsafes to his creatures—makes us not only forget that the balcony is canvass and the moon oiled paper, but, what is not less difficult, that Juliet is Miss Fanny herself. How differently does one of the wisest, and best, and greatest of men—whom Mrs. Butler decently calls that '*dense fat old FOOL, Johnson*,'*—(vol. ii. p. 158,) treat an analogous subject:—'*Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant,*

* She adds, 'what dry, and sapless, and dusty earth his soul must have been made of!'—We decline, from a mixture of charity and contempt, expressing our opinion of these astonishing passages, but our readers may be curious to know on what occasion, *what provocation*, this opinion was uttered: simply this: Johnson concluded his notes on Shakspeare's *Winter's Tale* by this *too short* summary of its merits: 'This play, as Dr. Warburton justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of Autolycus is very naturally conceived and strongly represented.'

or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of human beings. That man is little to be envied whose patriotism would not gain force on the Plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.' Yet Marathon is only a desert swamp, and Iona a wretched heap of dilapidated huts. We must, for our own part, admit that we never thought the influence of the dramatic profession so injurious to the mind and manners—particularly of a young woman—as we have done while reading this work; but we think that it would have been better taste, as well as stricter truth, if Mrs. Butler had not so excessively vituperated her 'trade' as she calls it. For notwithstanding her own mediocrity in it, she owes it some obligations; and particularly as belonging to a family of actors and actresses, whose genius and success in their 'vocation,' and whose private worth and amiability invested not only themselves but even their profession with a degree of respectability which it little becomes Mrs. Butler, who lives upon the inheritance of their good name, to depreciate or deny.

It is very remarkable that, in the whole of this work, amidst so much dramatic criticism and theatrical anecdote—the uame of that excellent scholar—that amiable gentleman—that admirable actor—her uncle, too—Mr. John Kemble, occurs, we believe, but once, and then only with a cold remark that 'he was always in earnest in what he was about;'—(vol. ii. p. 130.) while there are pages of rapture about Mr. Kean, who was to Kemble less—in our judgment—than Miss Fanny herself to Mrs. Siddons. We suppose she is too young to remember Mr. Kemble, but that does not, to our satisfaction at least, account for the absence of any—even the smallest—tribute of admiration or affection for his talents or his memory. Nor are we much pleased with her cold and cursory allusions to her 'aunt Siddons,' and still less with the flippant tone in which she criticises her own father—both in private life and on the stage. Mr. Charles Kemble is infinitely the best actor now extant; and if he has not the full powers of his illustrious brother and sister, he is at least far above the faint praise and injurious comparisons with which his daughter—with a very disagreeable and unnatural affectation of sincerity—depreciates him. We have no doubt, in our own minds, that she is, in the main, a very good-natured person and a very affectionate daughter, and that she puts on this air of *stern impartiality*, just as she does Portia's robe, only to excite admiration. Now admiration is, we admit, very delicious, but we cannot, as Mrs. Butler seems to do, adopt the enthusiasm of the French gourmand, who exclaimed '*avec cette sauce on mangerait son propre pere!*' Those who should believe that she was serious in these, and twenty other similar passages,

passages, would think that she must be strangely deficient in natural affection and genuine feeling, and that her tenderness was indeed 'stone foil,' and her sensibility 'brass tape.'

This leads us to another consideration—where does she intend to live?—into what society does she expect to be received? She may disguise to *us* the persons she alludes to as Col. —, and Mr. H—, and Mr. —, and Mrs. —, and Dr. —, and 'his Honour the Recorder,' but they must be all as well known in America by the circumstances, as if she had written their names at full length; and though she says nothing, perhaps, positively discreditable of any of them, we cannot comprehend that her exhibition of their foibles and ridicules, and—even where there is nothing either weak or ridiculous—of the little details of their private life, should not be exceedingly disagreeable—unpardonable we should fear. Who will let a woman into his or her house, who, after spending an evening in the *abandon* and familiarity of private life, sits up half the night to record all the little frivolities she may have witnessed, with the intention of publishing them—as she herself would say—'ere the shoes were old in which' she trod their *bespitted* carpets—to the ridicule of Europe, and, what is worse, of the society in which the poor victims live? It is clear she must believe that 'All the world's a stage, and all the men and women *merely* players;' and that the Col. —, and the Dr. —, and Mr. —, will think no more of her ridicule of their manners, than the actor who plays the Duke of Austria does of the revilings of the Lady Constance, when the play is over. This, we are satisfied, must be the explanation of her conduct. She has evidently no particle either of malignity, or even malice, in her composition. She is not satirical, nor even giddy—she writes with premeditation, and piques herself on telling what she believes to be the fearless truth; and she will, we have no doubt, be exceedingly surprised that any one should be so silly and so unreasonable as to resent her freedom of speech. But she will find, we think, that she is mistaken, and that New York or Philadelphia will no more tolerate such a domestic spy and informer, than Edinburgh or even London would do, if she had treated them with the same unpalatable sincerity.

We here end all reference to personal topics, which to our great regret have been forced on us, by the style, the subjects, and, indeed, the very nature of the work—for its essence, and that of any similar journal, must be personality; and if some of our remarks should sound harsh in Mrs. Butler's ears, we must beg her to recollect that she has only herself to blame for observations produced by her *unprecedented* publication, and the bold and challenging style

in which she has, as it were, defied all man and woman kind to the field. The remainder of our task is more agreeable—her book (with the drawbacks we have been obliged to notice) is exceedingly clever and full of entertainment. She has a great deal of *naïveté*—a great deal of good humour, and some fun—her observations on national manners are acute and candid—her narrative (when she does not bedizen it with *brass tape*) rapid and lively—and there are many passages, in which she deals with and contrasts the social and political institutions of her own country and those of America, which evince a depth of observation and a soundness of judgment, rare in any one, but wonderful in a person of her age and sex. Of these we have already given some specimens, and more will follow.

In the midst of a discussion of the various styles of writing, in which she expresses her superior admiration of the dignity of what she calls the 'sculptural' to the gaudy oil and canvass style, she suddenly recollects herself, and adds, '*Yet Milton was a sculptor—Shakspeare a painter;*' an illustration, to our tastes, as profound, as striking, as just, as any that we ever remember to have met with. The idea may perhaps not be absolutely new; but it is clear from the context that it is her own, and we at least never before met it *thus* forcibly and justly applied.

We shall abstain from quoting her opinions on the topic of manners, on which our American brethren show so much morbid sensibility, and we very much fear that the occasional, but sly and pungent remarks of Mrs. Butler will not be much more satisfactory at the other side of the Atlantic, than the more direct censure and broader ridicule of Mrs. Trollope, Captain Hall, and Mr. Hamilton. The Americans may and do charge these writers with prejudice and partiality, but Mrs. Butler can have had no predisposition to find fault—no adverse theory to maintain—no political object to advance. It is a subject which she never professedly treats, and unpleasant facts drop from her only incidentally when the course of her Journal forces them from her. Besides, it will be recollected, that, if she has any partiality, it must be supposed to be to the country of her adoption, to which she has united her name and her destiny. We shall not add to the annoyance which we fear her book must occasion her among her new friends, by quoting any of the many piquant passages on this subject which the volumes afford—one only we shall venture to notice, in which, without expressing, herself, any opinion on Mrs. Trollope's statements, she hints, with great good sense, the most conclusive of all reasons for believing them to be true:—

'Mercy on me! how sore all these people are about Mrs. Trollope's book,

book, and how glad I am I did not read it. *She must have spoken the truth though, for lies do not rankle so.*

“ *Qui ne nous touche point, ne nous fait pas rougir.* ”—

vol. i. p. 67.

At the following characteristic passages even an American may smile:—

‘ Young —— breakfasted with us. On one occasion he said, when he was acting Richard the Third, some of the underlings kept their hats on while he was on the stage, whereat he remonstrated, requesting them in a whisper to uncover, as they were in the presence of a king; to which admonition he received the following characteristic reply: “ Fiddlestick! I guess we know nothing about kings in this country.” ’—p. 155.

‘ I was much surprised to find two baths in one room, but it seems to me that the people of this country have an aversion to solitude, whether eating, sleeping, or under any other circumstances. . . . As to privacy at any time, or under any circumstances, ’tis a thing that enters not into the imagination of an American. . . . They live all the days of their lives in a throng, eat at ordinaries of two or three hundred, sleep five or six in a room, take pleasure in droves, and travel by swarms’.—pp. 173-255.

‘ He (Mr. ——) sent a die of his crest to a manufacturer to have it put upon his gig harness. The man sent home the harness, when it was finished, but without the *die*; after sending for which sundry times, Mr. —— called to enquire after it himself, when the reply was,—“ Lord! why I didn’t know you wanted it.”—“ I tell you I wish to have it back.”—“ Oh, pooh! you can’t want it much, now—do you?”—“ I tell you, sir, I desire to have the die back immediately.”—“ Ah well, come now, what’ll you take for it?”—“ D’ye think I mean to sell my crest? why you might as well ask me to sell my name.”—“ Why, you see, a good many folks have seen it and want to have it on their harness, as it’s a pretty-looking concern enough.”—pp. 127-128.

‘ Went into a shop to order a pair of shoes. The shopkeepers in this place, with whom I have hitherto had to deal, are either condescendingly familiar, or insolently indifferent in their manner. Your washerwoman sits down before you, while you are *standing* speaking to her; and a shop-boy bringing things for your inspection, not only sits down, but keeps his hat on in your drawing-room.’—p. 125.

On this last passage she adds very fairly:—

‘ There is a striking difference in this respect between the tradespeople of New-York and those of Boston and Philadelphia; and in my opinion the latter preserve quite self-respect enough to acquit their courtesy and civility from any charge of servility. The only way in which I can account for the difference, is, the greater impulse which trade receives in New York, the proportionate rapidity with which fortunes are made, the ever-shifting materials of which its society is composed,

composed, and the facility with which the man who has served you behind his counter, having amassed an independence, assumes a station in the first circle, where his influence becomes commensurate with his wealth. This is not the case either in Boston or Philadelphia; at least, not to the same degree.—p. 126.

There are scattered through the volumes a great many very sensible remarks on the state of society in America, as regards aristocracy and democracy. We select one passage which is well-worthy of attention on many accounts:—

‘ I think the pretension to pre-eminence, in the various societies of North America, is founded on these grounds—in Boston, a greater degree of *mental* cultivation; in New York, the possession of *wealth*; and a lady, of whom I enquired the other day what constituted the superiority of the *aristocracy* in Philadelphia, replied,—“ Why, *birth*, to be sure!” Virginia and Carolina, indeed, long prided themselves upon their old family names, which were once backed by large possessions; and for many years the southern gentlemen might not improperly be termed the aristocracy of America: but the estates of those who embraced the king’s cause during the rebellion were confiscated; and the annulling the laws of entail and primogeniture, and the parcelling out of property under the republican form of government, have gradually destroyed the fortunes of most of the old southern families. Still, they hold fast to the spirit of their former superiority, and from this circumstance, and the possession of slaves, which exempts them from the drudgery of earning their livelihood, they are a much less mercantile race of men than those of the northern states; generally better informed, and infinitely more polished in their manners. The few southerners with whom I have become acquainted resemble Europeans both in their accomplishments, and the quiet and reserve of their manners. On my remarking, one day, to a Philadelphia gentleman, whose general cultivation keeps pace with his political and financial talents, how singular the contrast was between the levelling spirit of this government, and the separating and dividing spirit of American society, he replied, that if his many vocations allowed him time, he should like to write a novel illustrating the curious struggle which exists throughout this country between its political and its social institutions. The anomaly is, indeed, striking. Democracy governs the land; whilst, throughout society, a contrary tendency shows itself, wherever it can obtain the very smallest opportunity. It is unfortunate for America that its aristocracy *must, of necessity*, be always one of wealth.’ —pp. 249-250.

In this last observation we do not quite agree. *All* aristocracy is founded on wealth—its other and better features are super-added by the refinement and elegance of manner and sentiment, for the cultivation of which wealth affords the opportunity, and which, after some generations, assume that habitual and hereditary influence which is called aristocratic. If wealth becomes *hereditary*

tary in America, its *purse-proud* spirit will be mitigated, and its better influences will be developed and naturalized, and she may, in time, possess an aristocracy of the best kind.

On the same topic we find in another place the following curious facts and sly and sensible observations:—

‘My father has been introduced to half the town (New York), and tells me that far from the democratic *Mister*, which he expected to be every man’s title here, he had made the acquaintance of a score of municipal dignitaries, and some sixty colonels and major-generals — of militia. Their omnibuses are vehicles of rank, and the *Ladies* Washington, Clinton, and Van Rensselaer,* rattle their crazy bones along the pavement for all the world like any other old women of quality.

‘These democrats are as *title-sick as a banker’s wife in England*. My father told me to-day, that Mr. —, talking about the state of the country, spoke of the *lower orders finding their level*: now this enchants me, because a republic is a natural anomaly; there is nothing republican in the construction of the material universe; there be highlands and lowlands, lordly mountains as barren as any aristocracy, and lowly valleys as productive as any labouring classes. The feeling of rank, of inequality, is inherent in us, a part of the veneration of our natures; and, like most of our properties, seldom finds its right channels—in place of which it has created artificial ones suited to the frame of society into which the civilized world has formed itself. I believe in my heart that a republic is the noblest, highest, and purest form of government; but I believe that according to the present disposition of human creatures, ’tis a mere *beau ideal*, totally incapable of realization. What the world may be fit for six hundred years hence, I cannot exactly perceive; but in the mean time, ’tis my conviction that America will be a monarchy before I am a skeleton.’—pp. 60, 61.

Her graver matter Mrs. Butler has in general sequestered from the too colloquial text into separate notes, which are, for the most part, written with great à *plomb* and good sense; and contain remarks—in the style of those just quoted—on the political state of America—the character and pursuits of the men, and the education and habits of the women—which we can almost, without an exception, recommend even to the gravest reader—but we have no room for such disquisitions; and, indeed, to do them justice they must be read *in extenso*. We shall conclude with extracting two or three passages of such opposite character, as do credit to the versatility of Mrs. Butler’s powers.

The first is a description of the performance of Romeo and Juliet, at the Holyday-Street theatre, at Baltimore, which we quote, not merely as a ludicrous incident, drolly narrated, but as a

* ‘These are the titles of three omnibuses which run up and down Broadway all the day long.’

confirmation of what we have already said of the influence of the theatrical profession on a young female. In the midst of our amusement at the following scene—*surgit amari aliquid*—we are pained at seeing a gifted young woman exposed to such personal contact with a vulgar stranger:—

‘Young —— called, and stayed about an hour with us. At half-past five, took coffee, and off to the theatre. The play was *Romeo and Juliet*; the house was extremely full: they are a delightful audience. My *Romeo* had gotten on a pair of trunk breeches, that looked as if he had borrowed them from some worthy Dutchman of a hundred years ago. Had he worn them in New York, I could have understood it as a compliment to the ancestry of that good city; but here, to adopt such a costume in *Romeo*, was really perfectly unaccountable. They were of a most unhappy choice of colours, too,—dull, heavy-looking blue cloth, and offensive crimson satin, all be-puckered, and be-plaited, and be-puffed, till the young man looked like a magical figure growing out of a monstrous, strange-coloured melon, beneath which descended his unfortunate legs, thrust into a pair of red slippers, for all the world like Grimaldi's legs *en costume* for clown. The play went off pretty smoothly, except that they broke one man's collar-bone, and nearly dislocated a woman's shoulder by flinging the scenery about. My bed was not made in time, and when the scene drew, half a dozen carpenters in patched trowsers and tattered shirt-sleeves were discovered smoothing down my pillows, and adjusting my draperies. The last scene is too good not to be given verbatim:—

Romeo. Rise, rise, my Juliet,

And from this cave of death, this house of horror,

Quick let me snatch thee to thy *Romeo's* arms!

—(Here he pounced upon me, plucked me up in his arms like an uncomfortable bundle, and staggered down the stage with me)—

Juliet. (*aside.*) Oh, you've got me up horridly!—that'll never do; let me down, pray let me down.

Romeo. There! breathe a vital spirit on thy lips,

And call thee back, my soul, to life and love!

Juliet. (*aside.*) Pray, put me down!—you'll certainly throw me down if you don't set me on the ground directly!

In the midst of “cruel, cursed fate,” his dagger fell out of his dress; I, embracing him tenderly, crammed it back again, because I knew I should want it at the end.

Romeo. Tear not our heart-strings thus!

They crack! they break!—*Juliet!* *Juliet!* (*dies.*)

Juliet. (*to corpse.*) Am I smothering you?

Corpse (*to Juliet.*) Not at all; could you be so kind, do you think, as to put my wig on again for me?—it has fallen off.

Juliet. (*to corpse.*) I'm afraid I can't, but I'll throw my muslin veil over it. You've broken the phial, haven't you?

(*Corpse nodded.*)

Juliet. (*to corpse.*) Where's your dagger?

Corpse.

Corpse. (to Juliet.) 'Pon my soul, I don't know.'—vol. ii. pp. 112-114.

The description of that grave assembly, the Senate of the United States, and a speech of its most eloquent member, is worth contrasting with what was the British Parliament :—

'We went first into the senate, or upper house, because Webster was speaking, whom I especially wished to hear. The room itself is neither large nor lofty; the senators sit in two semi-circular rows, turned towards the president, in comfortable arm-chairs. On the same ground, and literally sitting among the senators, were a whole regiment of ladies, whispering, talking, laughing, and fidgeting. A gallery, level with the floor, and only divided by a low partition from the main room, ran round the apartment: this, too, was filled with pink, and blue, and yellow bonnets; and every now and then, while the business of the house was going on, and Webster speaking, a tremendous bustle, and waving of feathers, and rustling of silks, would be heard, and in came streaming a reinforcement of political beauties, and then would commence a jumping up, a sitting down, a squeezing through, and a how-d'ye-doing, and a shaking of hands. The senators would turn round; even Webster would hesitate, as if bothered by the row; and, in short, the whole thing was more irregular, and unbusiness-like, than any one could have imagined.'—pp. 121-122.

Our final extract shall be the last page of her book—the visit to Niagara :—

'When we were within about three miles of the Falls, just before entering the village of Niagara, — [i. e., we presume, Mr. Butler] stopped the waggon; and then we heard distinctly, though far off, the voice of the mighty cataract. Looking over the woods, which appeared to overhang the course of the river, we beheld one *silver cloud* rising slowly into the sky,—*the everlasting incense of the waters*. A perfect *frenzy of impatience* seized upon me: I could have set off and run the whole way; and when at length the carriage stopped at the door of the Niagara house, waiting neither for my father, D—, nor —, I rushed through the hall, and the garden, down the steep footpath cut in the rocks. I heard steps behind me; — was following me; down, down I sprang, and along the narrow footpath, divided only by a thicket from the tumultuous rapids. I saw through the boughs the white glimmer of that sea of foam. "Go on, go on; don't stop!" shouted —; and in another minute the thicket was passed; I stood upon Table Rock. — seized me by the arm, and without speaking a word, dragged me to the edge of the rapids, to the brink of the abyss—I saw Niagara. Oh, God! who can describe that sight?"

This is undoubtedly clever and striking. The representation of the constant mist which arises from this stupendous fall, as the *everlasting incense of the waters*, appears to us one of the most beautiful allusions we ever met—daring, indeed, but appropriate — then the rapidity — the *frenzy* of her impatience suddenly checked

checked into a prostrate inability to tell what she sees, is very fine. Yet true to her *second* nature, Mrs. Butler maintains to the last the character with which she set out. The stupendous magnificence even of Niagara does not quite sober her habitual intoxication—she has still ‘a silver cloud,’ and she drops the curtain like a German dramatist, with an oath and an attitude.

We should be very much mortified, if the views we have taken, or the extracts we have made, should prevent any one from reading this work. We have, we believe, suggested all that can be objected to it, but we have not, and within our limits could not, indicate a hundredth part of the amusement it will afford; above all, we feel that we have given a very inadequate idea of that solid good sense, and those sound principles of social and moral life, which lie at the bottom of the whole work, though they are too often concealed or obscured by the exuberant vegetation of the rank soil and hot sky of the profession with which Mrs. Butler has become so entirely assimilated and so absolutely identified.

ART. III.—*The Last Essays of Elia*. London. 12mo. 1833.

A MELANCHOLY title for a living man to affix to a work;—and how soon was the implied presage made good in death! The last enemy has been dealing wrathfully with the great authors of our day; they have been shot at like marks,—cut off like overtopping flowers,—till the two or three that survive seem solitary and deserted,—their fellows strown around them,—themselves memorials at once and specimens of a by-gone or a fast receding age. Long may those remain to us that do remain! We have sore need of them all to stem the muddy current of vulgar authorship that sets so strongly upon us,—and to vindicate literature from the mountebank sciolism of science in caricature. We forgive all differences of opinion, overlook all animosities of party,—*Tros Tyriusve*, we regard it not,—may we but find in a writer a due sense of the dignity and lofty uses of his vocation, and the manliness to abate no jot of its rightful claims to superiority over the penny-diffused quackery of these our times.

Charles Lamb was not the greatest, nor equal to the greatest, among his famous contemporaries, either in splendour or in depth; but he was, perhaps, the most singular and individual. He was one of nature's curiosities, and amongst her richest and rarest. Other men act by their faculties, and you can easily distinguish the predominance of one faculty over another: A's genius

genius is greater than his talent, though that is considerable; B.'s talent is beyond his genius, though that be respectable;—we dissect the author, take so much of him as we like, and throw the rest away. But you could not so deal with Lamb. He was all-compact—inner and outer man in perfect fusion,—all the powers of the mind,—the sensations of the body, interpenetrating each other. His genius was talent, and his talent genius; his imagination and fancy one and indivisible; the finest scalpel of the metaphysician could not have separated them. His poems, his criticisms, his essays,—call them his *Elias*, to distinguish them from anything else in the world,—these were not merely written *by* Lamb,—they *were* and *are* Lamb,—just the gentle, fantastic, subtle creature himself printed off. In a library of a thousand volumes you shall not find two that will give you such a bright and living impress of the author's own very soul. Austin's, Rousseau's,—all the Confessions on record, are false and hollow in comparison. There he is, as he was, the working or the superannuated clerk,—very grave and very wild,—tender and fierce at a flash,—learned enough, and more so than you thought,—yet ignorant, may be, of school-boy points, and glorious in his ignorance,—seeming to halt behind all, and then with one fling overleaping the most approved doctor of the room; witty and humorous. But Lamb's wit requires a word or two of analysis for itself. Wit is not humour, nor is humour wit. Punning is neither, and the grotesque is a fourth power, different from all. Lamb had all these, not separately each as such, but massed together into the strangest intellectual compound ever seen in man. And even besides these he had an indefinable something,—a *Lambism*,—about him, which defied naming or description. He stammered,—the stammer went for something in producing the effect; he would adjure a small piece for the nonce,—it gave weight;—perhaps he drank a glass of punch; believe us, it all told. It follows that Lamb's good things cannot be repeated.

But a small part,—and that not the best,—of Lamb's writings, will ever be genially received out of England. If we were to confine him even to London,—the olden, playgoing London,—we should not do him wrong in respect of some of his happiest efforts.

He was born in Crown-Office Row, in the Temple, and he loved London to his heart;—not the West End, understand;—he cared little for Pall-Mall; May Fair was nothing to him. Give him the kindly Temple with its fair garden, and its church and cloisters, before they were lightened of their proper gloominess. He sorely grudged the whitewashing spirit of the modern masters of the Bench. Why gothicise the entrance to the Inner Temple hall, and the library front? 'What is become,' he says, 'of the winged

winged horse that stood over the former?—a stately arms! And who has removed those frescoes of the Virtues, which Italianized the end of Paper Buildings?—my first hint of allegory! *They must account to me for these things which I miss so greatly.*

Lamb loved the town as well as Johnson—but he had a keen eye, and loved the country too; yet not absolutely the country at large; but so it were suburban, within dim sight of St. Paul's—transcending a stone's throw the short coach and the omnibus. He had seen Cumberland and Westmoreland; but Hornsey satisfied his soul. And who may not—if his spirit be but tuned aright—take his full measure of delight in the quietude and natural imagery of the humblest rural district? If ambition or depraved appetite pervert him not, trees and fields, flowers and streams—the most ordinary of their kind—may waken all the sensibilities of his deepest life, and steep them in Paradise. No man ever had a livelier apprehension of the charms of this our earthly existence than Lamb; he clung to upper air; he could not bring himself to contemplate death with that calm expectancy of soul which he venerated in his friend Coleridge. The most deeply pathetic, the most singularly characteristic of all Charles Lamb's effusions, is the essay on New Year's Eve in the first volume of *Elia*. Take this passage, which we dare say will be new to thousands of *our* readers:—

'The elders, with whom I was brought up, were of a character not likely to let slip the sacred observance of any old institution; and the ringing out of the old year was kept by them with circumstances of peculiar ceremony.—In those days the sound of those midnight chimes, though it seemed to rouse hilarity in all around me, never failed to bring a train of pensive imagery into my fancy. Yet I then scarce conceived what it meant, or thought of it as a reckoning that concerned me. Not childhood alone, but the young man till thirty, never feels practically that he is mortal. He knows it indeed, and, if need were, he could preach a homily on the fragility of life; but he brings it not home to himself, any more than in a hot June we can appropriate to our imagination the freezing days of December. But now, shall I confess a truth?—I feel these audits but too powerfully. I begin to count the probabilities of my duration, and to grudge at the expenditure of moments, like miser's farthings. In proportion as the years both lessen and shorten, I set more count upon their periods, and would fain lay my ineffectual finger upon the spoke of the great wheel. I am not content to pass away like a weaver's shuttle. Those metaphors solace me not, nor sweeten the unpalatable draft of mortality. I care not to be carried with the tide, that smoothly bears human life to eternity; and reluct at the inevitable course of destiny. *I am in love with this green earth, the face of town and country, the unspeakable rural solitudes, and the sweet security of streets.* I would set up my tabernacle here. I am content to stand still at the age to which I am arrived,—I and my friends; to be no younger, no richer,

richer, no handsomer. I do not want to be weaned by age, or drop, like mellow fruit, as they say, into the grave. Any alteration on this earth of mine, in diet or in lodging, puzzles and discomposes me. My household-gods plant a terrible fixed foot, and are not rooted up without blood. They do not willingly seek Lavinian shores. A new state of being staggers me.

'Sun, and sky, and breeze, and solitary walks, and summer holidays, and the greenness of fields, and the delicious juices of meats and fishes, and society, and the cheerful glass, and candle-light, and fire-side conversations, and innocent vanities, and jests, and irony itself—do these things go out with life ?

'Can a ghost laugh, or shake his gaunt sides, when you are pleasant with him ?

'And you, my midnight darlings, my folios ! must I part with the intense delight of having you (huge armfuls) in my embraces ? Must knowledge come to me, if it come at all, by some awkward experiment of intuition, and no longer by this familiar process of reading ?

*'Shall I enjoy friendships there, wanting the smiling indications which point me to them here,—the recognizable face—the sweet assurance of a look ? **

'In winter this intolerable disinclination to dying—to give it its mildest name—does more especially haunt and beset me. In a genial August noon, beneath a sweltering sky, death is almost problematic. At those times do such poor snakes as myself enjoy an immortality. Then we expand and burgeon. Then are we as strong again, as valiant again, as wise again, and a great deal taller. The blast that nips and shrinks me, puts me in thoughts of death. All things allied to the unsubstantial wait upon that master feeling ; cold, numbness, dreams, perplexity ; moonlight itself, with its shadowy and spectral appearances,—that cold ghost of the sun, or Phœbus's sickly sister, like that innutritious one denounced in the Canticles :—I am none of her minions—I hold with the Persian.

'Whatsoever thwarts or puts me out of my way, brings death into my mind. All partial evils, like humours, run into that capital plague-sore. I have heard some profess an indifference to life. Such hail the end of their existence as a port of refuge ; and speak of the grave

** 'I have asked that dreadful question of the hills,
That look eternal ; of the flowing streams,
That lucid flow for ever ; of the stars,
Amid whose fields of azure my raised spirit
Hath trod in glory : all were dumb ; but now,
While I thus gaze upon thy living face,
I feel the love that kindles through its beauty
Can never wholly perish :—we shall meet
Again, Clementhe !'*

We venture to quote from *'Ion, a Tragedy,'* a work of very great beauty and power, by an intimate friend of Lamb's—Mr. Sergeant Talfourd. Why is not this drama published in the usual way ? We cannot imagine what the accomplished author can mean by wishing to preclude the supposition that he would henceforth employ his leisure in the composition of works like *'Ion.'* Should literature ever be so treated ;—and in the present instance, in comparison with what ?

as of some soft arms, in which they may slumber as on a pillow. Some have wooed death—but out upon thee, I say, thou foul, ugly phantom! I detest, abhor, execrate, and (with Friar John) give thee to six-score thousand devils, as in no instance to be excused or tolerated, but shunned as a universal viper; to be branded, proscribed, and evil spoken of! In no way can I be brought to digest thee, thou thin, melancholy *Privation*, or more frightful and confounding *Positive*!

“Those antidotes, prescribed against the fear of thee, are altogether frigid and insulting, like thyself. For what satisfaction hath a man that he shall “lie down with kings and emperors in death,” who in his life-time never greatly coveted the society of such bed-fellows?—or, forsooth, that “so shall the fairest face appear?”—why, to comfort me, must Alice W——n be a goblin? More than all, I conceive disgust at those impertinent and misbecoming familiarities, inscribed upon your ordinary tomb-stones. Every dead man must take upon himself to be lecturing me with his odious truism, that “such as he now is, I must shortly be.” Not so shortly, friend, perhaps, as thou imaginest. In the mean time, I am alive. I move about. I am worth twenty of thee. Know thy betters! Thy new year’s days are past. I survive, a jolly candidate for 1821. Another cup of wine—and while that turncoat bell, that just now mournfully chaunted the obsequies of 1820 departed, with changed notes lustily rings in a successor, let us attune to its peal the song made on a like occasion, by hearty, cheerful Mr. Cotton—

“Hark, the cock crows,” &c.

“How say you, reader—do not these verses smack of the rough magnanimity of the old English vein? Do they not fortify like a cordial—enlarging the heart, and productive of sweet blood and generous spirits in the concoction? Where be those pining fears of death, just now expressed or affected?—Passed like a cloud—absorbed in the purging sunlight of clear poetry—clean washed away by a wave of genuine Helicon, your only Spa for these hypochondries. And now another cup of the generous! and a merry new year, and many of them, to you all, my masters!—*Elia*, p. 71.

Here are themes for thought; but we touch them not. There are, however, peculiarities of manner which require a moment’s attention. The readers even of this passage—much more those who peruse the writings of Lamb generally, and his Essays in particular—must be struck with a certain air and trick of the antique phrase, unlike anything in the style of any contemporary writer. This manner has been called affected; many think it forced, quaint, unnatural. They suppose it all done *on purpose*. Now nothing can be farther from the fact. That the cast of language distinguishing almost all Lamb’s works is not the style of the present day is very true; but it was *his* style nevertheless. It is altogether a curious matter one strongly illustrating the assimila-

milative power of genius—that a man, very humbly born, humbly educated, and from boyhood till past middle life nailed, as a clerk, to a desk in the South Sea or India Houses, should so perfectly appropriate to himself, to the expression of his own most intimate emotions and thoughts, the tone and turn of phrase of the writers, pre-eminently the dramatic writers, of the times of James and Charles I. Their style was as natural to him as the air he breathed. It was a part of his intellect; it entered into and modified his views of all things—it was the necessary dialect of his genius.

‘Crude they are, I grant you,’ says he (as the friend of the late Elia) of these Essays, ‘a sort of unlicked, incondite things—villainously pranked in an affected array of antique words and phrases. They had not been *his* if they had been other than such; and better it is that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him.’

Very early in life, Lamb had been directed, by his senior school-fellow, Coleridge, to the perusal of Beaumont and Fletcher, Massinger, and the other great contemporary dramatists of that marvellous age; and he studied them page by page, as we believe they have never been studied from their first publication to the present day. In the essay entitled ‘Old China,’ in the second Elia, there is the following graphic reminiscence put into the mouth of his most excellent and highly-gifted sister*—the Cousin Bridget of the Elias—with whom he lived out his life. The reader must remember that by this time Lamb had retired with honours and a pension from the service ‘of his kind and munificent masters, Messieurs Boldero, Merryweather, Bosanquet, and Lacy, of Mincing Lane’—that is, the East India Company. (By the bye, the whole conduct of Messieurs Boldero and Co. to Elia, and since his death to Bridget, has been delicate and generous in the highest degree, deserving all praise; and we give it with good will.)

“Do you remember,” says Bridget, with an air of remonstrance, “do you remember the brown suit which you made to hang upon you till all your friends cried shame upon you—it grew so thread-bare—and all because of that folio Beaumont and Fletcher, which you dragged home late at night from Barker’s in Covent Garden? Do you remember how we eyed it for weeks before we could make up our minds to the purchase, and had not come to a determination till it was near ten o’clock of the Saturday night, when you set off from Islington, fearing you should be too late; and when the old bookseller, with some grumbling, opened his shop, and by the twinkling taper (for he was setting bedwards) lighted out the relic from his dusty treasures—and when you lugged it home, wishing it were twice as cumbersome

* We owe to Miss Lamb some of the most exquisite poems included in her brother’s ‘Works’ of 1818—in particular the splendid lines on *Salome*—those on *David in the Cave of Adullam*—and the *Dialogue between a Mother and a Child*.

—and when you presented it to me—and when we were exploring the perfectness of it (*collating* you called it)—and while I was repairing some of the loose leaves with paste, which your impatience would not suffer to be left till day-break—was there no pleasure in being a poor man? Or can those neat black clothes which you wear now, and are so careful to keep brushed, since we have become rich and finical, give you half the honest vanity with which you flaunted it about in that over-worn suit—your old corbeau—for four or five weeks longer than you should have done, to pacify your conscience for the mighty sum of fifteen—or sixteen shillings, was it?—a great affair, we thought it then—which you had lavished on the old folio. Now you can afford to buy any book that pleases you; but I do not see that you ever bring me home any nice old purchases now.’—*Last Essays*, &c. p. 219.

In his dedication of the two volumes of his works published in 1818, Lamb speaks of his having ‘dwindled’ into criticism. It was doing himself very great injustice. Nor is it enough to say, that the various critical essays contained in his works are beautiful in themselves—they are little text-books of sound principles in the judgment of works of literature and general art; equally profound, discriminating, and original. It is to these essays, and his judicious selection of *Specimens*, published in 1808,* that we are pre-eminently indebted for the exhuming of the old dramatic writers of the Shakspearian age, and the restoration of the worthiest of them at least to their most deserved station in our literature. The ‘Retrospective Review,’ which did so much good service in its day in this line, took the leading hint from what Lamb and Coleridge had written and spoken concerning the then almost unexplored or forgotten treasures of thought and imagination, produced in England in the first half of the seventeenth century. Sundry lively sketches also, in Mr. Southey’s ‘*Omniana*,’ concurred in creating the impulse; and by a coincidence, equally singular and fortunate, Mr. Gifford, about the same time, brought out his admirable editions of Ben Jonson, Ford, Massinger, &c.; works, the merit of which, in the cause of sound English literature, those only can duly appreciate who have perused any of the prior editions of these great authors. What a foul mass of stupid prejudice and half-witted criticism did he for ever discharge from the pages and the name of Jonson, in particular! Nor did an occasional narrowness and ungeniality of spirit in some parts of his general criticism—as, for example, in the comparison of Shakspeare with his contemporaries, in the Preface to Massinger—materially obstruct the beneficial influence of Gifford’s learning, taste, and accomplishments, as a dramatic

* A very elegant reprint of Lamb’s *Dramatic Specimens*, 2 vols. 12mo., has just been published by Mr. Moxon,

editor. He has given us a highly corrected text, and annotations, the least merit of which—and that not an inconsiderable one—is, that they rarely or never mislead. Lamb's *Essays* and Gifford's editions have each most powerfully contributed to strengthen the other's influence in producing a reviviscence of works of genius without parallel in our literary history. Massinger's exquisite dramas, in particular, were scarcely more known to the public, thirty years ago, than a chapter in Thomas Aquinas. These are great benefits, and ought not to be lightly forgotten.

Lamb's criticism partook largely of the spirit of Coleridge—not, indeed, troubling itself with any special psychological definitions, nor caring to reconcile all the varying appearances upon some common ground of moral or intellectual action—the everlasting struggle and devotion of Coleridge's mind—but entering, with a most learned spirit of human dealing, into the dramatic being of the characters of the play, and bringing out, with an incomparable delicacy and accuracy of touch, their places of contact and mutual repulsion. The true point of view Lamb always seized with unerring precision—a high praise for a critic of any sort—and this led him, with equal success, to detect the real centre, whether a character or an event, round which the orb of the drama revolved. Hence he was one of the most original of critics, and threw more and newer light upon the genuine meaning of some of the great masterpieces of the theatre than any other man; and yet we do not remember a single instance in which any of his positions have been gainsaid. Like all critics who have a real insight into their subject, Lamb helps you, in a few words, to a principle—a master-key—by which you may work out the details of the investigation yourself. You are not merely amused with a brilliant description of a character or passage, but become a discerning judge in the light of your own perceptions and convictions. Take, for example, the beautiful essay 'On the Tragedies of Shakspeare, considered with reference to their fitness for stage representation;' in which he puts the reader in possession of principles, which, if constantly borne in mind and well reasoned out, might be of inestimable service to poets, painters, actors, and managers—every one, in short, concerned in knowing and observing the limits which separate mental and visual sublimity—the conditions under which, and the extent to which, the creations of poetry can be embodied or actualized on the stage or by the pencil; and more especially the applicability of these distinctions to the characters in the Shakspearian drama, and generally to works of the highest range of imagination.

'It is common,' he says, 'for people to talk of Shakspeare's plays being *so natural*,—that everybody can understand them. They are

natural indeed—they are grounded deep in nature, so deep, that the depth of them lies out of the reach of most of us. You shall hear the same persons say, that George Barnwell is very natural, and Othello is very natural, that they are both very deep; and to them they are the same kind of thing. At the one, they sit and shed tears, because a good sort of young man is tempted by a naughty woman to commit a trifling peccadillo—the murder of an uncle or so—that is all, and so comes to an untimely end—which is *so moving*; and at the other, because a blackamoor, in a fit of jealousy, kills his innocent white wife: and the odds are, that ninety-nine out of a hundred would willingly behold the same catastrophe happen to both the heroes, and have thought the rope more due to Othello than to Barnwell. For of the texture of Othello's mind—the inward construction marvellously laid open with all its strengths and weaknesses, its heroic confidences, and its human misgivings, its agonies of hate springing from the depths of love—they see no more than the spectators at a cheaper rate, who pay their pennies apiece to look through the man's telescope in Leicester Fields, see into the inward plot and topography of the moon. Some dim thing or other they see; they see an actor personating a passion—of grief or anger, for instance—and they recognize it as a copy of the usual external effects of such passions; or at least, as being true to *that symbol of the emotion which passes current at the theatre for it*—for it is often no more than that: but of the grounds of the passion, its correspondence to a great or heroic nature, which is the only worthy object of tragedy—that common auditors know anything of this, or can have any such notions dinned into them by the mere strength of an actor's lungs—that apprehensions foreign to them should be thus infused into them by storm—I can neither believe, nor understand how it can be possible.

‘We talk of Shakspeare's admirable observation of life, when we should feel, that not from a petty inquisition into those cheap and every-day characters which surrounded him, as they surround us, but from his own mind—which was, to borrow a phrase of Ben Jonson's, the very ‘sphere of humanity’—he fetched those images of virtue and of knowledge, of which every one of us, recognizing a part, think we comprehend in our natures the whole; and oftentimes mistake the powers which he positively creates in us, for nothing more than indigenous faculties of our own minds, which only waited the application of corresponding virtues in him to return a full and clear echo of the same.

‘I mean no disrespect to any actor; but the sort of pleasure which Shakspeare's plays give in the acting seems to me not at all to differ from that which the audience receive from those of other writers; and, *they being in themselves essentially so different from all others*, I must conclude that there is something in the nature of acting which levels all distinctions. And, in fact, who does not speak indifferently of the Gamester and of Macbeth, as fine stage performances; and praise the Mrs. Beverley in the same way as the Lady Macbeth of Mrs.

Mrs. Siddons? Belvidera, and Calista, and Isabella, and Euphrasia, are they less liked than Imogen, or than Juliet, or than Desdemona? Are they not spoken of and remembered in the same way? Is not the female performer as great (as they call it) in one as in the other? Did not Garrick shine, and was he not ambitious of shining, in every drawling tragedy that his wretched day produced—the productions of the Hills, the Murphys, and the Browns?—and shall he have that honour to dwell in our minds for ever as an inseparable concomitant with Shakspeare?—A kindred mind! * * *

The truth is, the characters of Shakspeare are so much the objects of meditation rather than of interest or curiosity, as to their actions, that while we are reading any of his great criminal characters—Macbeth, Richard, even Iago—we think not so much of the crimes which they commit, as of the ambition, the aspiring spirit, the intellectual activity, which prompts them to overleap those moral fences. Barnwell is a wretched murderer; there is a certain fitness between his neck and the rope—he is the legitimate heir to the gallows; nobody who thinks at all can think of any alleviating circumstances in his case to make him a fit object of mercy. Or, to take an instance from the higher tragedy, what else but a mere assassin is Glenalvon?—Do we think of anything but of the crime which he commits, and the rack which he deserves? That is all which we really think about him. Whereas, in corresponding characters in Shakspeare, so little do the actions comparatively affect us, that while the impulses, the inner mind, in all its perverted greatness, solely seems real and is exclusively attended to, the crime is comparatively nothing. But when we see these things represented, the acts which they do are comparatively everything, their impulses nothing. The state of sublime emotion into which we are elevated by those images of fright and horror which Macbeth is made to utter—that solemn prelude with which he entertains the time till the bell shall strike which is to call him to murder Duncan;—when we no longer read it in a book—when we have given up that vantage-ground of abstraction which reading possesses over seeing, and come to see a man, in his bodily shape before our eyes, actually preparing to commit a murder—if the acting be true and impressive, as I have witnessed it in Mr. Kemble's performance of that part—the painful anxiety about the act, the natural longing to prevent it while it yet seems unperpetrated, the too close pressing semblance of reality, gives a pain and an uneasiness which totally destroy all the delight which the words in the book convey, where the deed-doing never presses upon us with the painful sense of presence; it rather seems to belong to history—to something past and inevitable—if it has anything to do with time at all. The sublime images, the poetry alone, is that which is present to our minds in the reading.

So, to see Lear acted—to see an old man tottering about the stage with a walking-stick, turned out of doors by his daughters, in a rainy night—has nothing in it but what is painful and disgusting. We want to take him into shelter, and relieve him—that is all the feeling which

which the acting of Lear ever produced in me: but the Lear of Shakspeare cannot be acted. The contemptible machinery by which they mimic the storm which he goes out in, is not more inadequate to represent the horrors of the real elements, than any actor can be to represent Lear: they might more easily propose to personate the Satan of Milton upon a stage, or one of Michael Angelo's terrible figures. The greatness of Lear is not in corporal dimensions, but in intellectual; the explosions of his passion are terrible as a volcano—they are storms turning up and disclosing to the bottom that sea, his mind, with all its vast riches. It is his mind which is laid bare. This case of flesh and blood seems too insignificant to be thought on—even as he himself neglects it. On the stage we see nothing but corporal infirmities and weakness, the impotence of rage; while we read it, we see not Lear, but we are Lear—we are in his mind—we are sustained by a grandeur which baffles the malice of daughters and storms; in the aberrations of his reason we discover a mighty irregular power of reasoning, immethodized from the ordinary purposes of life, but exerting its powers, as the wind blows where it listeth, at will upon the corruptions and abuses of mankind. What have looks or tones to do with that sublime identification of his age with that of the *heavens themselves*, when, in his reproaches to them for conniving at the injustice of his children, he reminds them that “they themselves are old?” What gesture shall we appropriate to this?—what has the voice or the eye to do with such things? But the play is beyond all art, as the tamperings with it show; it is too hard and stony—it must have love-scenes, and a happy ending. It is not enough that Cordelia is a daughter, she must shine as a lover too. Tate has put his hook in the nostrils of this Leviathan, for Garrick and his followers, the showmen of the scene, to draw the mighty beast about more easily. A happy ending!—as if the living martyrdom that Lear had gone through—the flaying of his feelings alive—did not make a fair dismissal from the stage of life the only decorous thing for him. If he is to live and be happy after—if he could sustain this world's burden after—why all this pudder and preparation?—why torment us with all this unnecessary sympathy?—as if the childish pleasure of getting his gilt robes and sceptre again could tempt him to act over again his misused station—as if, at his years, and with his experience, anything was left but to die.”—*Works* (1818), vol. ii. p. 13.

The whole of this essay, and that ‘On the Artificial Comedy of the last Century,’ in the first Elia, cannot be surpassed. Like the essay on the genius of Hogarth, which is now, we believe, in part at least, a constant accompaniment to every collection of Hogarth's prints, its practical excellence is such, that, when you have once read it, you are inclined to wonder how you could ever have methodized your feelings and taste upon the subject without the light which it has imparted. It sets you right at once and for ever. One consequence of its pregnant brevity was that a swarm of imitators fastened upon it, sullyng its purity and caricaturing its manner

manner,—writers who added nothing to what Lamb had shortly yet adequately done, but who materially injured his fame by being vulgarly associated with him; and whose showy, disproportioned, rhapsodical essays upon Shakspeare and the contemporary dramatists, disgusted all persons of sound judgment, and went very far to bury again under a prejudice what their discriminating leader had but newly recovered from oblivion. We have been more earnest in bringing forward, in the prominent light which they deserve, Lamb's merits as a critic and restorer of much of our most valuable old literature, not only to vindicate them from a derogatory association, but because they have been greatly overlooked in the more general popularity which attended and will, we predict, constantly attend the miscellaneous essays of Elia. From the same cause, and in more than an equal degree, his poetry, exquisite as much of it is, is really almost entirely forgotten; in fact, *nocuit sibi*,—just as the transcendant popularity of Waverley, Guy Mannering, and Old Mortality made the world almost lose sight for a time of the splendid chivalry, the minstrel ease, the *Homeric* liveliness of the Lady of the Lake, the Lay, and of Marmion. Lamb's poems are comparatively few in number and inconsiderable in length; but in our deliberate judgment there are amongst them some pieces as near perfection in their kinds as anything in our literature,—specimens of exceeding artifice and felicity in rhythm, metre, and diction. His poetic vein was, we think, scanty, and perhaps he exhausted it; he was not what is called *great*, yet he was, if we may make such a distinction, eminent. He has a small, well-situated parterre on Parnassus, belonging exclusively to himself. He is not amongst the highest, but then he is alone and aloof from all others. We cite the following piece, though it may perchance not please all palates, as an instance of the very peculiar power of which the seven-syllable line,—so well used by George Wither, and sometimes by Ambrose Philips, though branded as *namby-pamby* by Pope and Swift,—is capable. It is, we conceive, the metre in which the most *continuity* of thought and feeling can be expressed in our language:—

‘ A FAREWELL TO TOBACCO.

May the Babylonish curse
Straight confound my stammering verse
If I can a passage see
In this word-perplexity,
Or a fit expression find,
Or a language to my mind,
(Still the phrase is wide or scant,)
To take leave of thee, GREAT PLANT;
Or in any terms relate
Half my love or half my hate:
For I hate, yet love, thee so,
That, whichever thing I show,

The plain truth will seem to be
A constrained hyperbole,
And the passion to proceed
More from a mistress than a weed.

Sooty retainer to the vine,
Bacchus' black servant, negro fine;
Sorcerer, that mak'st us dote upon
Thy begrimed complexion,
And, for thy pernicious sake,
More and greater oaths to break
Than reclaimed lovers take

'Gainst

'Gainst women : thou thy siege dost lay
Much, too, in the female way,
Whilst thou suck'st the lab'ring breath
Faster than kisses or than death:

Thou in such a cloud dost bind us,
That our worst foes cannot find us,
And ill fortune, that would thwart us,
Shoots at rovers, shooting at us ;
While each man, thro' thy height'ning
steam,

Does like a smoking Etna seem,
And all about us does express
(Fancy and wit in richest dress)
A Sicilian fruitfulness.

Thou through such a mist dost show us,
That our best friends do not know us ;
And for those allowed features,
Due to reasonable creatures,
Likens't us to fell Chimeras,
Monsters that, who see us, fear us ;
Worse than Cerberus or Geryon,
Or, who first lov'd a cloud, Ixion.

Bacchus we know, and we allow
His tipsy rites. But what art thou,
That but by reflex canst show
What his deity can do,
As the false Egyptian spell
Aped the true Hebrew miracle?
Some few vapours thou may'st raise,
The weak brain may serve to amaze,
But to the veins and nobler heart
Canst nor life nor heat impart.

Brother of Bacchus, later born,
The old world was sure forlorn,
Wanting thee, that aidest more
The god's victories than before
All his panthers, and the brawls
Of his piping Bacchanals.
These, as stale, we disallow,
Or judge of *thee* meant : only thou
His true Indian conquest art ;
And for ivy round his dart,
The reformed god now weaves
A finer thyrsus of thy leaves.

Scent to match thy rich perfume
Chemic art did ne'er presume
Through her quaint alembic strain,
None so sovereign to the brain.
Nature, that did in thee excel,
Framed again no second smell ;
Roses, violets, but toys
For the smaller sort of boys,
Or for greener damsels meant ;
Thou art the only manly scent.
Stinking'st of the stinking kind,
Filt of the mouth and fog of the mind,
Africa, that brags her foyson,
Breeds no such prodigious poison,

Henbane, nightshade, both together,
Hemlock, aconite——

Nay, rather,

Plant divine, of rarest virtue ;
Blisters on the tongue would hurt you !
'T was but in a sort I blamed thee ;
None e'er prosper'd who defamed thee ;
Irony all and feign'd abuse,
Such as perplex'd lovers use,
At a need, when, in despair
To paint forth their fairest fair,
Or in part but to express
That exceeding comeliness
Which their fancies does so strike,
They borrow language of dislike ;
And instead of Dearest Miss,
Jewel, Honey, Sweetheart, Bliss,
And those forms of old admiring,
Call her Cockatrice, and Siren,
Basilisk, and all that's evil,
Witch, Hyena, Mermaid, Devil,
Ethiop Wench, and Blackamoor,
Monkey, Ape, and twenty more ;
Friendly Trait'ress, loving Foe,—
Not that she is truly so,
But no other way they know
A contentment to express
Borders so upon excess,
That they do not rightly wot
Whether it be pain or not.

Or, as men, constrain'd to part
With what's nearest to their heart,
While their sorrow 's at the height,
Lose discrimination quite,
And their hasty wrath let fall
To appease their frantic gall,
On the darling thing whatever,
Whence they feel it death to sever,
Though it be, as they, perforce,
Guiltless of the sad divorce.

For I must (nor let it grieve thee,
Friendliest of plants, that I must) leave
thee,

For thy sake, Tobacco, I
Would do anything but die,
And but seek to extend my days
Long enough to sing thy praise.

But, as she, who once hath been
A king's consort, is a queen
Ever after, nor will bate
Any title of her state,
Though a widow, or divorced,—
So I, from thy converse forced,
The old name and style retain,
A right Catherine of Spain ;
And a seat, too, 'mongst the joys
Of the blest Tobacco Boys ;

Where, though I, by sour physician,
Am debarr'd the full fruition

Of thy favours, I may catch
Some collateral sweets, and snatch
Sidelong odours, that give life
Like glances from a neighbour's wife;

And still live in the by-places
And the suburbs of thy graces;
And in thy borders take delight,
An unconquer'd Canaanite:—

Works, vol. i. p. 32.

To pass to things in a very different strain—his Sonnet '*On the Family Name*' is another great favourite of ours:—

'What reason first imposed thee, gentle name,—
Name that my father bore, and his sire's sire,
Without reproach? we trace our stream no higher;
And I, a childless man, may end the same.
Perchance some shepherd on Lincolnian plains,
In manners guileless as his own sweet flocks,
Received thee first amid the merry mocks
And arch allusions of his fellow swains.
Perchance from Salem's holier fields return'd,
With glory gotten on the heads abhor'd
Of faithless Saracens, some martial lord
Took his meek title, in whose zeal he burn'd.
Whate'er the fount whence thy beginnings came,
No deed of mine shall shame thee, gentle name.'—*ib.* p. 65.

We are sensible how largely we have filled our pages with quotations; but our object is to do justice to Lamb, and to put those of our readers,—and we fear there are many,—to whom Lamb's writings generally are unknown, in possession of specimens of his genius which may speak for themselves. The following beautiful lines must please every one:—

'THE SABBATH BELLS.

The cheerful sabbath bells, wherever heard,
Strike pleasant on the sense, most like the voice
Of one, who from the far-off hills proclaims
Tidings of good to Zion: chiefly when
Their piercing tones fall *sudden* on the ear
Of the contemplant, solitary man,
Whom thoughts abstruse or high have chanced to lure
Forth from the walks of men, revolving oft,
And oft again, hard matter, which eludes
And baffles his pursuit—thought-sick and tired
Of controversy, where no end appears,
No clue to his research, the lonely man
Half wishes for society again.
Him, thus engaged, the sabbath bells salute
Sudden! his heart awakes, his ears drink in
The cheering music; his relenting soul
Yearns after all the joys of social life,
And softens with the love of human kind.'—*ibid.* p. 74.

Of equal, or even greater beauty are the lines '*On an Infant Dying as soon as Born*';—but we can only venture to place before our readers two sonnets pre-eminently characteristic of Charles Lamb,

Lamb, and condensing in little the feelings and aspirations scattered throughout almost all his works, and especially his most charming essays in Elia. We commend the perusal, with our best wishes, to the Utilitarians of England and America :—

‘ WORK.

‘ Who first invented Work, and bound the free
And holiday-rejoicing spirit down
To the ever-haunting importunity
Of business in the green fields, and the town—
To plough, loom, anvil, spade—and oh ! most sad,
To that dry drudgery at the desk’s dead wood ?—
Who but the Being unblest, alien from good,
Sabbathless Satan ! he who his unglad
Task ever plies ’mid rotatory burnings,
That round and round incalculably reel—
For wrath divine hath made him like a wheel—
In that red realm from which are no returnings ;
Where toiling, and turmoiling, ever and aye,
He, and his thoughts, keep pensive working-day.’

‘ LEISURE.

‘ They talk of time, and of time’s galling yoke,
That like a mill-stone on man’s mind doth press,
Which only works and business can redress :—
Of divine Leisure such foul lies are spoke,
Wounding her fair gifts with calumnious stroke.
But might I, fed with silent meditation,
Assoiled live from that fiend Occupation—
Improbis labor, which hath my spirit broke—
I’d drink of time’s rich cup, and never surfeit ;
Fling in more days than went to make the gem
That crown’d the white top of Methusalem ;—
Yea, on my weak neck take, and never forfeit,
Like Atlas bearing up the dainty sky,
The heaven-sweet burthen of eternity.’

‘ *Deus nobis hæc otia fecit*,’—he adds, after he had retired from his labours in the India-House.

Now let the reader, curious in the characteristics of oddity and genius, turn to the essay ‘ On the Superannuated Man ’ in the second Elia. Hear a little of the old Clerk’s account of himself shortly after his liberation :—

‘ A fortnight has passed since the date of my first communication. At that period I was approaching to tranquillity, but had not reached it. I boasted of a calm indeed, but it was comparative only. Something of the first flutter was left ; an unsettling sense of novelty ; the dazzle to weak eyes of unaccustomed light. I missed my old chains, forsooth, as if they had been some necessary part of my apparel. I was a poor Carthusian, from strict cellular discipline suddenly, by some revolution, returned upon the world. I am now, as if I had never been

been other than my own master. It is natural to me to go where I please,—to do what I please. I find myself at eleven o'clock in the day in Bond-street, and it seems to me that I have been sauntering there at that very hour for years past. I digress into Soho, to explore a book-stall. Methinks I have been thirty years a collector. There is nothing strange nor new in it. I find myself before a fine picture in a morning. Was it ever otherwise? What is become of Fish-street Hill? Where is Fenchurch-street? Stones of old Mincing-lane, which I have worn with my daily pilgrimage for six and thirty years, to the footsteps of what toil-worn clerk are your everlasting flints now vocal? I indent the gayer flags of Pall-Mall. It is Change time, and I am strangely among the Elgin marbles. It was no hyperbole when I ventured to compare the change in my condition to a passing into another world. Time stands still in a manner to me. I have lost all distinction of season. I do not know the day of the week, or of the month. Each day used to be individually felt by me in its reference to the foreign post days; in its distance from or propinquity to the next Sunday. I had my Wednesday feelings, my Saturday night's sensations. The genius of each day was upon me distinctly during the whole of it, affecting my appetite, spirits, &c. The phantom of the next day, with the dreary five to follow, sat as a load upon my poor Sabbath recreations. What charm has washed that Æthiop white? What is gone of Black Monday? All days are the same. Sunday itself—that unfortunate failure of a holiday as it too often proved, what with my sense of its fugitiveness, and over care to get the greatest quantity out of it,—is melted down into a week day. I can spare to go to church now, without grudging the huge cantle which it used to seem to cut out of the holiday. I have time for everything. I can visit a sick friend. I can interrupt the man of much occupation when he is busied. I can insult over him with an invitation to take a day's pleasure with me to Windsor this fine May morning. It is Lucretian pleasure to behold the poor drudges whom I have left behind in the world, carking and caring; like horses in a mill, drudging on in the same eternal round—and what is it all for? A man can never have too much time to himself, nor too little to do. Had I a little son, I would christen him NOTHING-TO-DO; he should do nothing. Man, I verily believe, is out of his element as long as he is operative. I am altogether for the life contemplative. Will no kindly earthquake come and swallow up those accursed cotton-mills? Take me that lumber of a desk there, and bowl it down

“As low as to the fiends.”

I am no longer * * * * *, clerk to the firm of &c. I am Retired Leisure. I am to be met with in trim gardens. I am already come to be known by my vacant face and careless gesture, perambulating at no fixed pace, nor with any settled purpose. I walk about; not to and from. They tell me, a certain *cum dignitate* air, that has been buried so long with my other good parts, has begun to shoot forth in my person. I grow into gentility perceptibly. When I take up a newspaper, it is to read the state of the opera. *Opus operatum est.*

I have

I have done all that I came into this world to do. I have worked task-work, and have the rest of the day to myself.'—*Last Essays*, p. 101.

Lamb excelled in drawing what he himself delighted in contemplating—and indeed partly in *being*—a veritable Ben Jonsonian Humor. The extreme delicacy of his touch in such sketches is particularly admirable; he very seldom, indeed, slips into caricature; it is rather by bringing out the otherwise evanescent lines of the character than by charging the strong ones, that he contrives to present such beautifully quaint excerpts from the common mass of humanity. His 'Captain Jackson,' in the second *Elia*, is a masterpiece; you have no sense or suspicion of any exaggeration; the touches are so slight in themselves, and each laid on so quietly and unconcernedly, that you are scarcely conscious, as you go on, how the result is growing upon you. Just before you come to the end of the essay, the entire creation stands up alive before you—true in every trick to the life, the life of the Fancy. You may not have met exactly such a personage in society, but you see no reason why you should not meet him. You cannot doubt Lamb's own intimate acquaintance with him. Indeed, you perceive he was a relation. Poor Elliston was another of Elia's happiest subjects. Elliston was of the true blood of the *humorous*, and Lamb has him in enamel, alive and dead.

'Oh, it was a rich scene that I was witness to, in the tarnished room (that had once been green) of that same little Olympic. There, after his deposition from Imperial Drury, he substituted a throne. The Olympic Hill was "his highest heaven;" himself "Jove in his chair." There he sat in state, while before him, on complaint of prompter, was brought for judgment—how shall I describe her?—one of those little tawdry things that flirt at the tails of choruses—a probationer for the town, in either of its senses—the pertest little drab—a dirty fringe and appendage of the lamps' smoke—who, it seems, on some disapprobation expressed by a "highly respectable" audience, had precipitately quitted her station on the boards, and withdrawn her small talents in disgust.

"And how dare you," said her manager—assuming a censorial severity which would have crushed the confidence of a Vestris, and disarmed that beautiful rebel herself of her professional caprices—I verily believe he thought *her* standing before him—"how dare you, Madam, withdraw yourself without a notice from your theatrical duties?" "I was hissed, Sir." "And you have the presumption to decide upon the taste of the Town?" "I don't know that, Sir, but I will never stand to be hissed"—was the subjoinder of young Confidence—when, gathering up his features into one significant mass of wonder, pity, and expostulatory indignation—in a lesson never to have been lost upon a creature less forward than she who stood before him—his words were these, "*They have hissed ME.*" . . .

"Quite an Opera pit," he said to me, as he was courteously conducting

ducting me over the benches of his Surrey Theatre, the last retreat and recess of his every-day waning grandeur. . . .

'In green rooms, impervious to mortal eye, the muse beholds thee wielding posthumous empire.

'Thin ghosts of figurantes (never plump on earth) circle thee endlessly, and still their song is *Fye on silent phantasy*.

'Magnificent were thy capriccios on this globe of earth, ROBERT WILLIAM ELLISTON! for as yet we know not thy new name in heaven.

'It irks me to think that, stript of thy regalities, thou shouldst ferry over, a poor forked shade, in crazy Stygian wherry. Methinks I hear the old boatman, paddling by the weedy wharf, with raucid voice, bawling "SCULLS, SCULLS!"—to which, with waving hand and majestic action, thou deignest no reply, other than in two curt monosyllables, "NO; OARS!"'

The essay 'On some of the Old Actors' is even still richer and fuller of theatrical recollections of upwards of thirty years ago. Mrs. Jordan, Bensley (with the criticism on Malvolio), Dicky Suett, the Palmers, Jack Bannister, above all, Dodd and his Aguecheek—how racy! how tenderly drawn!

'In expressing slowness of apprehension Dodd surpassed all others. You could see the first dawn of an idea stealing slowly over his countenance, climbing up by little and little, with a painful process, till it cleared up at last to the fullness of a twilight conception—its highest meridian. He seemed to keep back his intellect, as some have had the power to retard their pulsation. The balloon takes less time in filling than it took to cover the expansion of his broad moony face over all its quarters with expression. A glimmer of understanding would appear in a corner of his eye, and for lack of fuel go out again. A part of his forehead would catch a little intelligence, and be a long time in communicating it to the remainder.

'I am ill at dates, but I think it is now better than five and twenty years ago that, walking in the gardens of Gray's Inn—they were then far finer than they are now—the accursed Verulam Buildings had not encroached upon all the east side of them, cutting out delicate green crinkles, and shouldering away one or two of the stately alcoves of the terrace—the survivor stands gaping and relationless, as if it remembered its brother—they are still the best gardens of any of the Inns of Court, my beloved Temple not forgotten—have the gravest character, their aspect being altogether reverend and law-breathing—Bacon has left the impress of his foot on their gravel walks. Taking my afternoon solace on a summer-day upon the aforesaid terrace, a comely sad personage came towards me, whom, from his grave air and deportment, I judged to be one of the Benchers of the Inn. He had a serious, thoughtful forehead, and seemed to be in meditations of mortality. As I have an instinctive awe of old Benchers, I was passing him with that sort of subindicative token of respect which one is apt to demonstrate towards a venerable stranger, and which rather denotes an inclination to greet him, than any positive motion of the body to that

that effect—a species of humility and will-worship which, I observe, nine times out of ten, rather puzzles than pleases the person it is offered to—when the face, turning full upon me, strangely identified itself with that of Dodd. Upon close inspection I was not mistaken. But could this sad, thoughtful countenance be the same vacant face of folly which I had hailed so often under circumstances of gaiety; which I had never seen without a smile, or recognized but as the usher of mirth; that looked cut so formally flat in Foppington, so frothily pert in Tattle, so impotently busy in Backbite, so blankly divested of all meaning, or resolutely expressive of none, in Acres, in Fribble, and a thousand agreeable impertinences? Was this the face—full of thought and carefulness—that had so often divested itself at will of every trace of either to give me diversion, to clear my cloudy face for two or three hours at least of its furrows? Was this the face—manly, sober, intelligent—which I had so often despised, made mocks at, made merry with? The remembrance of the freedoms which I had taken with it came upon me with a reproach of insult. I could have asked it pardon. I thought it looked upon me with a sense of injury. There is something strange as well as sad in seeing actors—your pleasant fellows particularly—subjected to and suffering the common lot—their fortunes, their casualties, their deaths, seem to belong to the scene, their actions to be amenable to poetic justice only. We can hardly connect them with more awful responsibilities. The death of this fine actor took place shortly after this meeting. He had quitted the stage some months; and, as I learned afterwards, had been in the habit of resorting daily to these gardens almost to the day of his decease. In these serious walks, probably, he was divesting himself of many scenic and some real vanities—weaning himself from the frivolities of the lesser and the greater theatre—doing gentle penance for a life of no very reprehensible fooleries—taking off by degrees the buffoon mask which he might feel he had worn too long—and rehearsing for a more solemn cast of part. Dying “he put on the weeds of Dominic.” *—*Elia*, p. 314.

Let us conclude with a few just and graceful words about an actor of a very different order:—

‘No man could deliver brilliant dialogue—the dialogue of Congreve or of Wycherley—because none understood it—half so well as John Kemble. His Valentine, in *Love for Love*, was, to my recollection, faultless. He flagged sometimes in the intervals of tragic passion. He would slumber over the level parts of an heroic character. His *Macbeth* has been known to nod. But he always seemed to me to be particularly alive to pointed and witty dialogue. The relaxing levities

* ‘Dodd was a man of reading, and left at his death a choice collection of old English literature. I should judge him to have been a man of wit. I know one instance of an impromptu which no length of study could have bettered. My merry friend, Jem White, had seen him one evening in *Aguecheek*, and recognizing Dodd the next day in Fleet Street, was irresistibly impelled to take off his hat, and salute him as the identical knight of the preceding evening with a “Save you, *Sir Andrew*!” Dodd, not at all disconcerted at this unusual address from a stranger, with a courteous half-rebuking waive of the hand, put him off with an “*Away, fool!*”’

of tragedy have not been touched by any since him—the playful court-bred spirit in which he condescended to the players in Hamlet—the sportive relief which he threw into the darker shades of Richard—disappeared with him. He had his sluggish moods—his torpors—but they were the halting-stones and resting-place of his tragedy—politic savings, and fetches of the breath—husbandry of the lungs, where nature pointed him to be an economist—rather, I think, than errors of the judgment. They were, at worst, less painful than the eternal tormenting unappeasable vigilance,—the “lidless dragon eyes,” of present fashionable tragedy.”—*Elia*, p. 336.

Many of Lamb's best essays were worked up from letters written by him to his friends. The *Superannuated Man* was a letter, if we mistake not, to Mr. Wordsworth. The *Two Races of Men*, the *Dissertation on Roast Pig*, and one or two others, were letters. Sometimes he bettered the original thought—sometimes a little overlaid it (as in the essay on Munden's acting)—and sometimes his letters, not otherwise used by him, are as good as his printed efforts. We heartily hope that the enterprising publisher of his later works, and who has a peculiar interest in Lamb's fame, will give us as good a collection of these letters as can with propriety be made known to the world: they would constitute, at least, one charming additional volume to his friend's writings.

One word more. We have no vocation to speak beyond an *author's* merits; but there are passages in Lamb's works which may cause surmises which would be most unjust as well as injurious to his memory. No man knew Lamb so thoroughly well as his schoolfellow and life-long friend, Coleridge; and it is of Lamb, no question, that Mr. C. was speaking, when he said * that ‘that gentle creature looked upon the degraded men and things around him like moonshine on a dunghill, which shines and takes no pollution.’ Elia himself confesses that some of his *intimados* were a ragged regiment. We can add, that, upon another occasion, when Mr. C. entered into an eloquent and affectionate analysis of Lamb's mind and character, he said,—

‘Believe me, no one is competent to judge of poor dear Charles, who has not known him long and well as I have done. His heart is as whole as his head. The wild words which sometimes come from him on religious subjects might startle you from the mouth of any other man; but in him they are mere flashes of firework. If an argument seems to him not fully true, he will burst out in that odd way; yet his will—the inward man—is, I well know, profoundly religious and devout. Catch him when alone, and the great odds are, you will find him with a Bible or an old divine before him—or may be, and that is next door in excellence, an old English poet:—in such is his pleasure.’

* Table Talk.

ART. IV.—*History of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries, illustrated by original documents.* By Frederic von Raumer. Translated from the German by Lord Francis Egerton. In 2 vols. 8vo. London. 1835.

MR. VON RAUMER, well known in Germany as a historical writer on many subjects, but most distinguished by his 'History of the House of Hohenstauffen,' (which we reviewed at some length a few years ago,) went from Berlin to Paris in March, 1830, on what may be termed a professional tour. He remained six months in that capital, which he principally employed in examining the manuscripts of the 'Bibliothèque Royale.' His main object was to collate original authorities, with a view to those labours on general European history in which he is at present engaged. He found time, however, on his return from his journey, to present the world with two volumes of 'Letters from Paris,' describing his route and pursuits; and with two more of 'Letters from the Royal Library,' forming the work of which Lord Francis Egerton has now executed the translation.

The first of these publications is but a series of hasty sketches and loose anecdotes, thrown together, as the author affirms, and we do not doubt sincerely, without the slightest view to the press. We wish, however, that it were in our power to give a slight notice of their contents on the present occasion: for, unless we are much mistaken, they contain, under an unpretending shape and unpolished exterior, a very unusual quantity of sound and shrewd remark. They are written with an energy and heartiness which gives a colouring even to the commonest details; they display, too, the impressions produced on a mind of no ordinary cast; giving, without affectation of any kind, the sentiments of a man devoted to literature and especially to the chronicles of past ages, who is placed, by accident, in a scene of busy actors and great events passing without the sphere of his own immediate activity. He makes no sort of pretension to superior information; he sought no society, and professes to have seen and known no more than the streets, hotels, and theatres afforded to every observer: unlike ordinary tourists, he exhibits no endeavour to make the most of all that he has done and witnessed, because his pursuits were of a solitary and engrossing nature, and the contingencies of the modern world were to him only secondary matters. Yet there is so much of unaffected interest in all that was passing; views everywhere so original and occasionally so sagacious, as to the causes, progress, and effects of the revolution which was then enacted; so impartial and just a portrait of the French character as viewed by a steady German eye, in the compass of these two little

little volumes, that we have met with few narratives of tourists or politicians by profession, concerning Paris in 1830, so attractive as this, the mere digression of a literary mind from its ordinary occupations. Mr. von Raumer was, and continued throughout, strongly prepossessed against the ministers and measures of Charles X. But even in the dawn of that revolution, so unusually calm and prosperous, he brought more of apprehension than of confidence to the prospects before him. And no one feature in the character of the times produced more distrust in him, whom the discipline of historical research had taught to look, more constantly than other men, for the source of human events in the great cause which directs them, than the overweening presumption which attributed all honour to human actors, and seemed systematically to reject, even with contempt, the notion of that Providential assistance which the more pious temper of former times sought in distress, and acknowledged in victory.

The same impartial and scrutinizing spirit, the same absence of all exaggeration, the same discrimination of right, and sensibility to misfortune, is yet more strongly shown in our author's '*Polen's Untergang*,' in which is traced, in the short compass of an essay, the progress of the misfortunes of Poland from the death of Augustus III. to the first capture of Warsaw by Souvarof. Although there is not a sentence in the work implying anything short of the severest condemnation of the acts of the three usurping powers in that long and atrocious conspiracy, yet so high is the character of its author in his native land, that the government of Prussia has recently offered for his inspection the whole mass of documents relative to the entry and reception in that country of the defeated corps of Poles during the late Russian invasion. A fact honourable to Germany, as showing the value which is placed there on the sentiments of the better class of literary men—to the writer intrusted with such a commission—and above all—if (as we have no reason to doubt) these documents have been delivered honestly and without reserve—to the Prussian government itself.

The work before us is, as we have said, another result of its author's residence in Paris, containing a series of extracts from MSS. in the Royal Library on historical subjects, chiefly the despatches of ambassadors. It is a singular collection of undigested materials, bearing in many points, it cannot be denied, the marks of haste in the compiler; but containing, with much that was known before, a considerable proportion of matter which had never yet been laid before the public. One obvious disadvantage attends works of so miscellaneous a description: it is impossible that the author, or editor, however deeply read in general history, can be acquainted with all that mass of private annals, memoirs, biographies,

biographies, essays on particular points, which constitute, in fact, the most valuable portion of each nation's historical library. He cannot, therefore, but frequently imagine that he has made a discovery, where he is, in fact, only going over ground which had been trodden before. This the English reader will soon perceive in attentively perusing that portion of the book which relates to our own country.

We have to thank Lord F. Egerton, whose devotion to literature confers grace on his station, for a careful translation of Von Raumer's collection—and for some notes which render the text much more intelligible to the ordinary reader than it would otherwise have been. It is obvious, however, that many passages in old French, Italian, and Spanish letters must have lost point in the course of a double transfusion, first into German, and then from German into English; and we cannot but think that this accomplished nobleman would have adopted a better course had he employed some properly-qualified persons to retranslate such documents from the original MSS., and reserved for himself only the task of revision and annotation. As it is, we must take the work as we have it—and be thankful.

Amongst so miscellaneous a collection of trifles and serious matters, arranged with scarcely any reference to continuity either of time, place, or object,—in which the reader is carried backwards and forwards between France, Spain, Germany, Denmark, Naples, and Venice,—the notices respecting Philip II. and III. of Spain, Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. of England, the Valois Kings in France, and the insurrection of Massaniello and subsequent transactions at Naples, have appeared to us the most pregnant with interest and novelty. The extracts from the despatches of ambassadors, respecting the personal characteristics of Philip II., his court, and retinue, are curious; the former especially, because they seem strongly at variance with the impressions generally formed of that famous monarch. Most of our readers, we imagine, have pictured to themselves the tyrant of the Netherlands, and the supposed murderer of his son, with something of a romantic colouring; as an '*âme forte*,' an energetic, fiery spirit, a dark but profound politician, and nourishing under a cold exterior suppressed but vehement passions. Very few features of this imaginary portrait seem to have belonged to the royal original. Philip appears to have been, like his father, more of a Fleming than a Spaniard; possessing the cold and phlegmatic complexion of his paternal race, but deprived, perhaps, of its sound mental constitution by the depressing effects of a climate unsuited to its development, and a religion which subdued all independence of thought. Industrious and active in ordinary business, but with little capacity for more important exertions, he seems to have spent his life in a

sort

sort of laborious idleness, minutely sedulous about trifles; while the more serious concerns of government were miserably mismanaged from the want of efficient superintendence—except when, as occurred once or twice in the course of his long reign, his proper functions were entrusted to some administrator of consummate ability. Some personal traits will remind the reader of a widely-different character, the unfortunate Louis XVI. There was in both the same homely activity and regularity in small matters, the same reserve, proceeding more from timidity than pride, the same singular *gaucherie*, and want of ordinary address and self-management. This absence of grace and dexterity seems, indeed, to have characterized Philip, in business of all sorts, from the beginning of his career. His various mischances in Germany, when he was brought forward in order to win favourable opinions of that nation, with a view to succeeding his father in the imperial authority, seemed typical of the *maladroitness* with which more important affairs were to be conducted throughout his life—

‘Philip,’ (writes the French ambassador Marillac from Augsburg, in 1550,) ‘accompanied by ten of a colour, tilted with ten of another colour in the great market-place, under the windows of the emperor and princesses. All the ambassadors were invited to attend this festivity; but, to make the matter short, I must observe that worse lance play, according to the universal judgment, was never seen. Also, on a second occasion (Feb. 3, 1551), Philip broke not a single lance, nor even once struck his antagonist.’

Just as little fortune (adds Raumer) as at the tournament for the princess’s sake, had Philip in his feasting with the German princes. Marillac writes, October 21—

‘According to the challenge of the *Cardinal of Trent*, Philip has given a banquet to the electors here present, and also eat with them; he sought to show himself in every respect a willing scholar, and drank twice, thrice, as much as he could bear; whereupon the cardinal, as *his preceptor*, observed, he took good hope that, if the prince should persevere in this course, he would in time win the hearts of the Germans!’

The genius of the man may be observed in these ludicrous failures, as well as in more important misadventures: the unsuccessful knight and reluctant carouser was the same prince whose reign of forty years exhibits but one prospect of opportunities neglected, impracticable plans obstinately followed, vast means entirely misapplied. Twice the march on Paris was open to him, and each time his heart failed him when one step forward would have laid the rival power at his feet. Once, at least, he might have made good a footing in this island, when his armada had reached our shores without interruption; but he had left no discretion to his admiral, who was forced to wait for the co-operation

of Parma, and thereby, as Herrera observes, let the great occasion pass by for ever.* He lost Holland by fanaticism, France by his own suspicious and vacillating conduct; mistrusting and deceiving the leaders of the religious movement, who were ready to place their native crown beneath his feet as the price of his assistance. From Spain he extirpated almost everything that ennobles a nation; independence of mind, creative or productive energy, even valour, all withered away under the touch of his paralysing sceptre. Yet this monarch—one of the few whose evil influence has lasted not through generations, but through centuries—is still regarded, by most historians, with a degree of mysterious veneration, as a consummate, although dangerous, politician! The following amusing *ritratto* of his personal appearance and accompaniments is from the pen of Badoero. It is remarkable how universally the most spirited and characteristic sketches—those evincing most knowledge of the world, and most power of expression—seem to come from the pens of *Venetian* ambassadors:—

‘King Philip is now thirty years old, of small stature and fine limbed. The forehead tolerably fair; azure eyes, tolerably large; strong eyebrows, not much parted; well shaped nose, great mouth, with a heavy, somewhat disfiguring under lip; white and fair beard; in exterior a Fleming, but in haughty deportment a Spaniard. His temperament is melancholy and phlegmatic. He suffers from stomach pains and side stitches, on account of which, by advice of his physicians, he goes much to the chace, as affording the best means of strengthening the body and ridding the spirit of melancholy thoughts. He hears mass daily, and on Sundays sermon and vespers. He gives alms regularly, or on special occasions. As nature has made this king of weak body, so has she constituted him of timorous mind. He eats sometimes too much, particularly pastry, and likes variety in his food. With women he is intemperate, and likes to go about at night in disguise. His expenses in dress, furniture, liveries, &c., are not great. Out of doors he wears a mantle and cap; often also suits cut in the French fashion, or with large buttons, and feathers in his cap.

He shows himself rather composed than passionate, and tolerates persons and pretensions of unusual and not very befitting description. He speaks sometimes with sharpness and wit, and loves jesting and nonsense. Yet he shows this disposition less at table, *where buffoons are present*, than when in the privacy of his apartment he lets himself loose and is merry. He possesses a good capacity, and one equal to great affairs, but is not active enough to rule over dominions so ex-

* Philip has been much praised for the composure with which he received the news of his armada's dispersion. But there was little moral dignity, though much phlegm, in his disposition. ‘He will,’ says Granville, writing shortly after this event, ‘do everything, and yet does little or nothing. He shrinks from every decision, troubles himself as little for his own good fame as that of others, and thinks he has gained everything when he only gains time.’—vol. i. p. 205.

tensive as his; yet he may be said to do quite as much as his weak body can endure. Petitions and reports, as they come in, he reads himself, receives them often into his own hand, and listens with great attention to everything which is said to him. While doing so he commonly avoids looking the speaker in the face, but casts his eyes to the ground, or turns them towards some other quarter. He answers quickly and shortly, point by point, but nevertheless does not decide for himself. . . . He makes a point of having always skilful and experienced men in office; but he is more suspicious of their fidelity than is seemly. He has no aptitude for warlike affairs, and has given himself no trouble to acquire any skill in them. In bodily exercises, tilts and tourneys, he has practised himself, more because the world and his subjects demanded it of him than out of any inclination of his own. With respect to finance, the means of procuring money, and spending it judiciously towards a purpose, he is wanting in necessary knowledge. He loves the sciences, reads history, understands geography pretty well, and something of painting and sculpture, in which arts he makes at times attempts of his own. He speaks Latin well, understands Italian and some French. In usual practice he speaks Spanish, *but speaks not much at any time*. Altogether he is a prince in whom one finds much to be praised!—vol. i. pp. 94-97.

We do not quite perceive in this account the premises on which its conclusion is founded.

On the mysterious history of the Infante Don Carlos, the despatches cited in these volumes, especially those of Badoero, afford details of the highest interest. In conformity with that general principle of curiosity, which makes personal scandal a far more attractive subject of discussion than the most important events of a public nature—the same which makes delicate investigations and adjustments of private quarrels, according to the code of political honour, run away with half the time of a session of parliament—this episode in the life of Philip, unimportant in its effects and probably no less so in its causes, fixes the attention of more readers than all the varied fortunes of his long and eventful reign. And the various interpretations which have been put upon it form a curious illustration of the spirit of the successive periods of historical credulity and historical scepticism. It is scarcely worth while to allude to the fanciful theories first originated by French writers, out of which Saint Real, Dumesnil, Schiller, and Lord John Russell travestied the unfortunate prince into a hero of liberalism, while Otway and Alfieri as gratuitously turned him into a chivalrous lover. But it is singular that the German literati of our time should have so completely taken the opposite direction, as not only to reject the impossible story of the loves of Carlos and Isabella, but to throw entire discredit on the main event of the tragedy—the death of the son by the order of the father.

'*Ranke*,' says von Raumer, 'has, in his treatise on the affair of Don Carlos, as acute as it is circumstantial, struck into the only right path to the elucidation of that mysterious passage of history.'

And, in corroboration of the views of this distinguished historian, he lays down the following assumptions, 'as proved or highly probable :—

'1. Carlos had, from the beginning, a weak bodily and an ill-conditioned intellectual constitution. The last failing was exalted by a temperament passionate to phrenzy, though lucid intervals and moments of compunction undoubtedly occurred. 2. In the times of his greatest excitement, the hate which he unquestionably bore his father may have originated thoughts and expressions which had reference to the death of the latter. We can scarcely, however, here pronounce how far rational design, sense, and moral responsibility existed in this part of the transaction. 3. In every case Carlos was incapable of governing; and there was good ground for strict supervision of him. 4. He and the queen both died natural deaths, and not the slightest love-affair ever took place between them.'

The treatise of *Ranke*, to which reference is here made, is contained in the '*Jahrbuch der Litteratur*' (Vienna) for 1829; and is, it must be confessed, a model of temperate and sagacious investigation. To hazard any reasoning against the conclusions of two authors, no less distinguished for truly German industry than for a judgment and discrimination by no means so common among their countrymen, may seem, in the absence of all direct evidence, an unprofitable waste of labour. Most undoubtedly they have succeeded so far as to show on how very slight, or rather absolutely worthless, grounds the positive charges against Philip rest. And yet, we cannot quite acquiesce in their further position, that the natural death of the prince admits of no doubt. It is not because suspicions of foul play were, in those days, indiscriminately raised on the death of every distinguished personage, that we are, therefore, to discard at once all such surmises as unfounded. Not only does their constant recurrence afford strong cause for supposing that there were occasionally good grounds for them; it also, in accordance with a law very generally impressed on human nature, predisposed the minds of those who were thus continually haunted with the idea, to the perpetration of the act. These very jealousies engendered a recklessness of human life; and when every person of rank knew or imagined that his own life was exposed to such unseen dangers, it was with less reluctance that he contemplated the use of similar means to serve his own purposes of fear or revenge.

'There are,' says *Ranke*, 'two opinions respecting the death of Don Carlos; the one which may be called orthodox, resting on the declarations

rations of Philip himself, and supported by the Spanish writers, (with the exception of Llorente, who had a particular object in view,) according to which the confinement of the prince was a necessary restraint, justified by the deranged state of his mind—and his death was produced by natural causes—by the action of his perturbed imagination on a diseased body, by his own irregularities in diet, &c., possibly aided by the effects of that restraint on his chafed and excitable temper. The other was taken up, wholly without direct evidence, by foreign writers, possessed by the general European jealousy against Spain and her monarch, and may be designated as heterodox or apocryphal. This opinion attributed the arrest of the prince to religious or political animosities, his death to the secret orders of his father. To this theory, in later times, (and chiefly on Brantôme's worthless authority,) was added the romance of his amour with Isabella.'

In examining the probabilities of this mysterious case, the most obvious question which suggests itself is, was the prince actually either mad or foolish? For, notwithstanding the delicate gradations by which we pass from reason to unreason, there is, for practical purposes, a point at which soundness of mind ends, and insanity or idiocy begins. This is a very important consideration; for were the prince actually insane or imbecile to that degree that his state must have been obvious or capable of easy proof, (as Raumer inclines to believe,) no danger could then arise to Philip from him; there could be no reason against his treatment as a person under restraint, with all due tenderness for so distressing a malady; and the unreasonableness, as well as in that case atrocious cruelty of the imputed act, would appear in so strong a light, that even were there direct evidence against Philip, as there is none, it would be scarcely possible to believe him guilty.

But if, on the other hand, Carlos, although weak, wild, and distempered in mind and body, yet possessed sense and power of action enough to conduct himself under ordinary circumstances; if he nourished a malignant but not wholly ungrounded hatred against his father; if all restraint, moral and religious, as well as positive, irritated his susceptible temper, and provoked him to fierce extremes; if, in short, standing in the position of heir to the throne, he had just those qualities and dispositions which would render him the rallying point of all discontented spirits; the instrument of all the conspirators of Spain, the Netherlands, and Italy; if he had shown evidence of a disposition to go to any extremities in order to escape from paternal control, and this in a manner, although not sagacious or cautious, yet by no means irrational; then not only is the unreasonableness of the act removed, but strong temptation to commit it may clearly be supposed. In this case he was not harmless, but highly dangerous;
and

and very few steps—those which divide incapacity from the lowest degree of reason—are sufficient to make this weighty difference. And we cannot but think, (as Ranke also supposes, although maintaining the innocence of Philip,) that this is the right solution of the prince's peculiarities. Amidst all his impatience of interference and government—all the extravagancies which he committed—and all the excesses, truly or falsely reported by Spanish writers concerning him—in all his unnatural hatred against his father and his father's councillors—we cannot find any distinct trace of mental hallucination, still less of idiocy. In the documents now first brought to light by Raumer, therefore, we have searched with attention for the solution of two questions; first, what was the impression as to his sanity produced on eye-witnesses, before the tragic part of his history began?—secondly, was the conduct of his father towards him that which would be adopted towards a relative afflicted with the loss of reason, or towards a dangerous, and in some degree a hostile prisoner? Lastly, we have looked in them for circumstances which might more directly throw light on the manner of his decease. And with these views we shall hope for the patience of our readers in discussing them a little more at length.

The earliest accounts of the prince are from the pen of the Venetian envoy, Badoero, in the first years of the reign of Philip. They represent him as wayward and irritable in temper, as well as feeble in intellect; but there is nothing which seems to indicate constitutional incapacity. In 1557 he writes:—

‘The prince is twelve years old, and of a weak complexion. He has a head of a disproportioned bigness, black hair, and a fierce disposition. It is said of him, that when, in the chace, hares or other animals are brought to him, he takes delight in seeing them roasted alive.’

A peninsular prince of our own days is said, when young, to have taken great delight in shutting up a number of cats in a barrel full of holes, and cutting off every tail which was unlucky enough to present itself through any of these apertures. Nevertheless the same personage displayed, in the very difficult circumstances of his after life, no want either of intellect or resolution. Carlos's warlike propensities were very decided; and an anecdote, resembling those which are recounted of the boy Charles XII., represents him as chiding his grandfather, the great emperor, for flying from the elector Maurice. This anecdote, by the way, does not appear for the first time in Raumer's pages; it was quoted by Daru (*Hist. de Venise*, vol. vii.) from the original of Badoero's despatches.

In 1562 the prince met with that fall down the staircase at Alcala, which, after his death, was represented as having materially affected

affected his reason. This accident, which occurred in the pursuit of a very humble nymph about the palace, seems, unquestionably, to have given a shock to his bodily constitution; frequently-recurring illnesses, and slow recoveries, are mentioned in the letters of subsequent years. But with respect to his intellect, very different estimates are given by different observers.

‘Many (says Granvelle in 1564—when Carlos was about nineteen) are pleased with him, others not. I think him modest, and inclined to employ himself, which, for the heir of such large dominions, is in the highest degree necessary and important.’

On the other hand, in the following February, a different writer expresses himself in these strong terms:—

‘There is nothing to be made of Don Carlos. He believes everything that is said to him; if one were to tell him he was dead he would believe it.’

His melancholy and inactivity became more and more predominant as his youth advanced; and his temperament, headstrong and averse from all restraint whatever, was peculiarly unsuited to the solemn, pedantic, jealous etiquette of Madrid.

In 1566, when Carlos had attained the age of twenty-one, his enmity towards his father seems first to have become matter of notoriety. It is hopeless to penetrate the mystery of Philip’s domestic policy; but it is certainly no improbable supposition, that one cause of the prince’s anger was to be found in the proposal for his marriage with the queen’s sister, instead of his cousin, the Austrian princess, who had previously been made the subject of negotiation. He seems, from whatever motive, (not surely from that alleged by some biographers, the desire of becoming head of the Lutheran party in Germany,) to have set his heart on the latter arrangement, and to have been much chafed by the intrigues which impeded its fulfilment. He even professed a degree of romantic gallantry which certainly was little in keeping with his general character.

‘As he was once driving in the park, with the queen and other ladies, in a carriage drawn by oxen, he was silent for a long time. The queen asked him where were his thoughts?—He answered, “More than two hundred miles away.” “And where is the place so far off?” asked the queen.—“I am thinking of my cousin,” he replied.

‘About the time when they were in doubt whether Philip or Alva should go to the Netherlands, Carlos learned that the Cortes were about to propose that, during the king’s absence, he, Carlos, should remain in Spain. He betook himself thereupon to their assembly, and told them, that whoever should vote for that proposal would be held by him as his deadly enemy;—equally so, whoever should be mad enough to propose, as they had done three years back, that he should marry

marry his aunt. He moreover, ordered them, on pain of death, to keep secret these expressions. They were soon, however, known.'

Little more is added, in these volumes, respecting Carlos's conduct during the year or two preceding his imprisonment. It will be remembered, however, that during that period he fell under suspicion of heretical and rebellious sentiments—that he gave vent to the strongest language of aversion against his father and other persons—that he repeatedly expressed, to all whom he thought likely to assist him, his willingness to engage in any scheme which might free him from the constraint of his situation, whether through flight or some more audacious enterprise—and that letters were found in his possession, directed to several princes of Italy, to the Cortes, and to various Spanish grandees and civic communities, justifying his intended elopement. To the same period belongs the doubtful story of his visit to the convent of Atocha, and demand to be admitted to communicate with an unconsecrated wafer, when he was supposed to have betrayed a design against his father's life: which, however, Philip always denied. He was, unquestionably, dangerous in the highest degree; but the best avouched of these circumstances, and especially the religious accusations which were seriously urged against him, seem little to coincide with the supposition of his insanity. Still less can that supposition be reconciled with the fact mentioned by Ranke—that Philip, previously to taking measures for arresting his son, had the acts of the judicial process instituted by John, King of Aragon, against his disobedient son, Don Carlos de Viana, extracted from the archives of Barcelona and translated into Castilian. Surely no such precedent was necessary to regulate the confinement of a lunatic.

We now come to the last act of the tragedy; and here we find large extracts from the correspondence of the French ambassador, Fourquevaux, describing the arrest, January, 1568, and the events which followed. The tone of these despatches is, to say the least of it, extremely singular. The strange incidents which passed at the Spanish court are related in a manner which seems to imply perfect confidence in all the reports respecting them, proceeding from Philip and his ministers: no expression is dropped, in the most critical parts of the narrative, which denotes that the writer looked below the surface, or sought to convey anything more than the official gazette, as it were, of these mysterious occurrences. Many will doubtless agree with Raumer, in interpreting this circumstance entirely in favour of Philip;—others may possibly think that such extreme simplicity and straightforwardness prove too much; that as it was impossible for Fourquevaux not to have perceived the suspicious character of much of the intelligence which he had to communicate, so his apparent freedom from all suspicion can only be

be accounted for by attributing it to sagacious caution—or by remembering that it was, at that period, the constant practice of the French court to employ confidential agents as well as accredited ambassadors, or to confer both those characters on the same person, but with strict requisition that they should be kept distinct.

M. v. Raumer, however, argues the more confidently from the spirit and tone of these despatches, because, as he says, 'in the first place, the French Court was not inclined to dismiss or slur over any charge of crime preferred against the Spanish.' Here we cannot help thinking that he has overlooked circumstances of some importance to the argument. The French court may, in general, have had little sympathy with that of Spain; and Catherine de Medicis was certainly not inclined either to admire the character or to spare the vices of Philip. But it is necessary to remember that at the precise period in question (the spring and summer of 1568) the temperature of the Louvre was high Catholic, and preparations were making for the third civil war of religion. A league—the prototype of that more notorious confederacy which acted so great a part a few years later—was forming in defence of the old faith: the Cardinal of Lorraine, then in close confidence with the court, was, as the recent historian of these times (M. Capefigue) has shown, in incessant and active correspondence with Philip; and in September, only two months after the decease of the prince, Fourquevaulx was supplicating that monarch for assistance against the Huguenots. At such a crisis, nothing is more natural than that the policy of Catherine and her son should have been to pass, with as little notice as possible, over the sad events which then afflicted the house of their great ally; and to afford no countenance to the rumours of foul play which, we know, became *immediately* general throughout Europe on the decease of the prince, by the preservation of despatches (if any were sent) touching on subjects of such delicacy*.

There can be no doubt—although these letters contain no hint of it—that the detention of the Infante, after his arrest, was conducted with a harshness strongly indicative of suspicion. He was at first given in charge to four noblemen of high rank and responsible character. But the prisoner was soon taken from their hands,

* Curiosity has met with the same ill success in Spain as in France, in searching for original documents regarding this catastrophe. 'There was at Simancas, in the interior of one of the towers of the castle, a walnut-wood chest, with three locks. It was generally believed to contain the papers relative to the imprisonment and death of Don Carlos: and hence the special care taken of it. When the French armies penetrated into the Peninsula, the Spaniards profited by their arrival to have this chest opened—but they only found in it the acts of the criminal process against Don Rodrigo de Calderon, containing nothing of consequence.'—Capefigue, '*Histoire de la Ligue*.'

and entrusted to one in whom, it is reasonable to suppose, the king could place more implicit reliance. This man, Ruy Gomez de Silva, was, above all others, the especial object of hatred to the ill-regulated mind of the prince. He is said to have mentioned him first, and his own father second, among the persons whom he wished out of the world; nor was his aversion entirely unreasonable, if the received story be correct—that this personage had insinuated himself into Carlos's confidence—that the prince had entrusted him with the particulars of a scheme for escaping to Malta during its siege (in 1565), and that Gomez had, by the king's advice, deterred him from prosecuting his project by showing him a forged account of the relief of the place. Must it not have excited some doubts as to Philip's purpose, when it became known, that on the 25th of January, seven days after his arrest, the custody of the prince was taken from the noblemen to whom it had been originally confided, and that he was entirely given into the keeping of this real or imaginary enemy?—that Gomez had a suite of chambers allotted to him and his wife, the Princess of Eboli, surrounding the single and comfortless apartment of Carlos, so that the latter might be heard or seen at pleasure without his observation?—(vol. i. p. 152, &c.) Was it ordinary treatment of a lunatic to place him thus in immediate and daily communication with the object of his disordered hatred?—or, did it not rather resemble the committal of a dangerous prisoner to the most secure of gaolers—one who had every motive of personal revenge and fear to bind him to his office? And what interpretation must not the council of Catherine and Charles—in whose court so much was perpetrated, and so much more suspected, of diabolical tampering with human life—where even masks, gloves, and side-saddles lay under suspicion of poison—have placed on such passages as the following in their ambassador's correspondence:—

'Feb. 18.—The prince is ever shut up and guarded in his chamber; he eats little, and unwillingly, and sleeps hardly at all, which in no respect can assist him to amend his understanding. He becomes visibly thinner, and more dried up; and his eyes are sunk in his head. They give him sometimes strong soups and capon broths, in which amber and other nourishing things are dissolved, that he may not quite part with his strength and fall into decrepitude: *these soups are prepared privately in the chamber of Ruy Gomez*, through which no one passes into that of the prince. The prince is still never allowed to go out, nor even to look out of the window.'—vol. i. p. 141.

On May 8, Fourquevaux writes that Don Carlos's understanding deteriorates every day, and his liberation 'is not to be in any degree reckoned on;' and in a subsequent passage gives, as a reason for the imprisonment, which Philip would not, he says, avow

avow in answer to the inquiries of the Emperor Maximilian, 'the notorious incapacity of the poor young prince.' From this time we hear no more of Carlos in Fourquevaux's despatches. His death (which happened on the night of the 25th of July) is not made the subject of any report, and only incidentally alluded to. This circumstance would be, in itself, suspicious enough—as if the court of France had, from the motives which we have already explained, suppressed all that could not bear the light. But it must be added, in fairness, that the *lacuna* thus left by Von Raumer is in some degree supplied by Ranke. He has produced letters both of the Papal nuncio and the Venetian ambassador Cavalli to their respective courts, describing the death of the prince circumstantially, in a manner not at all differing from the narrative divulged by Philip and his friends. The evidence of the latter envoy is of importance, not only from the general credit and verisimilitude which attaches to these Venetian reports, but also because the relations of Venice and Spain were then by no means cordial, and because Cavalli throughout takes the prince's part, and calls the imprisonment a cruel one. In the letters of the Papal agent, no allusion whatever is made to any suspicions; those of Cavalli are more explicit.

'Perché,' he says (in a letter dated 30th of September), 'di varii lochi d' Italia e sta scritto il sospetto che il principe di Spagna sia morto di veneno, non voglio evitar di aggiunger questo, e quasi firmamente, che il detto principe non e morto da altro veneno che dalle gran disordini che faceva e dalla molta inquietudine di suo animo.'

With this strong testimony in favour of Philip conclude the authentic notices which we possess respecting a dark transaction. It is in vain to go farther, and look for evidence in support of the charges against him in his own avowals, and those of his familiars, or in the narratives of contemporary Spanish writers under the censorship of the Inquisition; or to conclude him clear of the accusation because no such evidence can there be found. Yet there is, in the declarations of the monarch himself, an inconsistency which cannot escape notice. The communication which he made, immediately on his son's arrest, to the Archbishop of Rossano, papal nuncio in Spain, must have gone far to strengthen the suspicions of those who condemned him—

'The motive which had determed him was, that he had preferred the honour of God, the preservation of the Catholic religion, and the safety of his kingdoms and subjects, to his own flesh and blood; therefore, in obedience to God, *he had sacrificed his only son*, not being able otherwise to provide for these objects.'

These expressions are cited by Sismondi (*Histoire des Français*, tom. xix. p. 10) from the Archbishop's letter to Cardinal Alessandrino,

drino, in Laderchii *Annal. Eccles.* Surely they import something more than the version which Philip afterwards gave of his policy—that his son was only confined in consequence of mental incapacity. To us they appear to throw some weight into the scale of the old opinion, that the king had at one time entertained the notion of bringing his son to trial, either by the Inquisition or by a secret commission; but that, having abandoned this idea, he adopted a surer and darker mode of immolating the victim to his own safety and that of the state.

But it will, perhaps, be thought that we have delayed too long over a task so ungrateful as that of searching out grounds of suspicion, in order to support a tale wholly unfounded on direct testimony, and which political and religious hatred first rendered current in Europe. There is truth in the remark with which Ranke concludes his examination of St. Real's two absurd romances—his *Conspiracy of Don Carlos*, and that of *Bedamar*.

'Often' (he says) 'have opposite opinions, hastily adopted on the moment, conflicted, like the parties which embraced them, for some time together; until the public voice has pronounced itself on the same side with political success. As soon as the Spanish monarchy had sunk into insignificance, it was belied. While Venice flourished and ruled, she was held in honour; as soon as she no longer retained power enough to make a figure in the affairs of Europe, fabulous stories were immediately rife against her, and she was condemned in general opinion at the same time at which she sank in importance. For the sentiments of the multitude depend but too much on the vicissitudes of political fortunes.'

At all events, we cannot think there is any reason for the very authoritative dictum of a writer whose criticisms are in general just and impartial—the author of the *History of Spain* in Lardner's *Cabinet Cyclopædia*—that 'such tales' (as that of the supposed murder) 'are without even the shadow of a foundation in contemporary writers of Spain, or even in common sense. The truth is, that Philip behaved with too much moderation to a son who was fit only for a receptacle for lunatics.' Of the Spanish historians of that age, it is remarkable that the honest and judicious Herrera passes over the matter altogether in silence, finishing his narrative of these events with the arrest of Don Carlos. Ferreras, the apologist for Philip's worst excesses, scarcely deserves notice. And common sense, we think, is far better evinced in submitting to the existence of a mystery where the most enlightened judges have long pronounced the truth undiscoverable, than in delivering so arbitrary a sentence against the inclination of general opinion. Sir J. Mackintosh, in his *History of England*, after stating the case with his usual philosophy and candour, displays an evident inclination

to

to acquiesce in the charge; so that the student who looks for his knowledge in European annals to Dr. Lardner's miscellany, will find, under the head of Spain, the same story treated as a mere idle fiction, which, under the head of England, he is taught most potently to believe. Lord F. Egerton, we observe, continues to doubt notwithstanding the strongly-expressed opinion of his principal. 'Whether,' he says, 'these deductions of Monsieur Raumer be correct or otherwise, it is evident that there is nothing to justify historians or biographers in stating, as an indisputable and notorious fact, that Philip was the murderer of his son and wife.' The latter, indeed, is a monstrous and wholly unauthorized accusation.* Whatever estimate we may be inclined to form respecting the amiability of Philip's character, his young wife was most devotedly attached to him, and he, as far as his nature permitted, returned her affection. Her last sighs were breathed on the bosom of her husband; her last prayers were, that her mother and brothers might be better impressed with the urgent duty of showing no compassion towards the enemies of their religion; so deeply, as Ranke observes, 'had the evil infection of the time insinuated itself into that innocent heart'!

From one great tragedy to another, performed on a more public stage and between actors of still greater mark and celebrity, the mind of the reader turns with a natural desire to compare and contrast circumstances so different in character, yet equally prominent among the tumultuous scenes of their busy century. Von Raumer has evidently taken a particular interest in compiling that part of his collections which relates to Mary Queen of Scots, and principally to the last period of her captivity and the events which immediately preceded her death. We cannot, however, say that he has succeeded in throwing any additional light on the mysterious part of those transactions. Nor, indeed, is there much of novelty, to English readers, in the extracts which he has inserted in the present volumes. One long and interesting letter, that of Mary describing her situation at Tutbury, was printed long ago, as the translator remarks, in Lord Bridgewater's *Life of Lord Chancellor Egerton*. He might have added, that it has been already used for the purposes of general history, as the most interesting parts of it have been extracted by Dr. Lingard. And all that is of importance in the despatches of the French envoys from Scotland and England will be found either in the *Cotton*, *Harleian*, or *Egerton MSS.*, in the British Museum. But it is hardly possible to conceive that much public documentary evi-

* The story quoted by Raumer (pp. 156, 157) from an anonymous MS. merely gives the current reports in France at the time. The substance of it was already to be found in *Le Laboureur's* additions to the memoirs of Castelnau.

dence can exist unsearched, on a favourite subject of controversy, which has exercised the wits of so many literary polemics.

Whether or no Mary did actually pen that fatal passage in her letter to Babington, (for hers it most undoubtedly was as to the rest of its contents,) which implicates her as accessory to the intended murder of Elizabeth, will, we fear, remain ever an undecided question. No reasoning, no ingenuity, can remove the suspicion which attaches to the conductors of the prosecution, from their not having confronted Mary with her two accusers, the secretaries who had made those disclosures which led to her condemnation. And yet, on the other hand, there is so much probability in favour of the supposition that Mary, whom the conspirators trusted in all besides, was trusted in this most critical point of all; there is, too, notwithstanding the general impression to the contrary, so much of openness and fairness in the recorded transactions with her *previous to her trial*; there is so much in Nau and Curl's confessions, which their subsequent retraction could neither palliate nor evade,—that the mind remains balanced between the improbability of so many circumstances concurring to give verisimilitude to a fiction, and the difficulty of believing that the ministers of Elizabeth, if as upright as they were sagacious, could have committed so gross an error as to neglect, or to suffer their sovereign to omit, the only step wanted to confirm, in the eyes of all Europe, the justice of their accusations.

We have been led into these reflections less by the contents of the work before us than by the perusal of some very singular autograph letters of Lord Burleigh, which will shortly be given to the public by Mr. Leigh, their discoverer, together with other documents, edited and unedited, respecting the Babington conspiracy. Whether these letters will throw, in fact, any light upon the real state of the case between Mary and her accusers, or whether they only place additional difficulties in the way of any plausible theory, we will not now anticipate. But the picture which they give of the agitated mind of Elizabeth, during that

‘Interim,

Like a phantasma or a hideous dream,’

which passed between the first resolution to involve Mary in the charges against Babington, and the final adoption of judicial measures against her, is indeed fraught with the deepest interest. No language of a fictitious describer, even had Shakspeare brought his sovereign on the stage, could so forcibly depict the wild conflict of her feelings, as the manner in which her cold, unimpassioned, impenetrable minister notes everything, while seeming to note nothing; conveying to his correspondent (Walsingham) a perfect dissection of the queen's inmost thoughts, in a style

style apparently so unconscious, that had the letters reached her eye, there is not a sentence or an expression on which she could have fixed as derogatory to her dignity or inconsistent with his duty as the mere exponent of her will and directions.

The interference of King James in behalf of his mother forms a curious chapter in the life of that monarch, whose fate it seems to have been, throughout life, to have his best intentions frustrated by the worthlessness of statesmen and favourites, by whom he was flattered, governed, and betrayed on all occasions. He has been so eminently unpopular a character with almost all historical writers, that it has been usual to attribute the failure of his intercessions with Elizabeth to his own lukewarmness, if not, with Burnet and others, to insincerity. Yet the latter, at least, seems a very unjust suspicion. Of high generosity his nature was not indeed capable: he had none of those chivalrous feelings which would have induced worse princes than himself to peril crown and life in such a cause, even for the sake of their own and their country's dignity, were all natural feeling out of the question. And his affection towards his mother was not likely to act powerfully in her favour—as he had never known her, and was moreover, it may fairly be believed, persuaded of her privity to his father's death. Nevertheless, if his exertions were not energetic, there is scarcely reason for imagining that they were not made in good faith. And sufficient allowance has not been made for the extraordinary circumstances in which he was placed, and the character of the men in whose hands imperious state-necessity—or rather the necessity of a prince whose ministers are forced upon him by a domineering party, and whose fate it is to employ agents whom he knows and despises—obliged him to place the conduct of the negotiation. On this point the volumes before us afford some curious illustrations, from the despatches of M. de Courcelles, French ambassador at Edinburgh. We must however remark, that the bulk of his reports at this critical period is contained at considerable length, and apparently most accurately translated, in the Cotton MSS. of the British Museum.

It will be remembered that the first envoy despatched to England by King James, on the intelligence of the arrest of the Queen of Scots' servants, in consequence of the Babington conspiracy, was William Keith, whose appointment excited great discontent among the high-minded Scottish nobility, both because he was a man of no personal consequence and also a partisan, perhaps a pensioner, of England. Yet it might be doubted whether so insignificant an agent was not likely to make more progress with the proud and vindictive Elizabeth than any of those warlike barons who would so gladly have carried her a message of defiance.

However,

However, as the danger to Mary appeared more imminent, and after she had been found guilty by the Lords Commissioners, the king despatched three envoys, the Earl of Bothwell, Sir Robert Melville, and the Master of Gray, to intercede for her life. But Bothwell, the queen's devoted friend, was prevented from undertaking the journey by Elizabeth's decided opposition.

'The King of Scotland,' writes De Courcelles, Dec. 31, 1586, 'appears not to trouble himself much with this,' (the obstacles thrown in the way of Bothwell's commission,) 'from his desire to send some one quickly, to prevent further proceedings against the queen his mother; and that, in any case, the passport being made out for *Lord Gray*,* who could take the said Melville with him, these seemed to him sufficient for the above legation.'

Here follow the instructions delivered to the commissioners, which are well known.

'To give these instructions more solemnity, James caused them to be read to the Parliament, and called upon the Lords to give their opinion upon them. Hereupon, the Lords Hamilton, Bothwell, and others remarked, it seemed to them not unfitting to add, that the king, if Elizabeth should proceed further against his mother, would declare war; or add some threats which would, in their opinion, be of more avail to restrain the insolence of the enemy, than all the entreaties they could make. They wished, also, to strike out certain passages in the last instruction, as running contrary to the honour and dignity of the king, and being such as his mother herself would even in extremity refuse her consent to. The king answered, "The time is not fitting, and the posture of my affairs does not permit me to threaten the Queen of England, who is a very powerful princess. The last article, moreover," (this was to the effect that Queen Mary should voluntarily renounce her personal rights as a sovereign prince, and remain a prisoner as Elizabeth's subject,) "must remain unaltered, as a means whereby the life of my mother may be saved."

'Upon this, the Lord Herries prayed his Majesty not to take it amiss, if he were to tell him, that from the beginning they had shown themselves too tardy in the defence of his mother, which had given occasion to her enemies to proceed so far against her. The king, however, answered in anger,—"Although I am not bound to lay before my subjects an account of my dealings, I yet will that every one should know, that if I did not speak earlier respecting the liberation of my mother, I so abstained because she herself had sent me word not to do so, and I will not do service to any ungrateful person. For proofs how I have in everything discharged my duty towards her, our correspondence since my accession to the throne shall be laid before the highest tribunal of this realm, and copied. For the rest, you may add

* The English translator ought to have noticed that the Master of Gray is thus confounded with his father the Peer, through the German collector's too literal adoption of the loose French *Milord* of De Courcelles.

or take away what you will in these instructions; inasmuch, however, as the object is to save the life of the queen, I declare solemnly, that if she suffer death, her blood be upon all your heads, and not on mine." As they saw him so steadfast in his opinion, none would make reply; many also concluded that he was advised that this was the only way to save his mother: they had perhaps laid it down for him from England, and Elizabeth was perhaps informed of it. In any case, the king will endeavour to derive therefrom advantages for himself. As he has made a general declaration, that he would not openly declare against England, even befalling the death of his mother, but only in the case of an attempt to exclude him from the succession, as he himself has said to Lords Bothwell and Seton, all which may have given, as they pretend it has, more courage to the partisans of England, who were about him, and knew the facility which is said to belong to him, to persuade the Queen of England not to hesitate (*faindre*) in proceeding against the queen his mother; for though her death would be displeasing to him, they would be able, by the great means they had in his court and their favour with his person, or in any event by the occasions which time would procure, to excuse the execution which might be done upon her. The partisans of England who surround him have taken fresh courage. He trusts to his dexterity to be able to dissuade Elizabeth and her council from violent measures against his mother; and the English think, that however disagreeable her execution may be to him, they will be able, by their influence and other means which time will furnish, to excuse and slur over the action.

'This is the more to the purpose, as Gray confessed to King James he had written to the Secretary of State, Walsingham, and others in England, suggesting to them not to execute Mary in public, but to remove her by poison. Gray could not, moreover, deny this, as these letters had come to the knowledge of some noblemen, who threatened him with death in the event of any injury happening to Mary. This, as some believe, has caused him to undertake a journey to England, with the better will, and to promise the king to set every thing in motion in his mother's behalf. He has confirmed this to me on the occasion of his departure, when I demanded of him and Melville to co-operate with Messieurs de Bellièvre and Châteauneuf. He hopes to repair his error and remove the suspicion which has arisen. He is also, in the case of the death of Queen Mary, safer in the first moment in England than here, where he would with difficulty withstand the impetuosity and effort of many who would rise on the first report they should receive of it.'—vol. ii. p. 146.

The history of this commission, and especially of the part taken in it by Gray, presents so singular a picture of the machinations and intricate treacheries of the courtiers of James, that we may perhaps be excused for pursuing it a little farther, though this may cause us to digress for a moment from M. von Raumer's pages; especially, as the course of these intrigues appears to us

to have been misunderstood, or inaccurately reported, by certain recent writers on the Marian controversy.

Patrick, Master of Gray (of whom the historian Maitland says, that he had 'a head to contrive almost any wickedness, and willingness to execute it'), is thus described by Davison, in a letter to Sir Christopher Hatton, in 1584, when rising into notoriety at the Scottish court:—

'This gentleman, besides that he is a known papist, a favourer of the French cause, a servant and pensioner of the queen's (Mary), and a suspected pensioner of the pope, hath himself confessed to have had, at his coming out of France, a cupboard of plate given him by the Spanish ambassador resident there, to the value of five or six thousand crowns; beside other gifts from the Duke of Guise and other the queen's friends: and since his coming here hath been treasurer of all such money as was sent him by Bellandine, as coming from the queen; whereof I know where he weighed at one time ten thousand carats, reserved to the king's own use, besides his own part, and that was disposed amongst other of the courtiers, to relieve their hungry appetite,' &c.

Gray was at this time actually engaged in the queen's party, which he subsequently deserted, on some fancied or real slight on the part of Mary herself; and we next find him in confidential communication with Leicester, Walsingham, and the notorious Archibald Douglas, the Scots ambassador in England, a partisan as deeply involved in intrigues with Elizabeth's ministers as himself. To him (before accepting the extraordinary commission to England) Gray expressed, in no ambiguous terms, his fears lest his own prosperity at the Scottish court, and that of Douglas also, might be found incompatible with the life of Mary.

After informing Douglas that 'his majesty is very wel content with all your proceidings, but cheifly tuching his beukis and hunting horses,* he continues, with reference to that princess, 'he (the king) is content how strictly she be keipit, and all hir auld knaifish servantis heingit. In this you must deil verie warly, to escheu inconvenientis, seeing necessitie of all honest menis affairs requyres that she wer out of the way.'—8th September, 1586.

We find in the Cotton MSS. another letter written by him on the following day (9th Sept.) to Walsingham. After some communication respecting affairs in Flanders, (Gray being agent in Scotland for the English expedition of Sir Philip Sydney, who, strange to say, seems to have respected and esteemed him,) he says, in evident reference to the letter of the preceding day, 'Sir, I have written to his majesty's ambassadour of an advertysement I

* The reader will remember, in Ellis's Original Letters, James's correspondence with Elizabeth on these weighty subjects, only three months after his mother's execution.

had yesternicht. I pray you inquyr it, for it is not impertinent. The Eternall be with you !' It seems clear, therefore, that Gray was anxious to let Walsingham into the secret of his own dark wishes respecting the Queen of Scots. But, besides these letters, which, to his eternal ignominy, are still preserved, he carried on another correspondence with Leicester. That nobleman, after Mary's death, when Gray had fallen into disfavour with Elizabeth, showed his letters to Sir Alexander Stewart, in order that the latter might report them to King James : and there is little doubt that they contained even more direct suggestions for the murder of the queen. The consequence of this disclosure was (we may observe *en passant*) that James shook off entirely the ascendancy which Gray had acquired over him, and that the latter, in his discontent, joined again his old associates the disaffected Catholic nobles, and was, in consequence, banished the realm.

Gray was, therefore, sold to England, and probably planning the secret murder of Mary, at the very time when he was selected by her son (in November, 1586) to intercede for her life. Yet it is not true, as most historians (Dr. Lingard and Sir Walter Scott among the number) seem to imagine, that he accepted this commission with the deliberate intention of acting against the tenor of it. His own letters* (which Lingard has, in part, quoted, but singularly misunderstood) clearly prove the contrary. The most plausible interpretation to be put on his conduct is, that at the beginning he entertained a hope that—if all further trouble were not saved by a more summary mode of proceeding with Mary—the repugnance of James to her execution might, with the aid of dexterity, be overcome. He knew that prince's submissive and timorous disposition,—his natural subordination to the genius of Elizabeth,—the coldness of temper which rendered him so little accessible either to the stimulus of injured honour, or that of wounded affection ; he knew, moreover, that James had set his whole heart on the prospect of the English succession, the tempting lure which Elizabeth so craftily held out to him, keeping it always a little beyond his reach : finally, he saw him inextricably involved in the toils of the English party at home, and, in truth, far more afraid of the discontented nobility who might take up arms for his injured mother, than either of King Philip or Queen Elizabeth. Nevertheless he soon perceived that James, whether through very shame, or wrought upon by others, had resolved to take up his mother's cause in earnest ; that it was unsafe any longer to tamper with the royal determination ; and that, if the English Queen was equally resolved on her part, there was no choice left for him and for his correspondent, Douglas, but to relinquish either the favour

* Some of them are in Lodge's Illustrations—others in the Burleigh papers.

of Windsor or that of Holyrood. And the alternative which he adopted was not chosen through national or religious feeling, or any other of the more mixed motives which sway men of ordinary temper,—he simply resolved (as he tells his friend the ambassador in plain terms) to attach himself to the side which had the chances of life in its favour,—that is, the younger monarch! In this view he accepted the commission imposed upon him; probably intending to act so far in obedience to it, as to endeavour to defer, if possible, the execution of the sentence, until either the feeble resolution of James might be subdued, after the temporary excitement into which the indignity offered to his crown and blood had hurried him, or (which Gray regarded as safer for himself) Mary might be disposed of in a secret manner. On the 10th November he writes to Douglas, after some previous letters full of complaints respecting the expense of the embassy—an *intended* journey to Flanders having, he says, already ‘eaten him up’ :—

‘All men drive at him (James) fyrst for his mother, and next for the matter of his title. The *Guisarches*, and his mother’s friends, shall take occasion upon theis motives to deal both directly and indirectly with his majesty. And, for my part, I have taken this resolution: to serve his majesty faithfully and fyrst, and if I see England to meine wel, I shall remaine constant that way; if not, I mean to follow no course partially, but to hate and love according to my maister’s pind.’

He then represents himself as doubting whether to accept the embassy,—

‘Refuse I, the king shall think I know already quhat shall come of things; so that if she die, he shall not feal to quarrel me for it; leive she, I shall have double harme. Refuse I not, but enterpryse the voyage, if she die, men shall think I have lent hir a hand, so that I shall leive under that slander; and leive she by my travail, I bring a staff to my awin head, or at the least shall have little thankes.’

On the 27th November he is more explicit :—

‘Seeing this maiter comes on thus—I would faine the queen thair and hir counsell would devyse some middis, for, by God, the matter is hard to you and me both: and I protest before God, I undertak that voyage for to see what good I can do, to make some middis, because I see the king wholly myndit to run a uther course if violence be usit: which I know shall be my wrak, being so far embarkit that way that skairsly can I retire myself. And for yourself, it is true, you have thair moyens,’—[Alluding to Douglas’s connexion with Elizabeth’s ministry.]—‘but keip your compt, if his majesty steir a uther course, ye shall die a banisht man.’

It will be remembered that Archibald Douglas, one of the assassins of Darnley, was pardoned by James, and sent to England as ambassador, but partly with a view to keeping him out of the country;

country; and Gray here insinuates, that if Mary die while James is in his present humour, Douglas, as well as himself, will become answerable in his eyes for her death, and will never be permitted to revisit Scotland.

'Ye know,' proceeds he, 'how mortell princes are, so it is good to remember home. I will be thus plainly with you: see I no myddis but that all shall break between these princes, *I will seek the longest lyf*, and will follow my master *directly and sincerely*.'

He then recommends the ambassador to 'gayne that young man William Keythe,' that is, to corrupt the king's own envoy extraordinary!

In a subsequent letter he seems really anxious to take credit to himself for his disinterested exertions in favour of the queen, who (not very unnaturally) was prejudiced against him, and had said to Douglas that 'she knew mair of him' (Gray) 'nor he did.'

'In the mean time,' says he, 'speak hardly to the queen, that I think she hath not usit me according to her promise, seeing this is the second time she has suspected me without a cause.'

With regard to Gray's subsequent conduct in the execution of his commission, it was asserted on all hands and partly admitted even by himself, that he counteracted to the best of his power the honest exertions of his colleague Melvill; that while outwardly pressing Elizabeth with texts of Scripture, and reasons from classical history, against laying violent hands on her royal kinswoman, he was privately urging her to perpetrate the act, and whispering into her willing ear the vindictive adage, '*Mortui non morident*.' But it is by far the most probable supposition that he, fearing as he must have done the vengeance of the Catholic party to which he still nominally belonged, was anxious, not for her execution, but for that darker mode of taking her life, which Elizabeth, could she have found, even then, trusty servants to perform that which Sir Amias Paulet refused, would probably have adopted at last. And this, in substance, Gray is reported to have subsequently confessed at Edinburgh.

These letters, we cannot but think, prove thus much in favour of James, that—unless he had dissimulation enough thoroughly to deceive his own crafty envoy,—he really was eagerly desirous of his mother's rescue, and prevented from insisting on it, as far at least as with sheathed sword he might, only by the double dealing and treason with which he was environed. They are, at all events, curious, as showing the character of the servants whom the state of parties in his own country compelled him to employ. The murderer in heart of James's mother writes to the actual murderer of the same prince's father, to calculate coolly the chances between serving and betraying him! Surely, the very worst

worst acts with which the sovereigns of that bad age are chargeable are mitigated, in the eyes of God and man, by reason of the inextricable nets of fraud and violence in which their wicked counsellors had enveloped them!

In fact, the whole state-history of those times seems to present nothing but a series of plots and counterplots, in which both personal honour and political morality were played with as mere counters in the game of ambition.* As the reader proceeds farther in examining for himself the original documents, out of which the superficial history of the age—a mere deceitful elevation without solidity or substance within—has been constructed, he scarcely finds a character or an event unmarked by the suspicion of treachery; he despairs of being able to distinguish truth from falsehood, sincerity from hypocrisy; and learns at last to contemplate with a kind of reverence those few characters which seem the pivots on which the revolving world of political intrigue then circulated; the Burleighs, Hunsdons, Walsinghams, of England; the Alvas, Guises, Chatillons, of the Continent; those who held on the same path for good and evil—who, however they may have marked their career by fraud, violence, and bloodshed, in pursuit of a particular object, yet never played double, or hedged their ventures.

Of the French envoys who were in this island in 1586 and 1587, and from whose despatches these volumes contain such large extracts, there was probably not one who acted the simple part of a diplomatist, or abstained from involving himself in the secret intrigues of the country in which he came to reside. Courcelles, the ambassador at Edinburgh, was never regarded as a model of honesty; Lord Hunsdon, in one of his letters from Scotland, in 'Lodge's Illustrations,' mentions the having procured from him certain papers by some device, 'for the whych, I assure your Highness, he hath byn twice redde to hange himself:—a great pitty he was so lettyd from so good a deed!' But the industry of Mr. Leigh has brought to light, from the State Paper Office, direct evidence of the nature of the suspicion to which M. de Courcelles had subjected himself, namely, that of being implicated in the Babington conspiracy. D'Esneval writes to him (7th Oct. 1586), that the conspirators then under arrest, 'Vous avoient fort chargé, et que l'on avoit depesché en diligence vers le Roy d'Ecosse, pour le prier de vous arrester.' Bellièvre, who was sent over as special envoy to intercede for Mary's life, was, on the other

* 'These were, indeed,' as Dr. Nares rather quaintly terms them, 'the very worst of times, when the most spiteful struggle was on foot that ever disturbed the world when a settled system of dissimulation in most of the courts of Europe had absolutely destroyed all confidence, and when there was found to be more security in craft than in swords and shields.'—*Life of Lord Burghley*, vol. iii. p. 300.

hand, strongly suspected of using his influence in accordance with the secret views of Henry III. and his counsellors, to hasten her execution. He must be allowed to have had some experience in commissions of a questionable character, since he had already been employed to justify the massacre of St. Bartholomew, immediately after its occurrence, to the Swiss Diet. Finally, his colleague, L'Aubespine de Châteauneuf, the ordinary ambassador, and a furious Ligueur, seems to have been privy, if not otherwise accessory, to every conspiracy which took place during his residence. It is amusing to compare his account of his first visit to Elizabeth, after the plot of Babington had been rendered public, but before the arrest of the traitors, with that which we derive from other sources. According to his own story, her majesty was much frightened: himself, all dignity and self-possession. He thus writes to the French king:—

'Elizabeth ascribes to Mary the whole undertaking: on account of which I made a journey last Sunday with M. d'Esneval to Windsor, where she said to me, "I know that the Queen of Scotland has set this on foot. This is in truth repaying good with evil, inasmuch as I have several times saved her life. In a few days the King of France will receive intelligence which will little please him." I answered, she ought not to give credence to every calumny forged against the queen, her prisoner; and one who, she well knew, had many enemies in the kingdom! I further begged her to clear up more precisely those of her expressions which regarded your majesty, inasmuch as you, like myself, would consider them very strange. She replied to this: her ambassador in Paris would afford the explanation. As I pressed her harder, and said, "I knew not what bad accounts could reach your majesty from thence, so long as she were your ally and in good health,"—I received no other answer, than that she believed your majesty would find it very strange that an attempt had been made to deal her such an ill turn.'—*Raumer*, vol. ii. p. 126.

The ambassador then proceeds to complain, that in consequence of the suspicions aroused against himself, the avenues to his house were watched by agents of the government.

Singularly enough, the English Queen's own report of this same conference (as is clear by comparison of dates), in the letter of a person to whom she communicated it, has been discovered by Mr. Leigh in the course of his researches. M. de Châteauneuf, in Elizabeth's own account of his demeanour, cuts a very different figure, when admitted into her lion-like presence after the apprehension of his suspected confederates.

"Her Majesty told me," says this writer, "that she never saw a man more perplex than the ambassador here; for when he was about to speke every joint in his body did shake, and his countenance changed; and specially when this enterprise was somewhat mentioned
by

by her majestie." He affected, however, to treat the matter lightly, and termed the conspirators "*jeunes folastres*." "Yea," said her majestie, "they be such *jeunes folastres* as some of them may spend ten or twenty thousand franks of rents."

And the writer proceeds to say, that the queen was afraid lest Châteauneuf should excite some commotion or attempt at rescue when the leading plotters were arrested.

Nothing daunted, however, by the suspicious situation in which he stood, Monsieur de Châteauneuf joined his colleague Bellièvre in making formal representations to Elizabeth on behalf of the Queen of Scots, seasoned with all the sententious pedantry which, in those golden days of phrase-making, passed for solid and sagacious argument. He quoted Cicero's observation respecting King Deiotarus, as to the enormity of proceeding capitally against a sovereign prince; he instanced Porsenna's pardon of Mutius Scævola as an example of clemency under similar circumstances; he reminded her of the approaching festival of Christmas, 'on which account we should at this season keep our eyes and thoughts averted from all things bringing evil, hateful, and bloody.'—(vol. ii. p. 148.)* And yet, at this very time, he was thoughtless as well as treacherous enough to listen with approbation to fresh plans for the destruction of Elizabeth, and to engage in, at least to countenance, the abortive conspiracy of Stafford and Moody against her life. And his justification of himself, when charged before Burleigh and Leicester with his participation in this conspiracy, is one of the most curious pieces of diplomatic morality extant. It is preserved in a paper, headed 'A declaration of negotiations with the French ambassador at the Lord Treasurer's house, by the Lord Treasurer, Earl of Leicester, Mr. Vice-Chamberlain and Mr. Secretary Davison, 12th January, 1586.' He argued, that he was bound as *ambassador* to disclose the plot only to his own master—

'But it was answered, that howsoever he would pretend that he ought not to discover such a matter as an ambassador (which was not agreed), yet in a case concerning the safety or loss of a princess' life, as this did, yea, if it were the life of any Christian, he, as Christian and Châteauneuf, was by God's law bound to withstand such a wicked purpose as the attempt of murder. But he stiffly held the contrary opinion, that he neither as ambassador nor as Châteauneuf ought to discover any such matter; and for the respect of an ambassador, he repeated an example of late years, of an ambassador from the French King in Spain, to whom a Spaniard had discovered an enterprise against the person of the King of Spain, and that he did not discover it to the King of Spain, but sent word only thereof to the French King. Whereupon there was some question in the French King's

* This memorial is dated Jan. 6, but the old style was still used in England. The 6th of Jan. N.S. was Christmas-day with Elizabeth.

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council, and in the end it was concluded in council that he did well in not discovering it to the King of Spain.'—*Murdin's State Papers*, p. 583.

It may be doubted, indeed, whether this whole affair was not a sham plot concerted by Walsingham and his associates in order to try the temper of Châteauneuf; if so, they succeeded admirably in the feint, which was perfectly in the style of their usual policy.

Thus surrounded by hostile machinations, every day apprised of some new plot against her life, and uncertain from what quarter the blow might fall, is it to be wondered at, if even the masculine mind of Elizabeth gave way to the terrors of her situation, and if, after a long period of vacillation and miserable suspense, she determined on destroying at any cost a life which seemed by its very existence to threaten her own? For the death of Mary, by substituting a Protestant for a Catholic in the line of succession, took away from the partisans of the latter religion all immediate incentives to seek that of Elizabeth. And this is the only rational solution of the English Queen's conduct in the most critical period of her life and reign. It is time to dismiss all the romantic or imaginary causes of her deadly enmity to her prisoner, feminine jealousies, or high reasons of national or religious interest; idle stories alike, whether invented by scandalous court-writers, or grave and pedantic politicians. All or some of these causes may have widened the breach between the royal relatives, and have contributed to steel the heart of the English Queen against her prisoner; but her part was definitively forced upon her by the strongest and yet the meanest of human motives—the same which, with far less reason, prompted a baser mind to command the murder of D'Enghien—mere personal fear—the daily and nightly dread of assassination.

To the reader who examines these volumes with a view to the details of our insular history, perhaps the most interesting part of their contents will be found in the extracts from the despatches of French ambassadors, resident at the court of James I.; but we are not able to pronounce what portion of them is really printed for the first time by M. von Raumer. The negociations of French diplomacy are so generally collected in long unreadable suites of duodecimo volumes, published for the most part about the beginning of the last century, that it is scarcely probable that much original matter of importance should have remained to be absolutely disinterred. Some of these envoys were men of considerable talent; especially Tilliere, who resided in England from 1619 to 1625, and whose reports, although he was outshone in his mission by the wit and gold of Gondomar, evince no mean sagacity. All these ambassadors, however, give so habitually dark a colouring to their representation of English affairs, and are prone to form and communicate the most odious suspicions on such very slight foundation,

dation, that their accounts—however interesting with respect to minor features of manner, and the like—cannot be received as perfect pictures even of the scenes which were passing before them.

Into these inviting topics we have not space to enter. We must content ourselves with one more extract of less momentous character, the account of England and the English by a Florentine, Petruccio Ubaldini, who visited us in the year 1551—

‘The English generally spend their incomes. They eat often, and sit full two, three, four hours at table, not so much for the purpose of continually eating, as for that of agreeable conversation with the ladies, without whose company no banquet takes place.

‘They are disinclined to exertion, and sow so little that the produce barely suffices for subsistence; by reason of which they eat little bread, but so much the more meat, which they have of all kinds and perfect quality. Puddings* and cheeses are everywhere forthcoming, for numberless herds pasture day and night in the most fertile districts. There are no wolves, but many deer, wild boars, and other game. They are much addicted to the chase, and very hospitable. The women in respect of beauty, grace, dress, and manners, are nothing inferior to the Siennese or the most esteemed classes of the sex in Italy. The lords have great tribes of servants; a servant receives usually two suits of little value in the year, eight dollars and his board, or, instead of the latter, sixpence a-day. The people in general are tolerably tall of stature; the nobles in great part little, which comes from the prevalent custom of marrying rich damsels under age.’

This last is a curious observation, and probably a well-founded one. The detestable custom of marrying together persons of very tender years arose, as we know, out of a perversion of the feudal doctrine of wardship which subsisted for so long a period in England. The marriage of young ladies of rank was matter of profitable speculation, not for the parties contracting it, but for the guardians, who were paid by the relatives of the person to whom they affianced their ward, expressly for the procurement of the marriage. Ubaldini might have added that young men, as well as women, were thus made to form premature or unequal unions. Lord Herbert of Cherbury was married in this manner long before he was of age; and his guardian, Sir George More, takes credit to himself in his letters† for the transaction.

‘Whereas (he says) I might have married him without disparagement, for 3000*l.*, I not only did not marry him for money, as I might have done, but with expense of above 1000*l.* more, procured him a

* *Mehlspeise* in the German; but we doubt whether the worthy Florentine understood the natural history of a pudding, and, indeed, should place no great reliance on a German version of an Italian name for an English dish.

† These letters will shortly be published in a very interesting collection of original documents belonging to the family of More of Loseley, in Surrey.

marriage worth not much less than 30,000*l.*, in sure confidence that when by his marriage he should be enabled, he would give me good satisfaction for the value of the marriage.'

This bad usage, in fact, was only put an end to at the period of the civil wars, when the feudal tenures were broken down, and when the general habits of the country were in so many other respects remodelled. And the result is a remarkable instance of physical improvement. While the people of England in general still rather exceed, as heretofore, in size and strength the average attained to by European races, the upper class of gentry are now distinguished, even among their countrymen, for stature and figure. A better breed has been gradually produced by the free intermixture of patrician and other blood, and by the maturer age (in comparison with other countries) at which marriages are, in that class, usually contracted.—The old Florentine continues:—

'The men are by nature obstinate, so that if any one be obliged to contradict them, it is necessary not to thrust at first, but to show them his reasons by degrees, which they then, by their good abilities, are quick to appreciate. Many not being aware of this feature in the English character, have made a bad affair of it with people so suspicious.

'The inferior classes in the towns, and a part of the peasantry, are averse to foreigners, and think that no state in the world is worth anything after their own; yet they are set right in such absurd notions by those who have better understanding and experience. It is, however, on this account not advisable for foreigners to travel about the country, because they are apt to inquire whether their countrymen are well or ill received in the traveller's country. If, however, he have with him a royal pass, he is everywhere well received, and is moreover forwarded with the horses kept for the royal service, or is enabled, in case of need, to require horses from private persons.

'In the above respect the behaviour of the highest classes is altogether different, for there is no lord in the country who is not fond of having about him foreign servants and gentlemen, to whom they give a liberal treatment; and the king himself has many Italians and Spaniards of various occupations in his service.

'The rich cause their sons and daughters to learn Latin, Greek, and Hebrew; for, since this *storm of heresy* has invaded the land, they hold it useful to read the scriptures in the vulgar tongue. The poorer, who cannot give their children a scientific education, are unwilling to appear ignorant, or altogether strangers to refinement; they, therefore, dress themselves on Sundays and holidays well, nay better than is becoming their station and pursuits!'—vol. ii. pp. 70-75.

With this extract, which suggests so many curious topics for remark, we must conclude our notice of these interesting volumes. The value of their contents will be fully appreciated by all who seek for instruction and amusement in the records of modern Europe's most brilliant period—the most fertile in men, discoveries,

veries, and events, which perhaps the world has ever seen. How much of the true history of that period still lies unrevealed, but attainable, in original documents either in public or private hands? We will only add, that it is a pity the work has not been rendered more complete by a little more attention to small details, and to contemporary authorities, both on the part of the author and translator, but especially of the former. Accuracy in these slight matters, not unimportant in works of more pretension, is almost indispensable in compilations like the present, in which minute particulars are brought prominently into view. A cursory examination, for example, will detect numerous mistakes which a little care would have avoided, in the names of persons and places, in titles, dates, and, we suspect, occasionally in the niceties of translation from French and other languages into German. Thus we find Beauvoir la Nocle for Beauvais la Nocle—Villeanclerc for Villeauxclercs—&c. &c. &c. Why must the Italian names, Sfondrato and Badoero be disfigured into Sfondrate and Badoer? Surely this bad German fashion need not have been adhered to in an English version. We find also the Marquis d'O, a well known and not very respectable character under the Valois princes, written down thus,—Monsieur d'O——, as if his uniliteral appellation were only the initial of a suppressed name. Who was 'Ompson, English ambassador in Paris, May, 1588?' (vol. ii. p. 167.) We never heard of him before, and cannot conceive on what any man with a name *like* that could have founded his pretensions to fight the Duke of Guise in single combat, as being 'of an English race as great and noble as his own!' Again, the Lady Arabella Stuart is turned, by too direct a version of a French envoy's Mademoiselle, into 'Miss Arabella.' English writers, in general, are so little learned in the titular distinctions existing in continental countries, that we have, perhaps, no great right to quarrel with Mr. von Raumer for mistakes of this sort:—but we certainly wonder that his noble translator should not have corrected such a solecism in date as well as in etiquette. Lastly, should Lord Francis Egerton's volumes come to a second edition, we must suggest the advantages which would result from marking distinctly, by variety of type, or some other device, every transition from Raumer's own language to that of his ancient ambassadors.

This distinguished German scholar is now busied in examining the collections of MSS. in the British Museum, with a view, we imagine, to the publication of another series of letters similar in their contents to the present; and notwithstanding the diligence with which British antiquaries have searched the same repository, we have little doubt that his industry and acuteness will turn its materials to good account.

ART. V.—*The Life of Edmund Kean.* In 2 vols. London, 1835.

'KEAN,' says the author of this work, 'was by no means the only great actor that the English stage has possessed. We even doubt whether he was the greatest. There were excellent tragedians before him—

Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona——'—p. xviii.

But, though by this quotation, Mr. Barry Cornwall signifies that he considers himself as the *Homer* of our stage-biographers, we cannot go farther than to express a doubt whether he is the very poorest of a poor class of writers.* It is really melancholy to think of the treatment which, to say nothing of inferior names, John Kemble and his sister have received; and if we admit Mr. Cornwall's book to be less unworthy of Kean than Boaden's and Campbell's were of those magnificent artists, our compliment to the historian must be qualified by our estimation of his subject. Kean was unquestionably a man of genius: neither his physical deficiencies, nor his utter want of general education, nor the vulgar tricks which he had brought from his original walk of harlequin and punchinello, prevented him from reaching a splendid excellence of passionate vigour in some four or five of the best parts in our tragic drama. Beyond this elevated but very narrow range he was at best a secondary player. In *Shylock*, *Richard III.*, *Othello*—in *Sir Giles Overreach*, and in *Zanga*, he was great. In *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Wolsey*, *Lear*, *Brutus*, *Coriolanus*, *King John*, &c. &c.,—he never approached within any measurable distance of the learned, philosophical, and majestic Kemble; and where both rivals wanted the support of Shakspeare, the failure of the younger was still more conspicuous. In several characters, particularly *Iago*, he always appeared to us decidedly inferior to Mr. Young; in many more, including *Romeo* and *Hamlet*, to Mr. Charles Kemble; and it seems to be a matter of admitted doubt whether in two even of his very best performances he was, on the whole, superior to Cooke. In comedy he was detestable.

The player having been thus limited in the sphere of his art—and the period during which he exercised that art successfully having been a very brief one—what could have put it into any one's head that the biography of Kean ought to be a work of two volumes? Mr. Procter—or as he chooses to be called, Mr. Cornwall—is known as the author of some little dramatic sketches of real elegance and pathos—and it is also known that he is not

* The extant biographies of Garrick, Foote, Henderson, and Cooke, are all alike abominable—all superficial—and all dull. Indeed, we are not acquainted with one book of the class which any one does read twice—except Colley Cibber's *Apology*—which the author of this *Life of Kean* talks of as little known!

an author by profession—certainly that he is far removed from the class of those unhappy adventurers who are obliged to execute as they can, perhaps on terms measured by the exigencies of their condition, whatever task the Mæcenases of the Row may think fit to assign them. We are, indeed, at a loss to understand why any person occupying a decent position in society, and still more a delicate minor poet, should have undertaken the *Life of Kean* at all—but how it should have occurred to him that such a theme could demand or justify two volumes—this does utterly baffle our comprehension. Even a short sketch of this actor's professional career would have been injudiciously entrusted to Mr. Cornwall—whose own cast of mind is such that he is peculiarly ill-qualified for describing, to say nothing of discussing, the peculiar excellencies of Kean's manner on the stage—the merits of the actor having lain in the most tempestuous regions of energy—those of the literator being confined to the small and placid province of prettiness; but what shall be said of a bulky book concerning the personal and private career, in other words the reckless and brutal profligacies of (his talents apart) perhaps the lowest blackguard that ever infested (we dare not say disgraced) the purlieus of Drury-lane—of two volumes on such a subject from the trim crowquill of Mr. Barry Cornwall—two volumes penned in a style of timid semipedantic slipslop, in which there is neither the gusto of sympathy to enliven the strain, nor the tenderness of compassion to grace it, nor the gravity of philosophy to lend it some appearance of dignity—but the writer is perpetually hesitating between airs of hilarity and hints of reprehension—and the reader would be set asleep by any three pages, but that the fourth is sure to rouse him by some fresh image of disgust! A worse man might have made Kean's story entertaining—a wiser, if he had told it at all, would have at least tried to make it instructive.

We expected that Mr. Cornwall would at all events have thrown some new light on the birth and parentage of his hero—but we are disappointed. It seems Kean himself was not only loose but grossly inconsistent in his own accounts of these matters—and that, so far from knowing who was his *father*, though he ultimately adopted the name and surname of a journeyman plasterer employed about the minor theatre at which a *Miss Carey* had her engagement, he could not be at all sure whether this *Miss Carey*, or a common friend of hers and the plasterer's, one *Miss Tidswell*, was his *mother*. However, he may be said to have been born and suckled within the smell of the '*float*';* he appeared himself on or above the boards as *Cupid* in an afterpiece before he was two years old, *i. e.* in 1789; and with the exception of a few months'

* This it seems is the technical name for the foot-lights in front of the stage.

schooling somewhere near the Seven Dials, which, though he often played truant, gave him the elements of reading and writing, he was never, from his cradle to his coffin (both included), without some connexion, of one sort or another, with the profession of the stage.

When a ragged urchin of five or six, about the side-scenes, he seems to have attracted some notice by his imitations of the actors then flourishing: his mother, Miss Carey, who spent her *mornings* in trotting about the town with a basket of artificial flowers and perfumery, introduced him to her customers; and he used to spout in a cap and feathers at their tea-tables; his other mother, Miss Tidswell, (for he appears to have been constantly banded to and fro between these amiable rivals,) read playbooks with him, expounded the characters, and took pains to teach him how to start, fall, tumble, &c. &c.; and about eight years of age he was formally enrolled in the muster of a strolling company of the lowest class.

Mr. Cornwall introduces, among other authentic records of his hero's boyhood, the following admirable specimen of the Houyhnhnm dialect:—

“We recollect,” the writer says, “once hearing Davies, the former manager of Astley's Amphitheatre, describe the occasion upon which he first saw Kean; and as the circumstances cannot be more impressively related than in his own graphic detail, we shall content ourselves with transcribing his words from our note-book:—

““I was passing down Great Surrey-street one morning, when, just as I comed to the place where the Riding-house now stands, at the corner of the 'Syleum, or Mag-dallen, as they calls it, I seed Master Saunders a-packing up his traps. His booth, you see, had been there standing for some three or four days, or thereabouts; and on the boards in front of the painting—the *prosseniom*, as the painters says—I seed a slim young chap with marks of paint—and bad paint it was, for all the world like raddle on the jaw of a sheep—on his face, a-tying up some of the canvass wot the wonderfulls't carakters and curosties of that 'ere exhibition was painted upon. And so, when I had shook hands with Master Saunders, and all that 'ere, he turns him right round to the young chap wot had just throwed a summerset behind his back, and says, “I say, you bloody Mister King Dick, if you don't mind wot you're arter, and pack up that 'ere wan pretty tight and nimble, we shan't be off afore to-morrow, so we shan't; and, so you mind your eye, my lad.” That ere “bloody Mister King Dick,” as Master Saunders called him, was young Kean.””—vol. i. pp. 212, 213.

At this early period, then, he had distinguished himself as a Richard III.! At seventeen years of age he was playing everything, from Cato to Sambo, and from time to time exhibiting
flashes

flashes of ability which excited the momentary admiration of the barn or the booth. But he traversed England, Scotland, and Ireland over and over again: quarrelled with dozens of strolling managers—broke engagements by the score—and renewed them; drank, squabbled, rioted; woo'd, married, and had children—starved and fattened—dined 'with squirrels' (as he called it) and with aldermen—and so on through all the usual jollities and miseries of this most degraded of lives, until he had attained his twenty-sixth year—without ever having had the good fortune to fix the serious attention of any person at once able and willing to give him the chance of showing himself in London. Almost the only sentence worth dwelling on, which we can discover in the *volume* devoted by Mr. Cornwall to this wretched period, is the following, supplied by some person who acted along with Kean at Stroud, in 1807—who the person is Mr. C. does not tell us, but we rather suppose the evidence is that of the Miss Chambers who became Mrs. Kean in 1808:—

'He used to mope about for hours, walking miles and miles alone, with his hands in his pockets, thinking intensely on his characters. No one could get a word from him. He studied and *slaved* beyond any actor I ever knew.'—vol. i. p. 89.

As a specimen of the acute discrimination and sagacity of the present biographer we may subjoin his remark on the above statement:—

'Is not this THE KEY to show how it was that he excelled, as he did, in the wonderful characters of SHAKSPEARE?'—*Ibid.*

'Most forcible Feeble!'

No one will be surprised to hear that, long before the termination of his obscure provincial career, Kean had formed a very lofty opinion of his own professional ability; if it had been otherwise, how could he have persisted for so many years in clinging to a calling, than which to shoulder *Brown Bess* would have furnished a not less lucrative, and surely not a less respectable means of livelihood? In fact, he had more than once lost a fair opportunity of bettering his fortune by obstinately refusing to take a subordinate part where a London *star*, that happened to be crossing his path, naturally desired to make prize of the first. 'He would play second,' he said, 'to no man in England but John Kemble,'—and this when his utmost salary—often interrupted for weeks on end—might amount to fifteen shillings a week. Had he been less haughty, he might have gained his point sooner than he did—but he would have ceased to be *Kean*. Other opportunities were thrown away from a different but not less characteristic cause—for instance, he twice played in early life along with Mrs. Jordan—but 'it is undeniable,' says Mr. Cornwall, 'that he acquitted himself

self very indifferently on both these occasions—for he drank deep and forgot his parts.—vol. i. p. 189.

At last appeared his *deus ex machina* in the shape of the late amiable and learned Dr. Drury, head-master of Harrow, who happened to be present at Teignmouth, in August, 1813, when Kean took his benefit, playing Rolla in the tragedy, and his old character of Harlequin in the farce. The Doctor was greatly struck—he took occasion to call on Kean the next morning, inquired into his situation and prospects, and volunteered to recommend him to the notice of the London managers; the result of which was, after various dirty tricks and tantalizing delays, his being engaged for Drury Lane: articles signed for three years—his salary to be 8*l.* a week for the first year, 9*l.* the second, and 10*l.* the third. He borrowed 5*l.* and proceeded to London—but weeks and weeks passed on after his first appearance in the green-room before the *mis-manager* thought fit to call for his services; and, some dispute having been got up as to his salary, he was reduced to the extreme of destitution—so much so, that when it was at last settled that he should come forth in Shylock, about the middle of January, 1814, his poor wife seems to have been sorely put to it to provide him with a beef-steak and a pot of porter, by way of preparation for the trial. He had not dined for several days before; and ‘the little man with the capes’—(the only upper garment he possessed being an old great coat with such appendages, it was thus they distinguished him about the theatre)—the little man not having had heart to put out any of his strength at the *one* rehearsal which took place, the performers unanimously anticipated a failure. We know the result. Kean’s success was complete—and next morning, like Byron after the publication of Harold, ‘he awoke and found himself famous.’ Mr. Cornwall gives many different reports of the eventful night—but we must be contented with this little sketch of the interior of Mrs. Kean’s lodging, which was in the house of a Miss Williams, in Cecil-street. We extract it chiefly because it has the *very rare* effect of placing the actor himself before us in rather an amiable point of view—but it also affords a fair specimen of that style of narrative which Mr. Cornwall mistakes for easy and graceful:—

‘During the hours of performance, she had been waiting the result at home. It may be imagined how much anxiety must have prevailed, when not only the fame of her husband, but the very existence of himself and family hung on the event. For, to be damned in London is to be damned in the country; and the actor who once earned his humble crust in the provinces, whilst untried at the fastidious bar of the metropolis, is by no means sure of regaining his old position, if, on being tried, he should be found wanting. The hours, therefore, passed gloomily enough. At last, about half-past ten o’clock, the Misses Williams, and also Mr. Hewan and Mr. Watts (two artists

who lodged in the house), returned. The first comer was Mr. Hewan, in reply to whose knock, Mrs. Kean ran down to the door, and, in breathless haste, demanded to know their fate. The good-natured artist answered her anxious interrogation in the kindest and broadest Scotch (which we regret being obliged to translate after our poor English fashion):—"Oh! Mistress Kean! you need have nothing to fear. He's the greatest little man that has appeared since the time of Garrick. I can't tell you all—but, *by St. Andrew*,"—[this flourish, Mr. Cornwall, is an evident interpolation]—"in that long speech, where he gives it to Antonio, 'You spate upon me, and for that I must lend you so much money;'—Oh! his eye—as he turned it up towards the merchant, at the end—said (as plainly as I speak it now,) 'There! take *that* in your pipe, and smoke it.'" This was great news. Presently came in Mr. Watts, who was equally delighted. He did not enter into detail, but spoke particularly as to the fine expression of Kean's face, adding, "*Do you think he will sit to me for his picture?* I should like to take him, in Shylock, by candlelight." Next followed the Misses Williams, exulting in the accomplishment of their prophecies; and, finally, about eleven o'clock, arrived the hero of the night himself. He ran up stairs, wild with joy, and cried out, "Oh, Mary! my fortune's made! Now you shall ride in your carriage!"

'A mighty change had been wrought in a brief period. Four or five hours before, he said, on quitting the house, that he wished he was going to be shot. Now, all the gloom of the morning dissipated and forgotten, he seemed to tread on air. He told his wife, indeed, that when he found the audience "going with him," he was inspirited and exalted to such a degree, that "he could not feel the stage under him." His sensations had now sunk a little—almost to a rational level. In order, however, that every one might be a partaker of the new happiness, even the child was taken out of his cradle and kissed by his father, who said, "Now, my boy, you shall go to Eton."—vol. ii. pp. 42-45.

An 'eye-witness,' quoted but not named, of the performance which had ended thus triumphantly, says—

'I went behind the scenes to congratulate him. I found him in a small dressing-room, in the most remote part of the house, occupying it in common with two or three of the second-rate actors, and no friend near him: it was a great contrast to the scene I shortly afterwards witnessed on his first appearance in Othello, when his dressing-room was filled with the *first wits* of the day, who formed a semicircle around him, whilst he was contemplating his new costume in a cheval glass, and practising attitudes. I remember Reynolds raising an extended palm, and saying, "Hush! do not disturb him!"

'I called upon Mrs. Kean when his benefit was announced. I do not exaggerate when I say, that money was lying about the room in all directions; the present Mr. C. Kean, then a fine little boy with rich curling hair, was playing with some score of guineas (then a rare coin) on the floor; bank notes were in heaps on the mantel-piece, table, and sofa; and poor Mrs. K. was quite bewildered with plans of the house and applications.'—vol. ii. pp. 40, 41.

How

How very absurd—and yet how very *true*—is what follows!—

‘I remember three ladies being introduced, who *approached Mrs. K. as if she were a divinity*. Little Charles had deserted his guineas, and mounted himself on a large wooden horse with stirrups. “*What a sweet child!*” they whispered, and *eyed him as if he had been a young prince*. I think the receipts of that benefit amounted to 1150l.’—vol. ii. pp. 40, 41.

After playing Shylock six times, the new idol of ‘the first wits’ appeared in Richard—and again he electrified the audience. We all

‘Remember how the pit applauded Kean,

With hand disarm’d still daring Henry’s blade’—

—but really the outline of the rest of his history must be sufficiently familiar to most of our readers—and Mr. Cornwall has, wilfully or not, so dealt with the details—curtailing what might have been interesting, and pouring himself out in rapid redundancy upon matters of no mark or moment—that we must be excused from attempting to follow him through his unsubstantial labyrinth. To apply to him an old criticism upon Suckling’s Aglaura—

‘This great voluminous pamphlet may be said

To be like one that hath more hair than head.’

A single *dictum* of the player’s is worth preserving: when he came home after his first appearance in Othello, his anxious wife met him with—‘Oh! what *did* Lord Essex think of you?’—he answered—‘D—— Lord Essex! the pit rose at me!’

Perhaps half of the second volume consists of essays upon the great Shakspearian characters in which Kean was supposed to excel—essays which, Mr. Cornwall must forgive us for saying, were uncalled for, and which have no pretensions to originality, vigour, or even grace; and the other half is given to mawkish, milk-and-water dilutions of the absurd extravaganzas in which poor Kean dissipated talents, health, and wealth; until he at length sunk, as an actor, almost as low as, first and last, he seems to have been in most points of his personal character. Our charitable suspicion is, that he had from the beginning a spice of insanity in him: if not, brandy did the business. But he seems to have been considerably stimulated and encouraged in his vicious career by two circumstances, neither of which is even alluded to by his biographer. In the first place, he attracted the attention of Lord Byron when on the committee of Drury Lane—and appears to have ever afterwards nourished the idea of being, ‘in his own way,’ a Byron; hence the cottage in Bute—the midnight gallops—the Indian chieftainship!!!—and probably the beautiful story of ‘Little Breeches,’ which Mr. Cornwall is too decorous to say almost anything about—and which really ought to have put *crim. con.* out of fashion. Secondly, Kean was fervently taken up, on his first success, by a certain set of petty newspaper

critics, now forgotten, who hated Kemble, partly perhaps because they could not understand his merits, but chiefly because he was a gentleman and avoided their society. These creatures had a potent hand in the ruin of Kean, whose vanity was omnivorous, but preferred garbage. They applauded as beauties all the worst faults of the player—his harsh, abrupt tricks of transition—his affected croak of pathos—and his mountebank strut of dignity; and they with equal sense and taste apologized for, as ‘ebullitions of humanity,’ ‘hearty, unsordid outbursts,’ &c. &c.—we have almost forgotten their jargon too—those unremitting debauches of the unhappy ‘cock-of-the-walk,’ which, after ruining his character and peace, conducted him to an early grave.

It is surprising—but such is the fact—this book, the history of a man who may be said to have lived for the table, gives us hardly any specimens of his table-talk—and only one that we can suppose worth extracting:—

‘It is to be observed, that he was always anxious, and even uncomfortable, in his intercourse with persons of superior rank. Whether he went to Mr. Whitbread’s, to Mr. Grenfell’s, or to Cashiobury, it was all the same. Indeed his discomfort was so apparent, that Mr. Whitbread said to his wife, “We don’t invite him, because it seems so painful to him.” Kean himself accounted for his distaste for high company in a way sufficiently satisfactory. “I don’t understand them,” said he, “when they talk about speeches in parliament and so forth, and their conversation is about little else; and when they talk about acting, it is *such* nonsense! I would rather dine at home, or go with some of my friends up the river.”’—vol. ii. p. 70.

The ‘friends’ he alluded to were some of those candle-snuffers in whose society alone he ever felt at home—and by ‘up the river’ he meant to the Red House at Battersea, or the ‘Eel-pie Island;’ but his last journey was ‘up the river,’ for he died at Richmond, on the 15th of May, 1833. It is agreeable to know that he was reconciled, when on his death-bed, to his wife and son, from whom he had been for seven or eight years wholly estranged; and it is painful to gather, that after having squandered thousands upon thousands in every possible vileness of selfish indulgence, he left them both beggars.

We hope when Mr. Cornwall next comes before us, we shall at least find him to have been occupied on some subject more worthy of public attention, and more suited to the gifts and accomplishments which procured for himself at an early period of his life a not worthless reputation. For the present we must conclude with assuring the few respectable persons, male and female, who still adorn the profession of the stage, that we sincerely pity the mortification which must have been inflicted on them by the contemporaneous appearance of Mrs. Butler’s ‘Journal’ and this ‘Life of Kean.’

ART.

ART. VI.—1. *Physiologie du Goût : ou Méditations de Gastronomie Transcendante; Ouvrage Théorique, Historique et à l'ordre du Jour. Dédié aux Gastronomes Parisiens.* Par Un Professeur (M. Brillat Savarin), Membre de plusieurs Sociétés Savantes. 2 tomes. 5me edition. Paris. 1835.

2. *The French Cook. A System of Fashionable and Economical Cookery; adapted to the Use of English Families, &c.* By Louis Eustace Ude, ci-devant Cook to Louis XVI. and the Earl of Sefton, &c. &c. &c. 12th edition. With Appendix, &c. London. 1833.

M. HENRION DE PENSEY, late President of the Court of Cassation, the magistrate (according to M. Royer Collard) of whom regenerated France has most reason to be proud, expressed himself as follows to MM. Laplace, Chaptal, and Berthollet, three of the most distinguished men of science of their day:—‘I regard the discovery of a dish as a far more interesting event than the discovery of a star, for we have always stars enough, but we can never have too many dishes; and I shall not regard the sciences as sufficiently honoured or adequately represented amongst us, until I see a cook in the first class of the Institute.’ We may probably have been suspected of partially coinciding with the opinion of the president, from a recent article on the principles which ought to regulate the choice and preparation of food.* It is our present intention, in spite of any such surmises, to submit to our readers a sketch of the history, present state, and literature—for it has a literature—of cookery. As regards the historical part of the inquiry, indeed, we shall be exceedingly brief, and not at all learned—bestowing only a passing glance on the ancients, and hurrying on as fast as possible to France; where only the *art* is generally understood and appreciated—where only it has ever yet received the smallest portion of the honours which M. de Pensey considers as its due.

It is sagaciously remarked by Madame Dacier, that Homer makes no mention of boiled meat in any of his works; and in all the entertainments described by him, as in the dinner given by Achilles to the royal messengers in the ninth Iliad, the *piece de resistance* undoubtedly is a broil; from which it is not perhaps illogically inferred, that the Greeks had not as yet discovered the mode of making vessels to bear fire. This discovery is supposed to have reached them from Egypt, and they rapidly turned it to the best possible account. The Athenians, in particular, seem to have as much excelled the rest of Greece in gastronomy, as the French, the modern nation most nearly re-

* Quart. Rev. No. CIV. p. 206.

sembling them, excel the rest of Europe in this respect. The best proof of this assertion is to be found in the circumstance, that the learned have agreed to rank amongst the most valuable of the lost works of antiquity, a didactic poem on gastronomy, by Archestratus, the intimate friend of one of the sons of Pericles. 'This great writer,' says Athenæus, 'had traversed earth and sea to render himself acquainted with the best things which they produced. He did not, during his travels, inquire concerning the manners of nations, as to which it is useless to inform ourselves, since it is impossible to change them;—but he entered the laboratories where the delicacies of the table were prepared, and he held intercourse with none but those who could advance his pleasures. His poem is a treasure of science, every verse a precept.'

These terms of exalted praise must be taken with a few grains of salt, for, considering the imperfect state of the physical sciences at the time, it may well be doubted whether Archestratus succeeded in producing so complete a treasure of precepts as his admirers have supposed. Another ground of scepticism is supplied by the accounts that have come down to us of the man himself, who is said to have been so small and lean, that, when placed in the scales, his weight was found not to exceed an obolus; in which case he must have borne a strong resemblance to the Dutch governor mentioned in Knickerbocker's History of New York, who pined away so imperceptibly, that when he died there was nothing of him left to bury. Besides, it is highly probable that all that was really valuable in the cookery of the Greeks, was carried off, along with the other arts to which ordinary opinion assigns a yet higher value, to Rome. As, indeed, we know that the Romans sent a deputation to Athens to bring back the laws of Solon, and were in the constant habit of repairing thither to study in the schools, it would be ludicrous to suppose that they neglected the *cuisine*; and there can be little or no doubt whatever, that when, at a somewhat later period, the philosophers, poets, and rhetoricians flocked to Rome as the metropolis of civilization, the cooks of Athens accompanied them. Yet concentrating, as they must have done, all the gastronomic genius and resources of the world, the Roman banquets were much more remarkable for profusion and costliness than for taste. The only merit of a dish composed of the brains of five hundred peacocks, or the tongues of five hundred nightingales, must have been its dearness; and if a mode of swallowing most money in a given time be the desideratum, commend us to Cleopatra's decoction of diamonds—though even this was fairly exceeded in originality and neatness of conception by the English sailor who placed a ten-pound note between two slices of bread

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and butter, and made his 'Black-eyed Susan' eat it as a sandwich. Captain Morris, in one of his unpublished songs, has set the proper value on such luxuries:—

' Old Lucullus, they say,
Forty cooks had each day,
And Vitellius's meals cost a million;
But I like what is good,
When or where be my food,
In a chop-house or royal pavilion.

' At all feasts (if enough)
I most heartily stuff,
And a song at my heart alike rushes,
Though I've not fed my lungs
Upon nightingales' tongues,
Nor the brains of goldfinches and thrushes.'

Neither have we much respect for epicures who could select so awkward and uncomfortable a position as a reclining one. It is quite frightful to think how they must have slobbered their long beards and togas, in conveying food from the table to their mouths without forks—for forks are clearly a modern discovery, none having been found in the ruins of Herculaneum—and it is difficult to conceive how they could manage to drink at all, unless they sat up as the goblet was passed to them. Eating, however, had certainly engaged the attention of the Roman men of science, though one only of their works on the subject has come down to us. It is supposed to have enlightened the public about the time of Heliogabalus—and bears the name of 'Apicius,' in honour of the connoisseur who spent about a million and a half of our money in the gratification of his palate, and then, finding that he had not above fifty thousand pounds left, killed himself for fear of dying of hunger.

The period comprising the fall of the Roman empire and the greater portion of the middle ages was one of unmitigated darkness for the fine arts. Charlemagne, as appears from his Capitularies, took a warm personal interest in the management of his table; and the Normans, a century or two later, are said to have prided themselves on their superior taste and discrimination in this respect—but the revival of cookery, like that of learning, is due to Italy. We are unable to fix the precise time when it there began to be cultivated with success, but it met with the most enlightened encouragement from the merchant-princes of Florence, and the French received the first rudiments of the science from the professors who accompanied Catherine de Medicis to Paris.* There

* It is clearly established that they introduced the use of ices into France. *Frigideus* were invented by the *chef* of Leo X.

is a remarkable passage in Montaigne, which shows that the Italian cooks had learnt to put a proper estimate on their vocation, and that their mode of viewing it was still new to the French.

'I have seen amongst us,' says Montaigne, 'one of those artists who had been in the service of Cardinal Caraffa. He discoursed to me of this *science de gueule*, with a gravity and a magisterial air, as if he was speaking of some weighty point of theology. He expounded to me a difference of appetites: that which one has fasting; that which one has after the second or third course; the methods now of satisfying and then of exciting and piquing it; the *police* of sauces, first in general, and next, particularising the qualities of the ingredients and their effects; the differences of salads according to their season—that which should be warmed, that which should be served cold, with the mode of adorning and embellishing them to make them pleasant to the view. He then entered on the order of the service, full of elevated and important considerations—

"Nec minimo sane discrimine refert

Quo gestu lepores et quo gallina secetur."

And all this expressed in rich and magnificent terms, in those very terms, indeed, which one employs in treating of the government of an empire—I well remember my man.'

Now, the strongest proofs in favour of the excellence of the ancients in painting are deduced from the descriptions of the principles and effects of painting to be found in the poets, historians and orators of antiquity, who, it is argued, would never have spoken as they do speak of it, had not the principles been understood and the effects in question been at least partially produced.* Arguing in the same manner from the above passage, we infer, that culinary science must have made no inconsiderable progress, to enable Montaigne's acquaintance to discourse upon it so eloquently. There is also good reason to believe that it had made some progress in England, as Cardinal Campeggio, one of the legates charged to treat with Henry VIII. concerning his divorce from Catherine, drew up a report on the state of English cookery as compared with that of Italy and France, probably by the express desire, and for the especial use, of his Holiness the Pope. Henry, moreover, was a liberal rewarder of that sort of merit which ministered to the gratification of his appetites; and on one occasion he was so transported with the flavour of a new pudding, that he gave a manor to the inventor.

History, which has only become philosophical within the last century, and took little note of manners until Voltaire had demonstrated the importance of commemorating them, affords no materials for filling up the period which intervened between the arrival of Catherine of Medicis and the accession of Louis XIV., under

* This argument is well put in Webb's Dialogues on Painting.

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whom cookery made prodigious advances, being one while employed to give a zest to his glories, and then again to console him in their decline.* The name of his celebrated *maître d'hôtel*, Bechamel, a name as surely destined to immortality by his sauce, as that of Herschel by his star, or that of Baffin by his bay, affords guarantee and proof enough of the discriminating elegance with which the royal table was served; and, as may be seen in the memoirs and correspondence of the time, Colbert, the celebrated administrator, and Condé, the great captain, were little, if at all, behindhand in this respect with royalty. The closing scene of Vatel, the *maître d'hôtel* of Condé, has been often quoted, but it forms so essential a portion of this history, that we are under the absolute necessity of inserting it:—

'I wrote you yesterday,' says Madame de Sevigny, 'that Vatel had killed himself; I here give you the affair in detail. The king arrived on the evening of the Thursday; the collation was served in a room hung with jonquils; all was as could be wished. At supper there were some tables where the roast was wanting, on account of several parties which had not been expected; this affected Vatel: he said several times, "I am dishonoured, this is a disgrace that I cannot endure." He said to Gourville, "My head is dizzy; I have not slept for twelve nights; assist me in giving orders." Gourville assisted him as much as he could. The roast which had been wanting, not at the table of the king, but at the inferior tables, was constantly present to his mind. Gourville mentioned it to the prince; the prince even went to the chamber of Vatel, and said to him:—"Vatel, all is going on well, nothing could equal the supper of the king." He replied—"Monseigneur, your goodness overpowers me; I know that the roast was wanting at two tables." "Nothing of the sort," said the prince; "do not distress yourself, all is going on well." Night came; the fireworks failed; they had cost sixteen thousand francs. He rose at four the next morning, determined to attend to everything in person. He found everybody asleep. He meets one of the inferior purveyors, who brought only two packages of sea-fish: he asks, "Is that all?" "Yes, Sir." The man was not aware that Vatel had sent to all the sea-ports. Vatel waits some time, the other purveyors did not arrive; his brain began to burn; he believed that there would be no more fish. He finds Gourville; he says to him, "Monsieur, I shall never survive this disgrace." Gourville made light of it. Vatel goes up stairs to his room, places his sword against the door, and stabs himself to the heart; but it was not until the third blow, after giving himself two not mortal, that he fell dead. The fish, however, arrives from all quarters; they seek Vatel to distribute it; they go to his room, they knock, they force open the door; he is found

* Liqueurs were invented for the use of Louis XIV. in his old age, when he could scarcely endure existence without a succession of artificial stimulants. His appetite in the prime of life was prodigious.

bathed in his blood. They hasten to tell the prince, who is in despair. The duke wept; it was on Vatel that his journey from Burgundy hinged. The prince related what had passed to the king, with marks of the deepest sorrow. It was attributed to the high sense of honour which he had after his own way. He was very highly commended; his courage was praised and blamed at the same time. The king said he had delayed coming to Chantilly for five years, for fear of the embarrassment he should cause.*

Such are the exact terms in which Madame de Sevigny has recorded the details of one of the most extraordinary instances of self-devotion recorded in history. 'Enfin, Manette, voila ce que c'était que Madame de Sevigné et Vatel! Ce sont les gens là qui ont honoré le siècle de Louis Quatorze.*' We subjoin a few reflections taken from the Epistle dedicatory to the shade of Vatel, appropriately prefixed to the concluding volume of the *Almanach des Gourmands* :—

'Who was ever more worthy of the respect and gratitude of true gourmands, than the man of genius who would not survive the dishonour of the table of the great Condé? who immolated himself with his own hands, because the sea-fish had not arrived some hours before it was to be served? So noble a death insures you, venerable shade, the most glorious immortality! You have proved that the fanaticism of honour can exist in the kitchen as well as in the camp, and that the spit and the saucepan have also their Catos and their Deciuses.

'Your example, it is true, has not been imitated by any *maître d'hôtel* of the following century; and in *this* philosophic age all have preferred living at the expense of their masters to the honour of dying for them. But your name will not be revered the less by all the friends of good cheer. May so noble an example ever influence the emulation of all *maîtres d'hôtel* present and to come! and if they do not imitate you in your glorious suicide, let them at least take care by all means human, that sea-fish be never wanting at our tables.'

The Prince de Soubise, also, rejoiced in an excellent cook—a man of true science, with just and truly liberal notions of expenditure. His master one day announced to him his intention to give a supper, and demanded a *mènu*. The *chef* presented himself with his estimate; and the first article on which the prince cast his eyes was this: *fifty hams*—'Eh! what!' said he; 'why, Bertrand, you must be out of your senses! are you going to feast my whole regiment?' 'No, Monseigneur! one only will appear upon the table; the rest are not the less necessary for my *espagnole*, my *blonds*, my *garnitures*, my—' 'Bertrand, you are plundering me, and this article shall not pass.' 'Oh, my lord,' replied the indignant artist, 'you do not understand our resources: give the word, and these fifty hams which confound you, I will put them

* French Vaudeville.

all into a glass bottle no bigger than my thumb.' What answer could be made? The prince nodded, and the article passed.

To turn for a moment to England—the state of cookery under Charles II. is sufficiently indicated by the names of Chiffinch and Chaubert, to whose taste and skill the author of *Waverley* has borne ample testimony by his description of the dinner prepared for Smith, Ganlesse, and Peveril of the Peak, at the little Derbyshire inn:—

'We could bring no chauffettes with any convenience; and even Chaubert is nothing, unless his dishes are tasted in the very moment of projection. Come, uncover, and let us see what he has done for us. Hum! ha! ay—squab pigeons—wild-fowl—young chickens—venison cutlets—and a space in the centre, wet, alas! by a gentle tear from Chaubert's eye, where should have been the *soupe aux écrivains*. The zeal of that poor fellow is ill repaid by his paltry ten louis per month.'—*Peveril*, vol. ii. p. 165.

Under Queen Anne again, the gouty queen of gourmands, who had Lister, one of the editors of the *Apicius*, for her pet physician, and who in fact achieved the highest honour of gastronomy by giving her name to a pudding, cookery certainly did not suffer from any lack of encouragement; but soon after the accession of the Brunswicks a fashion was introduced, which we cannot but think adverse to the true and proper object of the art.

'The last branch of our fashion,' says Horace Walpole, 'into which the close observation of nature has been introduced, is our desserts. Jellies, biscuits, sugar-plums, and creams, have long since given way to harlequins, gondoliers, Turks, Chinese, and shepherdesses of Saxon china. But these, unconnected, and only seeming to wander among groves of curled paper and silk flowers, were soon discovered to be too insipid and unmeaning. By degrees, meadows of cattle, of the same brittle materials, spread themselves over the table; cottages rose in sugar, and temples in barley-sugar; pigmy Neptunes in cars of cockle-shells, triumphed over oceans of looking-glass, or seas of silver-tissue. Women of the first quality came home from Chenevix's, laden with dolls and babies, not for their children, but their housekeeper. At last, even these puerile puppet-shows are sinking into disuse, and more manly ways of concluding our repasts are established. Gigantic figures succeed to pigmies; and it is known that a celebrated confectioner (Lord Albemarle's) complained, that after having prepared a middle dish of gods and goddesses, eighteen feet high, his lord would not cause the ceiling of his parlour to be demolished to facilitate their entrée. "*Imaginez vous*," said he, "*que milord n'a pas voulu faire ôter le plafond!*"

'The Intendant of Gascony,' adds Walpole, 'on the late birth of the Duke of Burgundy, amongst many other magnificent festivities, treated the noblesse of the province with a dinner and a dessert, the latter of which concluded with a representation, by wax figures moved

moved by clock-work, of the whole labour of the dauphiness and the happy birth of an heir to the monarchy.'—*Lord Orford's Works*, vol. i. p. 149.

Fortunately there were men of taste on both sides of the Channel, who made art minister to other purposes than vanity, and amongst these the Regent Duke of Orleans most signally distinguished himself. His *petits soupers* conferred a celebrity on the scene of them, which it still preserves, sufficiently to justify the reply of the Frenchman, who, on being asked by a stranger in a remote part of Europe if he could tell him the direction of Paris, made answer, '*Monsieur, ce chemin-là vous conduira au Palais Royal.*' There is a vague tradition that the *chef* of the Regent was pre-eminent in a *dinde aux truffes*. Louis XV., amidst all his other luxuries, was not unmindful of that which, it has been sagaciously observed, harmonizes with all other pleasures, and remains to console us for their loss. It is generally understood that *tables volantes* were invented under his eye.

'At the *petits soupers* of Choisy (says the most graceful and tasteful of poets) were first introduced those admirable pieces of mechanism, a table and a side-board, which descended and rose again, covered with viands and wines. And thus the most luxurious court in Europe, after all its boasted refinements, was glad to return at last, by this singular contrivance, to the quiet and privacy of humble life.'—*Rogers's Poems*, p. 135—note.

Louis XVI. is said to have been somewhat neglectful of his table, which may have been one amongst the many causes of his fall; for, as Johnson very properly observes, a man who is careless about his table will generally be found careless in other matters. In the case of Louis XVI. such carelessness was utterly inexcusable, as, for a time at least, the great Ude was a member of his establishment. Louis XVIII. (whom we mention now to obviate the necessity of returning to the dynasty) was a gastronome of the first water, and had the Duc d'Escar for his grand maître d'hôtel; a man whose fortunes were hardly on a par with his deserts. He died inconsolable at not having given his name to a single dish, after devoting his whole life to the culinary art. When his best friends wished to wound him mortally, they had only to mention the *Veau à la Béchamel*. 'Gentlemen,' he would exclaim, 'say no more about it, or fancy me the author and inventor of the dish. This French Revolution was necessary—that, in the general break up, poor Béchamel should be decorated with this glory. *Entre nous*, he was wholly innocent of any invention whatever. But such is the way of the world!—he goes straight to posterity, and your most humble servant will end by leaving no token of remembrance behind him.'

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The Revolution bid fair at its commencement to bring back a long night of barbarism upon art ; and the destruction of the pre-existing races of amphitryons and diners-out was actually and most efficiently accomplished by it. We allude not merely to the nobility, with their appendages the chevaliers and abbés, but to the financiers, who employed their ill-got fortunes so gloriously as almost to make gastronomic philosophers forgetful of their origin. What a host of pleasing associations arise at the bare mention of a dish à la *financière* ! They were replaced, however, though slowly, by the inevitable consequences of the events that proved fatal to them. The upstart chiefs of the republic, the plundering marshals and *parvenus* nobles of Napoleon, proved no bad substitutes in this way for the financiers, though they tried in vain to ape the gallant bearing, as well as the arms and titles, of the old feudal nobility. Amongst the most successful of this *mushroom* generation was Cambacères, second consul under the republic and arch-chancellor under the empire, who never suffered the cares of government to distract his attention from 'the great object of life.' On one occasion, for example, being detained in consultation with Napoleon beyond the appointed hour of dinner,—it is said that the fate of the Duc d'Enghien was the topic under discussion,—he begged pardon for suspending the conference, but it was absolutely necessary for him to despatch a special messenger immediately ; then seizing a pen, he wrote this billet to his cook : '*Sauvez les entrées—les entrées sont perdues.*' He risked, however, much less than may be supposed ; for the well-known anecdote of the Geneva trout goes far to show that his table was in reality an important state-engine of Napoleon, to which all minor considerations were to succumb.

As some compensation, again, for the injurious influence of the revolution in its first stages upon cookery, it is right to mention that it contributed to emancipate the *cuisine* from prejudice, and added largely to its resources. *Pièces de résistance*, says Lady Morgan on Carême's authority, came in with the National Convention,—potatoes were dressed *au naturel* in the Reign of Terror,—and it was under the Directory that tea-drinking commenced in France. But both her ladyship and Carême are clearly in error when they say that one house alone (*les Frères Robert*) preserved the sacred fire of the French kitchen through the shock. The error of this supposition will appear from the following sketch of far the most important change effected by the revolution,—a change bearing the strongest possible affinity to that which the spread of knowledge has effected in literature.

The time has been when a patron was almost as indispensable to an author as a publisher : Spenser waiting in Southampton's ante-room

ante-room was a favourable illustration of the class; and so long as this state of things lasted, their independence of character, their position in society, their capacity for exertion, their style of thinking, were broken, lowered, contracted, and cramped. Circumstances, which it is beside the present purpose to dwell upon, have widened the field of enterprise, and led literary men to depend almost exclusively on the public for patronage, to the great manifest advantage of all parties. Precisely the same sort of change was effected in the state and prospects of French cookery by the revolution; which rapidly accelerated, if it did not altogether originate, the establishment of what now constitute the most distinctive excellence of Paris, its *restaurants*.

Boswell represents Johnson as expatiating on the felicity of England in her 'Mitres,' 'Turks' Heads, &c., and triumphing over the French for not having the tavern-life in any perfection. The English of the present day, who have been accustomed to consider domesticity as their national virtue, and the habit of living in public as the grand characteristic of the French, will read the parallel with astonishment; but it was perfectly well-founded at the time. The first restaurateur in Paris was *Champ d'Oiseau, Rue des Poulies*, who commenced business in 1770. In 1789 the number of restaurateurs had increased to a hundred; in 1804 (the date of the first appearance of the *Almanach des Gourmands*), to five or six hundred; and it now considerably exceeds a thousand. Three distinct causes are mentioned in the *Almanach* as having co-operated in the production and multiplication of these establishments. First, the rage for English fashions which prevailed amongst the French during the ten or fifteen years immediately preceding the revolution, 'for the English,' said the writer, 'as is well known, almost always take their meals in taverns.' Secondly, 'the sudden inundation of undomiciled legislators, who, finishing by giving the *ton*, drew by their example all Paris to the *cabaret*.' We are all aware that a somewhat similar inundation has been brought upon London by the Reform Bill; but it is to be hoped that our new representatives will not also finish by 'setting the *ton*,' and drawing all London to such pothouses as are at present frequented by the English tag-rag and the Irish Tail. Thirdly, the breaking up of the domestic establishments of the rich secular and clerical nobility, whose cooks were thus driven to the public for support. Robert, for instance, one of the earliest and best of the profession, was *ci-devant chef* of the *ci-devant* Archbishop of Aix. A fourth cause has been suggested, on which we lay no particular stress: it has been thought that the new patriotic *millionaires*, who had enriched themselves by the plunder of the church and the nobility, were fearful, in those ticklish times, of letting the full extent of their opulence be known; and

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and thus, instead of setting up an establishment, preferred gratifying their Epicurean inclinations at an eating-house.* Be this as it may, at the commencement of the nineteenth century the culinary genius of France had become permanently fixed in the *restaurants*, and when the allied monarchs arrived in Paris in 1814, they were absolutely compelled to contract with a restaurateur (Véry) for the supply of their table, at the moderate sum of 3000 francs a day, exclusive of wine.

We despair of doing justice to a tithe of the distinguished personages who have grown rich and famous in the public practice of their art in France, but we must endeavour to signalise a few of them, and we shall excite no envy by mentioning such names as Rechaud, Merillion, Robert, Beauvilliers, Méot, Rose, Legacque, Léda, Brigaut, Naudet, Tailleur, Véry, Henneveu, and Balaine, because all and each of them are now generally regarded as historical. Of these, the three first have been ingeniously characterised as the Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Rubens of cookery; and Beauvilliers was placed by acclamation at the head of the classical school, so called by way of contradistinction to the romantic school, of which the famous Carême is considered as the chief. Here again the philosophic observer will not fail to mark a close analogy between cookery and literature.†

Beauvilliers was a remarkable man in many ways, and we are fortunately enabled to furnish a few materials for his future biographer. He commenced the practice of his profession about 1782, in the Rue Richelieu, No. 20, which we record for the instruction of those who love to trace the historic sites of a metropolis. His reputation grew slowly, and did not arrive at its full height until the beginning of the present century, but it was never known to retrograde, and in 1814 and 1815 he fairly rivalled Véry in the favour of '*nos amis les ennemis*.' He made himself personally acquainted with all the marshals and generals of taste, without regard to country, and spoke so much of the language of each as was necessary for his own peculiar sort of intercourse. His memory, also, is reported to have been such, that, after a lapse

* It was not unusual amongst the English adventurers who had enriched themselves by the plunder of India, in the golden days of Paul Benfield and Lord Clive, to make a mystery of their wealth. 'What does ——— mean (said a country gentleman) by buying that farm, which is at least five miles distant from his principal estate?' — 'He means to join them at the proper season,' replied an old Indian, who proved right.

† Dugald Stewart was struck by the analogy between cookery, poetry, and the fine arts, as appears from the following passage:—'Agreeably to this view of the subject, *sweet* may be said to be *intrinsically* pleasing, and *bitter* to be *relatively* pleasing; which both are, in many cases, equally essential to those effects, which, in the art of cookery, correspond to that composite beauty which it is the object of the painter and of the poet to create!'—*Philosophical Essays*.

of twenty years, he could remember and address by name persons who had been two or three times at his house; and his mode of profiting by his knowledge was no less peculiar than his aptness in acquiring and retaining it. Divining, as it were by instinct, when a party of distinction were present, he was wont to approach their table with every token of the profoundest submission to their will and the warmest interest in their gratification. He would point out one dish to be avoided, another to be had without delay; he would himself order a third, of which no one had thought, or send for wine from a cellar of which he only had the key; in a word, he assumed so amiable and engaging a tone, that all these extra articles had the air of being so many benefactions from himself. But this Amphitryon-like character lasted but a moment; he vanished after having supported it, and the arrival of the bill gave ample evidence of the party's having dined at a *restaurant*. 'Beauvilliers,' says the author of the *Physiologie du Goût*, 'made, unmade, and remade his fortune several times, nor is it exactly known in which of these phases he was surprised by death; but he had so many means of getting rid of his money, that no great prize could have devolved upon his heirs.' Shortly before his exit he discharged the debt which according to Lord Bacon every man owes to his profession (though we should not be sorry if it were less frequently paid), by the publication of his *L'Art du Cuisinier*, in two volumes octavo. He died a few months before Napoleon.

Carème, like his great rival, is an author; and an intrepid one, for in the preface to his *Maître d'Hôtel Français* he says, 'I have proved incontestably that all the books down to the present time on our *cuisine* are *mediocre* and full of errors;' and he then proceeds to give evidence of his own superior breeding, with his natural and acquired qualifications for the art. We have to thank himself and Lady Morgan, who prides herself on a personal acquaintance with him, for most of the leading particulars of his life.

Carème is a lineal descendant of that celebrated *chef* of Leo X., who received the name of *Jean de Carème (Jack of Lent)*, for a soup-maigre which he invented for the pope. It is remarkable that the first decisive proof of genius given by our Carème himself was a sauce for fast-dinners. He began his studies by attending a regular course of roasting under some of the leading roasters of the day; though it is a favourite belief amongst gastronomers that poets and roasters are in one and the same category;—*on se fait cuisinier, mais on est né rôtisseur—poëta nascitur, non fit*. He next placed himself under M. Richaut, '*fameux saucier de la maison de Condé*,' as Carème terms him, to learn the mystery of sauces; then under M. Asne, with a peculiar view to the

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belles parties des froids; and took his finishing degree under *Robert L'Ainé*, a professor of *l'élégance moderne*.

The competition for the services of an artist thus accomplished was of course unparalleled. Half the sovereigns of Europe were suitors to him. He was induced, by persevering solicitations and the promise of a salary of 1000*l.*, to become *chef* to George IV., then Regent, but left him at the end of a few months, complaining that it was a *ménage bourgeois*. We have heard that, during the time he condescended to stay at Carlton House, immense prices were given for his second-hand *pâtés*, after they had made their appearance at the Regent's table. The Emperors of Russia and Austria made new advances to him on this occasion—but in vain;—*mon ame* (says he) *toute Française, ne peut vivre qu'en France*;—and he ended by accepting an engagement with Baron Rothschild of Paris, who nobly sustains the characteristic reputation of a *financier*.

Having spoken of Beauvilliers and Carème as chiefs of two rival schools of art, we may naturally enough be expected to distinguish them; yet how are we to fix by words such a Cynthia of the minute as the evanescent delicacy, the light, airy, volatile aroma of a dish?—*nequeo narrare, et sentio tantum*. But if compelled to draw distinctions between these two masters, we should say, that Beauvilliers was more remarkable for judgment, and Carème for invention,—that, if Beauvilliers exhausted the old world of art, Carème discovered a new one,—that Beauvilliers rigidly adhered to the unities, and Carème snatched a grace beyond them,—that there was more à *plomb* in the touch of Beauvilliers—more curious felicity in Carème's,—that Beauvilliers was great in an *entrée*, and Carème sublime in an *entremet*,—that we would bet Beauvilliers against the world for a *fricandeau*, but should wish Carème to prepare the sauce were we under the necessity of eating up an elephant.*

As example is always better than precept, we subjoin Lady Morgan's sketch of a dinner by Carème at the Baron Rothschild's villa:

'I did not hear the announcement of *Madame est servie* without emotion. We proceeded to the dining-room, not as in England by the printed orders of the red-book, but by the law of the courtesy of nations, whose only distinctions are made in favour of the greatest strangers. The evening was extremely sultry, and in spite of Venetian blinds and open verandas, the apartments through which we passed were exceedingly close. A dinner in the largest of them threatened much inconvenience from the heat; but on this score there was no ground for apprehension. The dining-room stood apart from the house, in the midst of orange trees: it was an elegant oblong pavilion of Grecian marble, refreshed by fountains that shot in air through

* 'Lorsque cette sauce est bien traitée, elle feroit manger un éléphant.'—*Almanach des Gourmands*.

scintillating streams, and the table, covered with the beautiful and picturesque dessert, emitted no odour that was not in perfect conformity with the freshness of the scene and fervour of the season. No burnished gold reflected the glaring sunset, no brilliant silver dazzled the eyes; porcelain, beyond the price of all precious metals by its beauty and its fragility, every plate a picture, consorted with the general character of sumptuous simplicity which reigned over the whole, and showed how well the masters of the feast had consulted the genius of the place in all.

'To do justice to the science and research of a dinner so served would require a knowledge of the art equal to that which produced it; its character, however, was, that it was in season,—that it was up to its time,—that it was in the spirit of the age,—that there was no *perruque* in its composition, no trace of the wisdom of our ancestors in a single dish,—no high-spiced sauces, no dark-brown gravies, no flavour of cayenne and allspice, no tincture of catsup and walnut pickle, no visible agency of those vulgar elements of cooking of the good old times, fire and water. Distillations of the most delicate viands, extracted in silver dews, with chemical precision—

"On tepid clouds of rising steam"—

formed the *fond* all. EVERY MEAT PRESENTED ITS OWN NATURAL AROMA—EVERY VEGETABLE ITS OWN SHADE OF VERDURE: the *mayonese* was fried in ice, (like Ninon's description of Seigné's heart,) and the tempered chill of the *plombière* (which held the place of the eternal *fondue* and *soufflets* of our English tables) anticipated the stronger shock, and broke it, of the exquisite *avalanche*, which, with the hue and odour of fresh-gathered nectarines, satisfied every sense and dissipated every coarser flavour.

'With less genius than went to the composition of this dinner, men have written epic poems; and if crowns were distributed to cooks, as to actors, the wreath of Pasta or Sontag (divine as they are) were never more fairly won than the laurel which should have graced the brow of Carême for this specimen of the intellectual perfection of an art, the standard and gauge of modern civilization. Cruelty, violence, and barbarism were the characteristics of the men who fed upon the tough fibres of half-dressed oxen; humanity, knowledge, and refinement belong to the living generation, whose tastes and temperance are regulated by the science of such philosophers as Carême, and such Amphytrions as his employers!'—*France in 1829-30*, vol. ii. p. 414.

We have never denied Miladi's cleverness—and some parts of this description manifest no inconsiderable advance in taste since our last happy meeting in these pages. It was good taste in *M. le premier Baron Juif* to prefer porcelain; it was good taste in Lady Morgan to appreciate it; and the sentence which we have printed in capitals seems to indicate that she had some vague notions of the peculiar merit of Carême. But what means she by 'No dark-brown gravies?' Does she really mean to say that Carême was guilty of that worst of modern heresies, a service made up of *entrées blondes*, a tasteless, soul-less monotony of white? Then, 'flavour of cayenne

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cayenne and allspice ! tincture of catsup and walnut pickle !' To avoid such atrocities made a feature in the glory of a Carême !

In the course of the evening, Lady Morgan requested Madame Rothschild to present Carême to her. The illustrious *chef* joined the circle in the *salon* accordingly : and we are sorry we have not space for the affecting and instructive interview which ensued—

‘ The feast of reason and the flow of soul.’

The leading restaurants of Paris at present are the *Rocher de Cancale*, Rue Mont Orgueil ; Grignon’s, Rue Neuve des Petits Champs ; Café de Paris, Boulevards Italiens ; Lointier’s, Rue Richelieu ; Les Trois Frères Provençaux, Périgord’s, and Véry’s, all three in the Palais Royal.

We have a few historical particulars of most of them to set down, always subject to one preliminary remark. In the preface to his Agricultural Chemistry, Sir Humphry Davy describes science as ‘ extending with such rapidity, that even while he was preparing his manuscript for the press, some alterations became necessary.’ Now, not only does cookery advance and vary upon the same principle, but its professors are subject to changes from which the professors of other sciences are happily exempt. The fame of a restaurateur is always, in some sort, dependent upon fashion,—for a *plat*’s prosperity lies in the mouth of him who eats it ; and the merit of a restaurateur is always in some sort dependent upon his fame ;

‘ For they can conquer who believe they can ;’

Confidence gives firmness, and a quick eye and steady hand are no less necessary to seize the exact moment of projection and infuse the last *souçon* of piquancy, than to mark the changing fortunes of a battle, or execute a critical winning hazard at the billiard table. Besides, few will be public-spirited enough to keep a choice of rare things in readiness, unless the demand be both constant and discriminating. We must, therefore, be held blameless in case of any disappointment resulting from changes subsequently to the commencement of the present year, 1835.

The *Rocher de Cancale* first grew into reputation by its oysters, which, about the year 1804, M. Balaine, the founder of the establishment, contrived the means of bringing to Paris fresh and in the best possible order at all seasons alike ; thus giving a direct practical refutation of the prejudice, that oysters are good in those months only which include the canine letter.* He next applied himself with equal and well-merited success to fish and game ; and at length taking courage to generalise his exertions, he aspired to and attained the eminence which the *Rocher* has ever since enjoyed without dispute. His fullness of reputation dates from Novem-

* Apicius is said to have supplied Trajan with fresh oysters at all seasons of the year.

ber 28th, 1809, when he served a dinner of twenty-four covers in a style which made it the sole topic of conversation to gastronomic Paris for a month. The bill of fare, a most appetising document, preserved in the 'Almanach,' exhibits the harmonious and rich array of four *potages*, four *relevés*, twelve *entrées*, four *grosses pièces*, four *plats de rôt*, and eight *entremets*. To dine, indeed, in perfection at the Rocher, the student should order a dinner of ten covers, a week or ten days beforehand, at not less than forty francs a head, exclusive of wine; nor is this price by any means excessive, for three or four louis a head were ordinarily given at Tailleur's more than twenty years ago.* If you have not been able to make a party, or are compelled to *improvise* a dinner, you had better ask the *garçon* to specify the luxuries of the day; provided always you can converse with him with *connoissance de cause*, for otherwise he will hardly condescend to communicativeness. When he does condescend, it is really delightful to witness the quiet self-possessed manner, the *con amore* intelligent air, with which he dictates his instructions, invariably concluding with the same phrase, uttered in an exulting self-gratulatory tone—*Bien, Monsieur, vous avez-là un excellent dîner!* Never, too, shall we forget the dignity with which he once corrected a blunder made in our *ménu* by a tyro of the party, who had interpolated a *salmi* between the *potage à la bisque* and the *turbot à la crème et au gratin*. '*Messieurs,*' said he, as he brought in the turbot according to the pre-ordained order of things, '*le poisson est NATURELLEMENT le relevé du potage.*' Another instance of the zeal with which the whole establishment seems instinct, and we have done. A report had got about in the autumn of 1834, that the celebrated *chef* was dead, and a scientific friend of ours took the liberty to mention it to the *garçon*, avowing at the same time his own total incredulity. He left the room without a word, but within five minutes he hurriedly threw open the door, exclaiming, '*Messieurs, il vient se montrer;*' and sure enough the great artist in his own proper person presented himself, and our distinguished ally enjoyed the honour of a brief but pregnant conversation with a man whose works are more frequently in the mouths of his most enlightened contemporaries, than those of any other great artist that could be named. Fastidiousness itself has detected but a single fault in them, which it would be wrong, however—particularly as manifesting some distrust of the influence of his general character—to suppress. It has been thought, hypercritically perhaps, that the *entrées* and *entremets* at the Rocher, have a shade too much of the appearance of elaboration, and that the classic adage, '*ars est celare artem,*' has escaped the attention of the master. This fault, it is to be observed, is

* Cambacères was present at one of Tailleur's three louis a-head dinners, given by M. des Androuins, and exclaimed in a transport of enthusiasm: *M. Tailleur, on ne dîne pas mieux que cela chez moi.*

characteristic of the old régime, as may be collected from one of the best descriptions of a dinner on record, that of the Count de Bethune's in Lady Blessington's last and cleverest novel.*

We must not take leave of the *Rocher de Cancale*, without earnestly recommending its *rouges-gorges* and *grenouilles*, robin-redbreasts and frogs, to the special attention of the amateur. Frogs fried, with crisped parsley, such as is given with fried eels at Salisbury, are a dish for the gods; and we gladly take this opportunity of correcting the prevalent notion of their dearness. The *carte* is now before us, and *grenouilles frites* are marked at the moderate price of a franc and a half per *plat*. The affectionate interest taken by robin-redbreasts in the Children of the Wood, together with the commonly received notion of their amiability, has inspired Webster, Cowper, Wordsworth, and other poets, and has more than once occasioned our own simple-hearted praises of their flavour to be regarded as symptomatic of a latent tendency towards cannibalism. We must, therefore, endeavour to strengthen our recommendation by an authority:—

‘Le rouge-gorge,’ says the Almanach, ‘est la triste preuve de cette vérité—que le gourmand est par essence un être inhumain et cruel! car il n’a aucune pitié de ce charmant petit oiseau de passage, que sa gentillesse et sa familiarité confiante devoient mettre à l’abri de nos atteintes. Mais s’il falloit avoir compassion de tout le monde, on ne mangeroit personne; et commisération à part, il faut convenir que le rouge-gorge, qui tient un rang distingué dans la classe des becs-fines, est un rôti très-succulent. On en fait à Metz et dans la Lorraine et l’Alsace, un assez grand commerce. Cet aimable oiseau se mange à la broche et en salmi.’

In our humble judgment the argument in italics is unanswerable. If any additional justification were necessary, we would appeal to Mr. Waterton himself whether the robin-redbreast be not the most quarrelsome and pugnacious of birds.

We shall run counter to a great many judgments, by taking Grignon's next; but on the present subject, as indeed on most others, we may apply Dryden's character of Buckingham, with the change of a single syllable, to ourselves—

‘Stiff in opinions, always in the right.’

The time has been when Grignon's was the most popular house in Paris, though it must be owned, we fear, that its popularity was in some sort owing to an attraction a little alien from the proper purpose of a *restaurant*: two damsels of surpassing beauty presided at the comptoir. But it had and has other merits, of a kind that will be most particularly appreciated by an Englishman. All the simple dishes are exquisite, and the fish (the rarest of all things at Paris) is really fresh. Unfortunately, the recent diminution of visitors

* See ‘The Two Friends,’ (1835.) vol. ii. p. 42.

has superinduced a bad habit of carelessness on the *chef*, who should be specially advised of the presence of an amateur. The best person for this purpose is the head *garçon* in the first large room of the suite, who is animated by the most energetic zeal for the honour of the establishment, and impressed with due notions of the dignity of the art. On one occasion—to give an illustration of his taste—he was apologising for the length of time a particular dish would take in dressing. ‘*Mais, Monsieur ne s’ennuiera point*,’—he added, presenting his neatly bound octavo volume of a *carte*—‘*voilà une lecture très-agréable!*’ On another occasion—to give an illustration of his good faith—a friend of ours resolved on finishing with the very best wine that could be had, and the *Clos de Vougeot* of 1819 was fixed on. The *garçon* took the order, but hesitated, and after moving a few paces as if to execute it, stood still. It was evident that conflicting emotions were struggling for mastery in his soul, but the struggle terminated in our friend’s favour, for he suddenly stole back to the table; and with the most unqualified admission of the excellence of the *Clos de Vougeot*, which was very generally in request—still, if he might venture to hint a preference, he would recommend a trial of the *Richebourg* instead. Now, *Richebourg* is by no means in the first class of wines, and the wine in question was only five francs a bottle, whilst the *Clos de Vougeot* was twelve; but our correspondent found every reason to rejoice in the discovery. Remember, we do not vouch for the existence of this identical *Richebourg* at this present writing; for vintages are unfortunately not renewable like hogsheads—and in Paris, where even the best restaurateurs pay comparatively little attention to their cellars, a first rate wine of any sort may be described pretty nearly as a virtuous despot was by the late Emperor Alexander; who, when Madame de Staël was expatiating to him on the happiness of his subjects in the possession of such a czar, is said to have exclaimed pathetically:—‘*Alas! Madam, I am nothing but a happy accident.*’ When one of these happy accidents (the wine or the emperor) expires, it is seldom, very seldom, that the vacant place can be adequately supplied. It is therefore just as well to procrastinate the catastrophe, by making no imprudent disclosures which may accelerate it; and in the present instance our informant did not make up his mind to impart the secret, until fairly convinced that there was little prospect of his profiting by it again—pretty much as Jonathan Wild was once induced to be guilty of a good action, after fully satisfying himself, upon the maturest deliberation, that he could gain nothing by refraining from it. Grignon’s sherry (sherry being only taken as a *vin de liqueur* in France) will probably last our time, and we therefore do not hesitate to say that it is excellent. Another delicacy peculiar to the place,

place, is *britsauce* (not *sauce de pain*) which, though no doubt imitated from the English composition called breadsauce, will be found to bear no greater resemblance, than one of Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits of an old woman, to the original; all the harsher points being mellowed down, and an indescribable shading of seductive softness infused.

The early fame of the *Vérys* was gained by their judicious application of the *truffe*. Their *entrées truffées* were universally allowed to be inimitable from the first, and they gradually extended their reputation, till it embraced the whole known world of cookery. We have already mentioned a decisive indication of their greatness in 1814, when they were commissioned by the allied sovereigns to purvey for them during their stay; and so long as the establishment on the Tuileries was left standing, the name of Véry retained its talismanic powers of attraction, the delight and pride of gastronomy—

‘ Whilst stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand;
And whilst Rome stands, the world—’

But when the house in question was removed to make way for the public buildings which now rest upon its site, the presiding genius of the family deserted it—*ex illo retro fluere et sublapsa referri*—and we seek in vain in their establishment in the Palais Royal, the charm which hung about its predecessor of the Tuileries. Death, too, had intervened, and carried off the most distinguished of the brothers. A magnificent monument has been erected to his memory in *Père la Chaise*, with an inscription concluding thus:—*Toute sa vie fut consacrée aux arts utiles*. The house was put under a new system of management at the beginning of the last year, and bids fair to be once again a favourite with the connoisseur; unless the ignorant English, attracted thither by its former notoriety, should persevere in ruining it.

The ignorance occasionally displayed there is enough to ruin any artist in the world. For example, a friend of ours, two or three summers ago, had forced on his attention the proceedings of some bank clerks, enjoying their fortnight's furlough in France, who were attempting to order a dinner without knowing a syllable of French. Their mode of indicating their wishes was by copying at random sundry items from the *carte*, to the no small astonishment of the *garçon*, who saw *entremets* taking precedence of *entrées*, and a *vol-au-vent* postponed to the game. At length they wrote down as follows: for our authority begged and retains their dinner-bill as one of the most Upcottian of autographs—‘*Fricandeau à l'oseille ou à la chicorée*.’ This was a puzzler; the waiter begged for explanation, and was referred, as to an unimpugnable authority, to the *carte*, which had certainly been copied to the letter. ‘*Bien, Messieurs, mais qu'est-ce que vous voulez,*

voulez, à l'oseille ou à la chicorée ? They stared by turns at one another and at him, but the matter of delay was a mystery, and the waiter no doubt desired the *chef* to send up what he could do quickest and easiest for two *bêtes Anglois*.

We find we must hurry over the rest upon our list. The *Café de Paris* is a delightful place to dine in during fine weather, by day-light; the rooms are the most splendid in Paris; and though the price of everything is nearly a third higher than the average rate even in the best houses, the tables are almost always full; so we need hardly add that it is completely *à la mode*. We have heard the cookery doubted by competent judges, and it is certainly exceedingly unequal; but some few of their dishes, as their *salmis* of game and *soles en matelotte Normande*, are allowed to be inimitable.

If you pass in front of *Perigord's*, a few doors from *Very's*, in the Palais Royal, about seven, you will see a succession of small tables, occupied each by a single gastronome eating with all the gravity and precision becoming one of the most arduous duties of life—an unequivocal symptom of a *cuisine recherchée*. But the rooms, consisting merely of a ground floor and an *entresol*, are so hot and close, that it is always with fear and trembling that any English *savant* can venture to dine in them; a pure air being, in his opinion, absolutely necessary to the full enjoyment of the aroma of a dish.

Lointier's is an excellent house for a *dîner commandé*, but we would recommend him to be less prodigal of his *truffles*; the excessive use of which is quite destructive of the variety required in a well ordered *menu*.

The *Café Anglais*, on the Italian Boulevards, we recommend merely as the nearest good house to the *Variétés*, *Gymnase*, and *Porte St. Martin*; our own attention was first attracted to it by seeing a party, of which M. Thiers was the centre, in the constant habit of dining there. Now, M. Thiers is an hereditary judge of such matters; at least he was once described to us by another member of Louis Philippe's present Cabinet, as 'le fils aîné d'une très-mauvaise cuisinière,' and we are willing to reject the invidious part of the description as a pleasantry or a bit of malice most peculiarly and particularly French. Or it may have been added out of kindness, for it is told of a wit of other days, that when a friend asked him if he was really married to an actress, he replied, 'Yes, my dear fellow, but she was a bad one'—meaning, evidently, that her vocation was for better things.

Les Trois Frères Provençaux gained their fame by *brandades de merluche*, *morue à l'ail*, and *Provençal ragouts*, but the best thing now to be tasted there is a *vol-au-vent*.

Hardy and *Riche* have been condemned to a very critical kind of notoriety by a pun—'Pour dîner chez Hardy, il faut être riche ;
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et pour dîner chez Riche, il faut être hardi.' We never were hardy enough to try Riche, but those who are rich enough to try Hardy, will still find a breakfast fully justifying the commendation of Mr. Robert Fudge:—

' I strut to the old café Hardy, which yet
Beats the field at a *déjeuner à la fourchette* :
Then, Dick, what a breakfast! oh, not like your ghost
Of a breakfast in England, your curst tea and toast ;
But a sideboard, you dog, where one's eye roves about,
Like a Turk's in the harem, and thence singles out
One's pâté of larks, just to tune up the throat,
One's small limbs of chicken, done *en papillote* ;
One's erudite cutlets, *drest* always, but plain—
Or one's kidnies—imagine, Dick—done with champagne ;
Then some glasses of Beaune, to dilute—or mayhap
Chambertin, which you know's the pet tippie of Nap.*
Your coffee comes next, by prescription ; and then, Dick, 's
The coffee's ne'er failing, and glorious appendix—
A neat glass of *parfait-amour*, which one sips
Just as if bottled velvet tipp'd over one's lips.'

Tortoni, however, the Gunter of Paris, is the favourite, just at present, for a *déjeuner* ; and *parfait-amour* is obsolete. Claret for boys, port for men, and brandy for heroes, was the decision of Johnson, and there can be no doubt that brandy is your true *chasse* for the heroes of gastronomy. If tempted to indulge in a liqueur, they generally confine themselves to *curaçoa*. Even with ladies, *parfait-amour*, notwithstanding the attraction of its name, is no longer in repute ; they have adopted Maraschino in its place, and sip it with such evident symptoms of enjoyment, that once upon a time, when a certain eminent diplomatist was asked by his *voisine*, at a *petit-souper*, for a female toast, to parallel with the masculine one of *Women and Wine*, his excellency ventured to suggest *Men and Maraschino*, and the suggestion received the compliment of very general applause.

The following advice may still also be implicitly depended upon :

' If some who're Lotharios in feeding, should wish
Just to flirt with a luncheon, (a devilish bad trick,
As it takes off the bloom of one's appetite, Dick)—
To the *Passage des*—what d'ye call't ?—*des Panoramas*,
We quicken our pace, and there heartily cram as
Seducing young *pâtés*, as ever could cozen
One out of one's appetite, down by the dozen.'

The place intended to be indicated, we presume, is *M. Felix's*,

* In justice to Napoleon, it ought to be remembered that *Chambertin* was not his 'pet tippie' on serious occasions. In his carriage, taken at Waterloo, were found two bottles nearly empty—the one of *Malaga*, and the other of *Rum*,

who preserves his reputation in all its pristine purity. The demand for his *pâtés* is said to vary between twelve and fifteen thousand a day.

We have spoken of the important effects produced by the breaking out of the Revolution. We now proceed to mention the no less important effects produced by the conclusion of it—or rather of one of its great stages—which are most dramatically indicated by the author of the *Physiologie*.

‘By the treaty of November, 1815,’ says M. Brillat Savarin, France was bound to pay the sum of 50,000,000 francs within three years, besides claims for compensation and requisitions of various sorts, amounting to nearly as much more. The apprehension became general that a national bankruptcy must ensue; the more particularly as all was to be paid in specie. “Alas,” said the good people of France, as they saw the fatal tumbrel go by on its way to be filled in the Rue Vivienne, “Alas, our money is emigrating; next year we shall go down on our knees before a five franc piece; we are about to fall into the condition of a ruined man; speculations of all sorts will fail; there will be no such thing as borrowing; it will be weakness, exhaustion, civil death.” The event proved the apprehension to be false; and to the great astonishment of all engaged in finance-matters, the payments were made with facility, credit rose, loans were eagerly caught at, and during the whole time this superpurgation lasted, the balance of exchange was in favour of France; which proves that more money came into than went out of it. What is the power that came to our assistance? Who is the divinity that effected this miracle?—*Gourmandise*. When the Britons, Germans, Cimmerians, and Scythians, broke into France, they brought with them a rare voracity and stomachs of no ordinary calibre. They did not long remain satisfied with the official cheer which a forced hospitality supplied to them; they aspired to more refined enjoyments; and in a short time the queen city was little more than an immense refectory.

‘The effect lasts still; foreigners flock from every quarter of Europe, to renew during peace the pleasing habits they contracted during the war; they *must* come to Paris; when there, they *must* eat and drink without regard to price; and if our funds obtain a preference, it is owing less to the higher interest they pay, than to the instinctive confidence it is impossible to help reposing in a people amongst whom gourmands are so happy!’—vol. i. p. 239.

To give an individual illustration of the principle—when the Russian army of invasion passed through Champagne, they took away six hundred thousand bottles from the cellars of M. Moët of Epernay; but he considers himself a gainer by the loss, his orders from the north having more than doubled since then. M. Moët’s cellars, be it said in passing, are peculiarly deserving of attention, and he is always happy to do the honours to travellers. We ourselves visited them last autumn, and were presented, at parting, with a bottle

bottle of the choicest wine—a custom, we understand, invariably observed in this munificent establishment.

We have introduced these particulars* to account for the universal diffusion of the French taste in cookery over Europe; but in all other countries it is mostly confined to private houses, so that, to avoid playing the Paul Pry of the kitchen, we shall be henceforth driven to be more general in our remarks. This, however, need not prevent our mentioning the *hôtels* and *restaurateurs* in Germany, Italy, and the Low Countries, where a *cuisine* peculiarly *recherchée* is to be found. To the best of our information, the following may be fairly placed in the first class:—*Jagor's*† at Berlin, the *Hôtel de France* at Dresden, the *Schwan* and the *Grand Duke Charles* at Vienna, the *Old Doel* or *Doelen* at the Hague, and *Rebecchino Vecchio* at Milan, where the famous *minestra del riso* may be tasted in the highest perfection. We have observed excellent dinners at many other places, as at Aix la Chapelle, Baden, and Strasburg (which should be visited for the sake of the *foie gras*); but we are here speaking exclusively of places to be made objects in an artistical tour. If you take the St. Gothard road, the red trout from the lake near Andermatt must be studied; they are, we rather think, the very finest trout in Europe. In passing the Simplon, again, the tourist should not forget to ask for a *pâté de chamois* at the little inn upon the top; should he pass within a moderate distance of the lake of Como, we earnestly recommend him to try the trout; and at Rome the wild boar will be found worthy of its classical fame.‡ With regard to the national dishes of the countries above-mentioned, so little pains have been taken in cultivating them, that they will rarely, and then by accident, be found worthy of the attention of the connoisseur, when he has once made himself acquainted with their quality. A late eminent judge and traveller had the curiosity to inquire at the *Hôtel de France* at Dresden, to whom he was indebted for the enjoyment he had derived from a *fricandeau*, and learnt that the cook and the master of the hotel were one and the same person—a Frenchman; *ci-devant chef* of a Russian minister. He had been eighteen years in Germany, but knew not a word of any language but his own. *A quoi bon, Monsieur*, was his very natural reply to the great lawyer's expression of astonishment, *à quoi bon apprendre la langue d'un peuple qui ne possède pas une cuisine?*

* We have not room to touch on the French provinces: but the *coquille d'écrevisse*, at the little inn bearing the sign of Petrarch and Laura, at *Faucuse*, ought not to be wholly overlooked. The Album there is much fuller of the *plat* than of the poet.

† Jagor is famous for Champagne. We have been told, on good authority, that he sells not less than 30,000 bottles per annum, but we are not quite sure that the whole is consumed upon the premises.

‡ By the way, the only attraction of Athens in our time is the turkey fattened on the olives of Mount Hymettus.

This seems to us, as it did to Sir John Leach, quite decisive against Germany.

In Italy, again, whenever the thoughts of the amateur turn on eating, the object is pretty certain to be French. Thus there is a well-known story in the Italian jest-books about a bet between two cardinals. The bet was a *dinde aux truffes*. The loser postpones the payment till the very eve of the carnival, when the winner reminds him of the debt. He excuses himself on the ground that truffles were worth nothing that year. 'Bah, bah,' says the other, 'that is a false report originating with the turkeys.' So very bad, indeed, is the native Italian cookery, that even the Germans cry shame on it. In the late work of Professor Nicolai, *Italien wie es wirklich ist*, a complaint of the dinner forms a regular item in the journal of the day. The Old World is not behind-hand with the New in this enthusiasm for the cookery of France; amongst the other special missions entrusted to M. Armand de Brémont by Bolivar was that of bringing over the best French cook he could entice.

We have now cleared the way for England, but we shall experience a more than ordinary difficulty in treating of it, as we cannot well venture to illustrate by contemporary instances, and we are fearful of affording materials to injurious detraction by criticism. Our notice must, therefore, deal mostly in generals, and be brief. It seems allowed on all hands that a first-rate dinner in England is out of all comparison better than a dinner of the same class in any other country; for we get the best cooks, as we get the best singers and dancers, by bidding highest for them, and we have cultivated certain national dishes to a point which makes them the envy of the world. In proof of this bold assertion, which is backed, moreover, by the unqualified admission of Ude,* we request attention to the *menu* of the dinner given in May last to Lord Chesterfield, on his quitting the office of Master of the Buckhounds, at the Clarendon. The party consisted of thirty; the price was six guineas a-head; and the dinner was ordered by Comte d'Orsay, who stands without a rival amongst connoisseurs in this department of art:—

* *Premier Service.*

'*Potages.*—Printannier: à la reine: *turtle* (two *tureens*.)

'*Poissons.*—Turbot (*lobster and Dutch sauces*): saumon à la Tartare: rougets à la cardinal: friture de morue: *white bait*.

'*Relevés.*—Filet de bœuf à la Napolitaine: dindon à la chipolata: timballe de macaroni: *haunch of venison*.

'*Entrées.*—Croquettes de volaille: petits pâtés aux huîtres: côtelettes d'agneau: purée de champignons: côtelettes d'agneau aux pois d'asperge: fricandeau de veau à l'oseille: ris de veau piqué aux tomates: côtelettes de pigeons à la Dusselle: chartreuse de légumes

* 'I will venture to affirm that cookery in England, when well done, is superior to that of any country in the world.'—*Ude*, p. xliii. aux

aux faisans: filets de cannetons à la Bigarrade: boudins à la Riche-lieu: sauté de volaille aux truffes: pâté de mouton monté.

‘ *Côté*.—Bœuf rôti: jambon: salade.

‘ *Second Service*.

‘ *Rôts*.—Chapons, quails, turkey poults, *green goose*.

‘ *Entremets*.—Asperges: haricot à la Française: mayonnaise d’homard: gelée Macedoine: aspic d’œufs de pluvier: Charlotte Russe: gelée au Marasquin: crème marbre: corbeille de pâtisserie: vol-au-vent de rhubarb: tourte d’abricots: corbeille des meringues: dressed crab: salade au gélatine.—Champignons aux fines herbes.

‘ *Relèves*.—Soufflée à la vanille: Nesselrode pudding: Adelaide sandwiches: fondus. Pièces montées, &c. &c. &c.

The reader will not fail to observe how well the English dishes, —turtle, white bait, and venison,—relieve the French in this dinner; and what a breadth, depth, solidity, and dignity they add to it. Green goose, also, may rank as English, the goose being held in little honour, with the exception of its liver, by the French; but we think Comte d’Orsay did quite right in inserting it. The execution is said to have been pretty nearly on a par with the conception, and the whole entertainment was crowned with the most inspiring success. The moderation of the price must strike every one. A tradition has reached us of a dinner at *The Albion*, under the auspices of the late venerable Sir William Curtis, which cost the party between thirty and forty pounds a piece. We have also a vague recollection of a bet as to the comparative merits of the Albion and York House (Bath) dinners, which was formally decided by a dinner of unparalleled munificence, and nearly equal cost, at each; or rather not decided, for it became a drawn bet, the Albion beating in the first course, and the York House in the second. But these are reminiscences, on which, we frankly own, no great reliance is to be placed.

It is very far from our intention to attempt a *catalogue raisonné* of the different hotels and club-houses of London, similar to that which we have hazarded of the *restaurants* of France, nor can we pretend to balance the pretensions of the artists of acknowledged reputation amongst us. We shall merely enumerate a few very distinguished names for the enlightenment of the rising generation and of posterity. Such are Ude, Lefevre, Bony, Martin, Hall, Crepin, Francatelli, Collins and Loyer,—all at present residing in London; with whom Boyer, ci-devant cook to the Marquis of Worcester, and now master of the Bell at Leicester, richly merits to be associated. The celebrated *chef* of the late Marquis of Abercorn, who refused to accompany the Duke of Richmond to Ireland, at a salary of 400*l.* a year, on hearing that there was no Italian opera at Dublin, was burnt to death in Lisle Street some years ago, and we remember a fair friend of ours exultingly declaring that she had partaken

partaken of one of his *posthumous* pies. These great artists, with others whose names are not now present to our memory, have raised cookery in England to a state which really does honour to the age; but they have introduced or sanctioned some heresies which we must take the liberty to note. In the first place, it is their bounden duty to protest against the mania for white entrées, which frequently abound to the total exclusion of brown; though good taste, and what Mr. Square would call the natural fitness of things, demand a judicious admixture of the two. Again, they should absolutely refuse to dress such a thing as *ris de veau à la chicorée*, or *tendons de veau aux épinais*, for it is the worst of barbarisms to combine these insipid vegetables with a meat already too insipid of itself,—as if no such things existed as sorrel (*l'oseille*) or the *purée* of tomatas, which are never used enough in such cases. Another most ill-assorted union is that which takes place in *poulets aux concombres*. But the worst of all profanations is the liberty taken with that exquisite production the truffle, in making it the basis of a *purée*,—thus ruthlessly sacrificing its characteristic excellence, which is most indubitably its *croquancy*. But to afford a practical illustration of sound principles and give the gentlemen above-named an opportunity for critical inquiry in their turn, which it is to be hoped will end in their entire conviction and speedy amendment, we shall here insert the *menu* of another dinner, lately ordered by a distinguished amateur, and executed by M. L. E. Ude—

‘ Service I.

‘ 2 *Potages*.—Bisque d’écrevisse : consommé aux quenelles.

‘ 2 *Poissons*.—Les tranches de saumon à la Genevoise : les rougets en caisse.

‘ 2 *Relevés*.—Les poulardes à la jardinière : jambon glacé aux épinais.

‘ 2 *Flancs*.—La casserole au ris à la financière : le vol-au-vent de turbot à la crème.

‘ *Entrées*.—Le sauté de volaille au suprême, *purée* d’asperge : les cotelettes de porc à la Provençale : les tendons de veau à la Livernoise : les poulets à la Marengo : la noix de veau à la Lucullus, Macédoine de légumes : les escaloppes de volaille aux truffes : les cotelettes d’agneau, *purée* de tomate : les petits poulets à l’Algérine.

‘ Service II.

‘ Les poulardes au cressons : levreau piqué : les canetons : les pintades.

‘ 2 Les asperges.

‘ 2 Les pois nouveaux.

‘ La salade de homard à l’Italienne : la Macédoine de fruits nouveaux, pêches, &c. : la célestine de fraise à la Chantilly : plombière aux abricots : boudin de cabinet à la vanille : Charlotte Russe au chocolat : les Meringues : le baba au raisin de Corinthe : le soufflé au café blanc : les fondus ramequins.’

Add

Add the *pièces de résistance*, as a haunch of venison, or old Welsh mutton, roast beef, &c., and we think we may say with our old friend of the *Rocher*, '*Bien, Messieurs, vous avez-là un excellent dîner.*'

We are now arrived at the conclusion of our sketch of the history and present state of cookery, and have only a single cautionary observation to add. Without appliances and means to boot it is madness to attempt *entrées* and *entremets*; and 'better first in a village than second in Rome' is a maxim peculiarly applicable to cookery. 'A good soup, a small turbot, a neck of venison, ducklings with green peas or chicken with asparagus, and an apricot tart, is a dinner for an emperor,—when he cannot get a better;'—so said the late accomplished Earl of Dudley—and we agree with him: but let peculiar attention be given to the accessories. There was profound knowledge of character in the observation of the same statesman on a deceased Baron of the Exchequer,—'He was a good man, sir, an excellent man; he had the best melted butter I ever tasted in my life.'

In Mercier's *Tableau de Paris* there are some statistical results which may be found useful in the selection of cooks. By dint of a profound and disinterested study of the subject, he has been enabled to classify them by provinces. 'The best,' he says, 'are from Picardy; those from Orleans come next; then Flanders, Burgundy, Comtois, Lorraine; the Parisian last but one, and the Norman last of all.' But it is not enough to choose your cook; it is your bounden duty, and (what is more) your interest, sedulously and unceasingly to watch over his health. The orthodox doctrine, however, on this point could hardly be adequately conveyed without an extract from an elaborate essay entitled *De la Santé des Cuisiniers*, from the pen of no less a person than Grimaud de la Reynière, the editor of the *Almanach*—

'L'index d'un bon cuisinier doit cheminer sans cesse des casseroles à sa langue, et ce n'est qu'en dégustant ainsi à chaque minute ses ragoûts qu'il peut en déterminer l'assaisonnement d'une manière précise. Il faut donc que son palais soit d'une délicatesse extrême, et vierge en quelque sorte, pour qu'un rien le stimule et l'avertisse de ses fautes.

'Mais l'odeur continuelle des fourneaux, la nécessité de boire fréquemment et presque toujours de mauvais vin pour humecter un gosier incendié, la vapeur du charbon, les humeurs et la bile, qui, lorsqu'elles sont en mouvement, dénaturent nos facultés, tout concourt chez un cuisinier à altérer promptement les organes de la dégustation. Le palais s'encroûte en quelque sorte; il n'a plus ni ce tact, ni cette finesse, ni cette exquise sensibilité d'où dépend la susceptibilité de l'organe du goût; il finit par s'excorier, et par devenir aussi insensible que la conscience d'un vieux juge. *Le seul moyen de lui rendre cette fleur qu'il a perdue, de lui faire reprendre sa souplesse, sa délicatesse et ses forces, c'est de purger le cuisinier, telle résistance qu'il y oppose; car il*

en

en est, qui, sourds à la voix de la gloire, n'aperçoivent point la nécessité de prendre médecine lorsqu'ils ne se sentent pas malades.'

But we must now apply ourselves a little more critically to the literature most appropriately represented by the works named at the head of this article.

Mirabeau used to present Condorcet with *voilà ma théorie*, and the Abbé Maury with *voilà ma pratique*. We beg leave to present M. Brillat-Savarin as *our theory*, M. Ude as *our practice*; and we shall endeavour, by an account of their works, to justify the selection we have made. But we shall first give a short biographical sketch of the French author, whose life, conduct, and position in society did honour to gastronomy, and form an apt introduction to his work.

Anthelme Brillat-Savarin, judge of the Court of Cassation, member of the Legion of Honour, and of most of the scientific and literary societies of France, was born in 1755 at Belley. He was bred up to his father's profession of the law, and was practising with some distinction as an advocate, when (in 1789) he was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly, where he joined the moderate party, and did his best to avert the ruin that ensued. At the termination of his legislative duties, he was appointed President of the Civil Tribunal of the department of *L'Ain*, and on the establishment of the Court of Cassation was made a judge of it. During the reign of terror he found himself amongst the proscribed, and fled for refuge to Switzerland, where he contrived to while away the time in scientific, literary, and gastronomical pursuits. He was afterwards compelled to emigrate to America, where also his attention seems rarely to have been diverted from the study in which he was destined to immortalize himself. It is related of him, that once, on his return from a shooting expedition, in the course of which he had the good fortune to kill a wild turkey, he fell into conversation with Jefferson, who began relating some interesting anecdotes about Washington and the war, when, observing the *air distrait* of M. Brillat-Savarin, he stopped, and was about to go away: 'My dear sir,' said our gastronomer, recovering himself by a strong effort, 'I beg a thousand pardons, but I was thinking how I should dress my wild turkey.' He earned his subsistence by teaching French and music, an art in which he remarkably excelled. He returned to France in 1796, and after filling several employments of trust under the Directory, was re-appointed to his old office of judge of the Court of Cassation, in which he continued until his death in 1826. The *Physiologie du Goût* was published some time in the year 1825, and ran rapidly through five or six editions, besides reprints in Belgium. Its great charm consists in the singular *mélange* of wit, humour, learning, and knowledge of the world—
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bons mots, anecdotes, ingenious theories and instructive dissertations—which it presents; and if, as we are told and believe, Walton's Angler has made many of its readers turn fishermen, we should not be at all surprised to hear that the 'Physiology of Taste' had converted a fair portion of the reading public into gastronomers.

The book consists of a collection of aphorisms, a dialogue between the author and a friend as to the expediency of publication, a biographical notice of the friend, thirty meditations, and a concluding miscellany of adventures, inventions, and anecdotes. The Meditations (a term substituted for chapters) form the main body of the work, and relate to the following subjects:—1. *the senses*; 2. *the taste*; 3. *gastronomy*, definition, origin, and use; 4. *the appetite*, with illustrations of its capacity; 5. *alimentary substances in general*; 6. *specialities*, including game, fish, turkeys, truffles, sugar, coffee, chocolate, &c. &c.; 7. *frying*, its theory; 8. *thirst*; 9. *beverages*; 10. *episode on the end of the world*; 11. *gourmandise*, its power and consequences, particularly as regards conjugal happiness; 12. *gourmands*, by predestination, education, profession, &c.; 13. *éprouvettes gastronomiques*; 14. *on the pleasures of the table*; 15. *the halts in sporting*; 16. *digestion*; 17. *repose*; 18. *sleep*; 19. *dreams*; 20. *the influence of diet on repose, sleep, and dreams*; 21. *obesity*; 22. *treatment preventive or curative of obesity*; 23. *leanness*; 24. *fasts*; 25. *exhaustion*; 26. *death*; 27. *philosophical history of the kitchen*; 28. *restaurateurs*; 29. *classical gastronomy put in action*; 30. *gastronomic mythology*.

Such is the *menu* of this book, and we pity the man whose reading appetite is not excited by it. Amongst such a collection of dainties it is difficult to select, but we will do our best to extract some of the most characteristic passages. The following, on the pleasures of the table, may serve to dissipate some portion of the existing prejudice against *gourmands*, whose high vocation is too frequently associated in the minds of the unenlightened with gluttony and greediness.

'The pleasure of eating is common to us with animals; it merely supposes hunger, and that which is necessary to satisfy it. The pleasure of the table is peculiar to the human species; it supposes antecedent attention to the preparation of the repast, to the choice of place, and the assembling of the guests. The pleasure of eating requires, if not hunger, at least appetite; the pleasure of the table is most frequently independent of both.

'Some poets complained that the neck, by reason of its shortness, was opposed to the duration of the pleasure of tasting; others deplored the limited capacity of the stomach (which will not hold, upon the average, more than two quarts of pulp); and Roman dignitaries went the length of sparing it the trouble of digesting the first meal,

to have the pleasure of swallowing a second.....The delicacy of our manners would not endure this practice; but we have done better, and we have arrived at the same end by means recognized by good taste. Dishes have been invented so attractive, that they unceasingly renew the appetite, and which are at the same time so light, that they flatter the palate without loading the stomach. Seneca would have called them *Nubes Esculentas*. We are, indeed, arrived at such a degree of alimentary progression, that if the calls of business did not compel us to rise from table, or if the want of sleep did not interpose, the duration of meals might be almost indefinite, and there would be no sure *data* for determining the time that might elapse between the first glass of Madeira* and the last glass of punch.'

In this place it may not be deemed beside the purpose to state that M. Brillat-Savarin was naturally of a sober, moderate, easily-satisfied disposition; so much so, indeed, that many have been misled into the supposition that his enthusiasm was unreal, and his book a piece of badinage written to amuse his leisure hours. He continues as follows—

'But, the impatient reader will probably exclaim, how then is a meal to be regulated, in order to unite all things requisite to the highest pleasures of the table? I proceed to answer this question.

1. 'Let not the number of the company exceed twelve, that the conversation may be constantly general.

2. 'Let them be so selected that their occupations shall be varied, their tastes analogous, and with such points of contact that there shall be no necessity for the odious formality of presentations.

3. 'Let the eating-room be luxuriously lighted, the cloth remarkably clean (!), and the atmosphere at the temperature of from thirteen to sixteen degrees of Réaumur.

4. 'Let the men be *spirituels* without pretension—the women pleasant without too much coquetry.†

5. 'Let the dishes be exceedingly choice, but limited in number, and the wines of the first quality, each in its degree.

6. 'Let the order of progression be, for the first (the dishes), from the most substantial to the lightest; and for the second (the wines), from the simplest to the most perfumed.

7. 'Let the act of consumption be deliberate, the dinner being the last business of the day; and let the guests consider themselves as travellers who are to arrive together at the same place of destination.

8. 'Let the coffee be hot, and the liqueurs *chosen by the master*.

9. 'Let the saloon be large enough to admit of a game at cards for those who cannot do without it, and so that there may notwithstanding remain space enough for post-meridian colloquy.

10. 'Let the party be detained by the charms of society, and animated

* The custom of taking parmesan *with*, and Madeira *after*, soup, was introduced into France by M. Talleyrand, who was an acquaintance of our excellent author.

† 'I write,' says the author in a note, 'between the Palais Royal and the Chaussée d'Antin.'

by the hope that the evening will not pass without some ulterior enjoyment.

11. 'Let the tea be not too strong; let the toast be scientifically buttered, and the punch carefully prepared.

12. 'Let not the retreat commence before eleven, but let every body be in bed by twelve.

'If any one has been present at a party uniting these twelve requisites, he may boast of having been present at his own apotheosis.'—vol. i. pp. 297-302.

M. Brillat-Savarin has here omitted one very important requisite, which it may be as well to supply without delay from another section of his book.

'APHORISM.—Of all the qualities of a cook, the most indispensable is punctuality.

'I shall support this grave maxim by the details of an observation made in a party of which I was one—*quorum pars magna fui*—and where the pleasure of observing saved me from the extremes of wretchedness.

'I was one day invited to dine with a high public functionary;* and at the appointed moment, half-past five, every body had arrived, for it was known that he liked punctuality, and sometimes scolded the dilatory. I was struck on my arrival by the air of consternation that reigned in the assembly; they spoke aside, they looked into the court-yard; some faces announced stupefaction: something extraordinary had certainly come to pass. I approached one of the party whom I judged most capable of satisfying my curiosity, and inquired what had happened. "Alas!" replied he, with an accent of the deepest sorrow, "Monseigneur has been sent for to the Council of State; he has just set out, and who knows when he will return!" "Is that all?" I answered, with an air of indifference which was alien from my heart; "that is a matter of a quarter of an hour at the most; some information which they require; it is known that there is an official dinner here to-day—they can have no motive for making us fast." I spoke thus, but at the bottom of my soul I was not without inquietude, and I would fain have been somewhere else. The first hour passed pretty well; the guests sat down by those with whom they had interests in common, exhausted the topics of the day, and amused themselves in conjecturing the cause which had carried off our dear Amphitryon to the Tuileries. By the second hour, some symptoms of impatience began to be observable; we looked at one another with distrust; and the first to murmur were three or four of the party who, not having found room to sit down, were by no means in a convenient position for waiting. At the third hour, the discontent became general, and every body complained. "When *will* he come back?" said one. "What can he be thinking of?" said another. "It is enough to give one one's death," said a third. By the fourth hour, all the symptoms were aggravated; and I was not listened to

* No doubt Cambacères.

when I ventured to say, that he whose absence rendered us so miserable was beyond a doubt the most miserable of all. Attention was distracted for a moment by an apparition. One of the party, better acquainted with the house than the others, penetrated to the kitchen; he returned quite overcome; his face announced the end of the world; and he exclaimed in a voice hardly articulate, and in that muffled tone which expresses at the same time the fear of making a noise and the desire of being heard: "Monseigneur set out without giving orders; and, however long his absence, dinner will not be served till his return." He spoke, and the alarm occasioned by his speech will not be surpassed by the effect of the trumpet on the day of judgment. Amongst all these martyrs, the most wretched was the good D'Aigrefeuille,* who is known to all Paris; his body was all over suffering, and the agony of Laocoon was in his face. Pale, distracted, seeing nothing, he sat crouched upon an easy chair, crossed his little hands upon his large belly, and closed his eyes, not to sleep, but to wait the approach of death. Death, however, came not. Towards ten, a carriage was heard rolling into the court; the whole party sprang spontaneously to their legs. Hilarity succeeded to sadness; and in five minutes we were at table. But, alas! the hour of appetite was past! All had the air of being surprised at beginning dinner at so late an hour; the jaws had not that isochronous (*isochrone*) movement which announces a regular work; and I know that many guests were seriously inconvenienced by the delay.'—vol. i. pp. 93-96.

The Meditation entitled *Gourmandise* is replete with instructive remark; but we must confine ourselves to that part of it which relates to the ladies, who, since Lord Byron's* silly prejudices upon the subject were made public, think it prettiest and most becoming to profess a total indifference as to what they eat. Let them hear our professor on this subject—

'*Gourmandise* is by no means unbecoming in women; it agrees with the delicacy of their organs, and serves to compensate them for some pleasures from which they are obliged to abstain, and for some evils to which nature appears to have condemned them. Nothing is more pleasant than to see a pretty *gourmande* under arms: her napkin is nicely adjusted; one of her hands is rested on the table; the other conveys to her mouth little morsels elegantly carved, or the wing of a partridge which it is necessary to pick; her eyes are sparkling, her lips glossy, her conversation agreeable, all her movements gracious; she is not devoid of that spice of *coquetterie* which women infuse into everything. With so many advantages she is irresistible; and Cato the Censor himself would yield to the influence.

'The penchant of the fair sex for *gourmandise* has in it somewhat of the nature of instinct, for *gourmandise* is favourable to beauty. A

* The friend and principal gastronomic aide-de-camp of Cambacères.

† It is a strange coincidence that Goethe, in *Wilhelm Meister*, expresses a similar dislike to seeing women eat.

train of exact and rigid observations have demonstrated that a succulent, delicate, and careful regimen repels to a distance, and for a length of time, the external appearances of old age. It gives more brilliancy to the eyes, more freshness to the skin, more support to the muscles; and as it is certain in physiology, that it is the depression of the muscles which causes wrinkles, those formidable enemies of beauty, it is equally true to say that, *cæteris paribus*, those who understand eating are comparatively ten years younger than those who are strangers to this science. The painters and sculptors are deeply penetrated with this truth, for they never represent those who practise abstinence by choice or duty, as misers and anchorites, without giving them the paleness of disease, the leanness of poverty, and the wrinkles of decrepitude.

Again, *gourmandise*, when partaken, has the most marked influence on the happiness of the conjugal state. A wedded pair endowed with this taste have once a day, at least, an agreeable cause of meeting. Music, no doubt, has powerful attractions for those who love it; but it is necessary to set about it,—it is an exertion. Moreover, one may have a cold, the music is not at hand, the instruments are out of tune, one has the blue devils, or it is a day of rest. In *gourmandise*, on the contrary, a common want summons the pair to table; the same inclination retains them there; they naturally practise towards one another those little attentions, which show a wish to oblige; and the manner in which their meals are conducted enters materially into the happiness of life. This observation, new enough in France, had not escaped the English novelist Fielding; and he has developed it by painting in his novel of ‘*Pamela*’ the different manner in which two married couples finish their day.

‘Does *gourmandise* become gluttony, voracity, intemperance? it loses its name, escapes from our jurisdiction, and falls within that of the moralist, who will deal with it by his precepts, or of the physician, who will cure it by his remedies. *Gourmandise*, characterised as in this article, has a name in French alone; it can be designated neither by the Latin *gula*, nor the English *gluttony*, nor the German *lüsternheit*; we, therefore, recommend to those who may be tempted to translate this instructive book, to preserve the substantive and simply change the article; it is what all nations have done for *coquetterie* and everything relating to it.’—vol. i. pp. 244-251.

Considering the high privileges attached to the character of a *gourmand*, we are not surprised at finding that it is not to be assumed at will. The next Meditation accordingly is headed *N’est pas Gourmand qui veut*, and begins as follows:—

‘There are individuals to whom nature has denied a refinement of organs, or a continuity of attention, without which the most succulent dishes pass unobserved. Physiology has already recognised the first of these varieties, by showing us the tongue of these unfortunates, badly provided with nerves for inhaling and appreciating flavours. These excite in them but an obtuse sentiment; such persons are, with regard

regard to objects of taste, what the blind are with regard to light. The second is composed of *distracts*, chatter-boxes, persons engaged in business, the ambitious, and others, who seek to occupy themselves with two things at once, and eat only to be filled. Such, for instance, was Napoleon; he was irregular in his meals, and ate fast and ill; but there again was to be traced that absolute will which he carried into everything he did. The moment appetite was felt, it was necessary that it should be satisfied, and his establishment was so arranged that in all places and at all hours, chicken, cutlets, and coffee, might be forthcoming at a word.—vol. i. p. 252.

The habit of eating fast and carelessly is supposed to have paralysed Napoleon on two of the most critical occasions of his life,—the battles of Borodino and Leipsic, which he might have converted into decisive and influential victories by pushing his advantages as he was wont. On each of these occasions he is known to have been suffering from indigestion. On the third day of Dresden, too, the German novelist Hoffman, who was present in the town, asserts that the emperor would have done much more than he did, but for the effects of a shoulder of mutton stuffed with onions—a dish only to be paralleled by the pork chops which Messrs. Thurtell and Co. regaled on after completing the murder of their friend Mr. Weare.

The gifted beings predestined to *gourmandise* are thus described:—

‘They have broad faces, sparkling eyes, small foreheads, short noses, full lips, and round chins. The females are plump, rather pretty than handsome, with a tendency to *embonpoint*. It is under this exterior that the pleasantest guests are to be found; they accept all that is offered, eat slowly, and taste with reflection. They never hurry away from the places where they have been well treated; and you are sure of them for the evening, because they know all the games and pastimes which form the ordinary accessories of a gastronomic meeting.

‘Those, on the contrary, to whom nature has refused an aptitude for the enjoyments of taste, have long faces, long noses, and large eyes; whatever their height, they have always in their *tournure* a character of elongation. They have black and straight hair, and are above all deficient in *embonpoint*: it is they who invented trowsers. The women whom nature has afflicted with the same misfortune are angular, get tired at table, and live on tea and scandal.’—vol. i. p. 254.

Out of the many modes proposed of testing this theory, we shall confine ourselves to one—the judicious employment of *eprouvettes*:—

‘We understand, by *eprouvettes*, dishes of acknowledged flavour, of such undoubted excellence, that their bare appearance ought to excite in a human being, properly organised, all the faculties of taste; so that

that all those in whom, in such cases, we perceive neither the flush of desire nor the radiance of ecstasy, may be justly noted as unworthy of the honours of the sitting and the pleasures attached to it.*

A distinguished gastronomer, refining on this invention, proposes *eprouvettes* by negation. When, for example, a dish of high merit is suddenly destroyed by accident, or any other sudden disappointment occurs, you are to note the expression of your guests' faces, and thus form your estimate of their gastric sensibilities. We will illustrate this matter by an anecdote which our author has forgotten to note.

Cardinal Fesch, a name of honour in the annals of gastronomy, had invited a large party of clerical magnates to dinner. By a fortunate coincidence two turbot of singular beauty arrived as presents to his Eminence on the very morning of the feast. To serve both would appear ridiculous, but the Cardinal was, notwithstanding, most anxious to have the credit of both. He imparted his embarrassment to his *chef*—'Be of good faith, your Eminence:' was the reply, 'both shall appear: both shall enjoy the reception which is their due.' The dinner was served: one of the turbot relieved the soup. Exclamations unanimous, enthusiastic, religious, gastronomical—it was the moment of the *eprouvette positive*. The *maître d'hôtel* advances: two attendants raise the monster and carry him off to cut him up; but one of them loses his equilibrium: the attendants and the turbot roll together on the floor. At this sad sight, the assembled Cardinals became pale as death, and a solemn silence reigned in the *conclave*—it was the moment of the *eprouvette negative*—but the *maître d'hôtel* suddenly turns to the attendant—'Bring another turbot,' said he, with the most perfect coolness. The other appeared, and the *eprouvette positive* was gloriously renewed.

'You shall see what a book of cookery I shall make'—said Dr. Johnson, and the reader will not fail to observe that this is the fourth time we have been enabled to appeal to him as an authority—'Women can spin very well, but they cannot write a good book of cookery.* I could write a better book of cookery than has ever yet been written; it should be a book on philosophical principles.' What the great moralist contemplated, Ude has done. 'The French Cook' is founded on the purest principles of practical philosophy, and comprises almost everything that could be desired in a publication of the sort:—

'In offering to the public,' (says the advertisement,) 'the twelfth edition of his work, the author is anxious to express his grateful sense

* See Croker's *Boswell*, vol. iv. p. 143.—Mrs. Glasse's book was written by Dr. Hunter; but we believe Mrs. Rundell's more recent *opus magnum* was entirely her own. of

of the favour which it has received. He reflects with pride that he has been the instrument, however humble, of extensively introducing into this country a taste for, as he conceives, a better and certainly a more scientific species of cookery. That he is warranted in making this assertion, the circulation of upwards of twelve thousand copies of "The French Cook" is abundant proof. To render the work still more deserving of public favour, and more generally useful to all classes of society, he has in the present edition thoroughly revised, and in some measure re-written, every receipt—remodelled his plan of arrangement so as to present the most obvious facilities of reference—and translated every French term, so far as it was possible (some of the technical phrases being incapable of translation). He has also added much new matter, especially an appendix of observations on the meals of the day; with his mode of giving suppers at routs and soirées, as practised when the author was in the employ of Lord Sefton; suppers which were at the time admired and attempted to be imitated by the *maîtres d'hôtel* of several ladies of rank.

We turn at once to the section in which these 'admired and attempted-to-be-imitated' suppers are described:—

'I found that the ladies used to regard with dread those narrow benches which disordered the pleasing arrangement of their dresses, and that those who had the misfortune to be seated in the centre of the forms found themselves absolutely imprisoned, not being willing to disturb the company seated on either side of them; and at other times, when the two ends of the seats were filled, they were prevented by decency from clambering over the middle of the benches, for which reason many persons went without supper, notwithstanding the immense expense which the *Amphitryons* had incurred for their convenience and gratification.

'I ventured, therefore, to suggest to the nobleman whom I had then the honour of serving, that a supper might be given which should satisfy at once the guest by the excellence of the repast and the novelty of the arrangement, and the host by the smallness of the expense incurred.

'My plan for a ball is to ornament the sideboard with a basket of fruit, instead of insignificant pieces of pastry, which are at once expensive in making and objects of ridicule to the connoisseur. Place in their stead things that can be eaten,—such as jelly, plates of mixed pastry, and sandwiches of a superior kind; and if the founder of the feast be great and generous, avail yourself of his generosity and make excellent articles, but never in too great confusion. The chief fault of all cooks is that they are too profuse in their preparations. The persons who attend a ball given by one of the nobility are it is to be presumed of the same class, and have the same customs,—dining at a late hour, and are not to be tempted even by the most enticing assemblage of aspic of fowls, of lobsters, of fillet of sole, of ham, &c.

'Take care not to load the sideboard with anything but dishes agreeably but simply prepared. The lovers of good cheer do not like objects
which

which present a *huddled* appearance. Affix a label to each plate, indicating its contents, and you will find that this arrangement will give the guests an opportunity of taking refreshments without being obliged to seat themselves at a table, from whence the ladies cannot rise without disordering their dresses, *which to them is matter of far greater moment than the best supper in the world.*—

Than the best supper, certainly, but not than the best flirtation, for which a supper of the old school affords the prettiest opportunities, it being always understood that the sexes are to be intermingled as at a dinner party, and that it is a gross breach of the *convenances* for any lady—old or young, by word or look—to ask a gentleman for his place, when it is obvious that by surrendering it he will sacrifice the happiness of his *voisine*. But we beg M. Ude's pardon for this interruption. He proceeds:—

'I have known balls where, the next day, in spite of the pillage of a pack of footmen, which was enormous, I have really seen twenty or thirty hams, one hundred and fifty or two hundred carved fowls, and forty or fifty tongues given away, jellies melted on all the tables, pastry, patés, aspics, and lobster salads—all these heaped up in the kitchen, and strewn about the passages, completely disfigured by the manner in which it was necessary to take them from the dishes in which they had been served! And this extravagance had been of use to no human being! for even the servants would not consider it a legitimate repast were they obliged to dine on the remains of a former day's banquet! This class of persons assimilate no little to cats, enjoying what they can pilfer, but very difficult to please in what is given to them.'—*Ude*, p. 433.

Receipts are ill adapted for quotation, and we shall therefore merely call attention to one contained in the body of the work, and involving no less a subject than the skinning of eels:—

'Take one or two live eels; throw them into the fire; as they are twisting about on all sides, lay hold of them with a towel in your hand, and skin them from head to tail. This method is the best, as it is the only method of drawing out all the oil, which is unpalatable and indigestible. Cut the eel in pieces without ripping the belly, then run your knife into the hollow part, and turn it round to take out the inside.

'Several reviewers (he adds in a note to this edition) have accused me of cruelty because I recommend in this work that eels should be burnt alive. As my knowledge in cookery is entirely devoted to the gratification of taste and the preservation of health, I consider it my duty to attend to what is essential to both. The blue skin and oil which remain, when the eels are skinned, render them highly indigestible. If any of these reviewers would make trial of both methods, they would find that the burnt eels are much healthier; but it is, after all, left to their choice whether to burn or skin.'—*Ude*, p. 242.

The *argumentum ad gulam* is here very happily applied, but
M. Ude

M. Ude might have taken higher ground, and urged not merely that the eel was used to skinning,* but gloried in it. It was only necessary for him to endow the eel with the same noble endurance that has been attributed to the goose. 'To obtain these livers (the *foies gras* of Strasbourg) of the size required, it is necessary,' says a writer in the Almanach, 'to sacrifice the person of the animal. Crammed with food, deprived of drink, and fixed near a great fire, before which it is nailed by its feet upon a plank, this goose passes, it must be owned, an uncomfortable life. The torment would indeed be altogether intolerable if the idea of the lot which awaits him did not serve as a consolation. But this perspective makes him endure his sufferings with courage; and when he reflects that his liver, bigger than himself, larded with truffles, and clothed in a scientific *pâté*, will, through the instrumentality of M. Corcellet, diffuse all over Europe the glory of his name, he resigns himself to his destiny, and suffers not a tear to flow.'

Should it, notwithstanding, be thought that the conduct of M. Ude or M. Corcellet, as regards eels or geese, is indefensible, we may still say of them as Berchoux says of Nero,—

'Je sais qu'il fut cruel, assassin, suborneur,
Mais de son estomac je distingue son cœur.'

M. Ude has committed a few errors in judgment, however, which we defy his greatest admirers (and we profess ourselves to be of the number) to palliate. He has recommended *purée aux truffes*, the inherent impropriety of which has been already demonstrated; and he has intrusted the task of translating (perhaps of editing) his book to some person or persons equally ignorant of the French language and of the culinary art. The following instances are extracted from his Vocabulary of terms:—

'*Entremets*—is the second course which comes between the roast meat and the dessert.

'*Sautez*—is to mix or unite all the parts of a ragout by shaking it about.

'*Piqué*—is to lard with a needle game, fowls, and all sorts of meat.

'*Farce*. This word is used in speaking of chopped meat, fish, or herbs, with which poultry and other things are stuffed before they are cooked.'

This word, M. Ude may depend upon it, will be applied to something else, if he suffers such glaring ignorance to remain much longer a blot upon his book. Neither do we at all like the mode of translating the names of dishes, which are really untranslatable;

* One of the most important services rendered by Mr. Bentham and his disciples to the world is a formal refutation of the common fallacy as to eels. 'No eel is used to be skinned successively by several persons; but one and the same person is used successively to skin several eels.' So says the sage in the last of his works, the pamphlet entitled *Boa Constrictor*, which he wrote to strangle Lord Brougham.

able; as *Boudin à la Bourgeoise*, *Pudding Citizen's Wife's way*; *Matelotte à la Marinière*, *Sea-Wife's Matelot*; *à la Maître d'Hôtel*, with *Steward's Sauce*, &c. In the Index also we found '*Soup, au Lait d'Amant (the Lover's Soup)*.' Being somewhat puzzled to know what this could be, we turned to the recipe, (p. 55,) which is headed '*Potage au Lait d'Almond—the Lover's Soup*.' Whether it stood *Amant* or *Almond* seems to have been a matter of indifference to the translator; but he was resolved at all events that the soup should be dedicated to love.*

ART. VII.—1. *Souvenirs, Impressions, Pensées et Paysages pendant un Voyage en Orient*, 1832, 1833. Par M. Alphonse de Lamartine. 4 vols. Paris. 1835.

2. *A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land*, &c. By Alphonse de Lamartine. 3 vols. London, 1835.

IN our last Number we introduced an historian as a traveller in the Holy Land and in other parts of the East:—we have now to pass over some of the same scenes as described by a poet. M. de Lamartine has obtained a high name in the modern French school of poetry. That school, like all revolutionists in taste, as in other matters, in attempting to burst through the rigid conventional forms established by the older Parisian critics, has, in many instances, rushed away into the wildest excess and extravagance—the breaking up of the ice has thrown the waters into the strangest eddies and maddest whirlpools. Yet it was long ago suspected, that if the French language could ever come to be animated to a high tone of poetry, it must have been previously set free by some such violent convulsion; that it could never flow in a high, full, and regular tide till its thralldom had been burst by some strong effort of nature, which for a time must, as at present, lash it into a condition of fierce and ungovernable fury. Even their drama, we would fain hope, will at length work itself clear, and retaining the strength and fulness, work off the pollutions of its present turbid course. The taste of Paris cannot, we trust, be completely and permanently vitiated down to its present state of raving for unnatural excitement. Victor Hugo and his followers may be but the Marlows of a higher race of dramatists;—the '*Lucrece Borgia*' and the '*Marie Tudor*' the '*Titus Andronicus*' or the '*Lust's Dominion*,' of a stage—hereafter to produce works, we will not quite venture to say—

'To rival all but Shakspeare's here below.'

* Since this article was written, we have been informed that a *General History of Cookery*, in ten portly volumes, 8vo., has just appeared at Leipsig; but we regret that we have not as yet been able to procure a copy.

To adduce a more modern illustration, they may be the representatives of that diablerie and overstrained passion which preceded the dawn of Schiller on the German stage, and which Schiller's earlier dramas eclipsed and ennobled. But from all these frenzies of the existing French dramatists, the poetry of M. de Lamartine has constantly kept at a sacred, a religious distance; even where it has not raised the poet to a high place in our admiration, and we are far from insensible to its real beauties, it has always done honour to the man. Indeed, in reading the poetry of M. de Lamartine, and of most of his contemporaries, who have attempted to force the artificial French verse to the expression of more varied, picturesque, and natural imagery, of profounder and more impassioned sentiment, we have been constantly thrown back on the old but unexhausted question, whether the French language is indeed capable of poetry in its highest sense—whether it could have a Dante, a Milton, or a Shakspeare, or even a Byron or a Wordsworth? M. de Lamartine acknowledges the trammels in which he is compelled to move:—*'Ah! si l'on avait une langue! mais il n'y a pas de langue, surtout pour nous Français; non, il n'y a pas de langue pour la philosophie, l'amour, la religion, la poésie; les mathématiques sont la langue de ce peuple; ses mots sont secs, précis, décolorés comme des chiffres—Allons dormir.'*

Yet inadequate as the French language is, and as he feels it to be, to express the sublimest and most varied poetic emotions, it is the native tongue of M. de Lamartine, and we cannot but think that great injustice has been done to his present work by the publication of an English translation before the arrival of the original in this country. It is altogether a curious specimen of the European book-trade; and however flattering to the author as a testimony to his popularity, is not likely to be of advantage at least to the first impression which may be made by his work among English readers. The translation is ready to be published here simultaneously, if not rather before the French text in Paris; in the mean time, the activity of the Bruxelles pirates is at work, and the first volume of the original reached us in a spurious edition from that quarter, before the Paris copy had made its appearance. The English translation, on the whole, considering the haste in which it has no doubt been made, is creditably executed. Many pages are rendered with spirit and fidelity. We might indeed point out some passages in which French words and idioms still linger and perplex the English style; the translator, having been anxious to elude some difficulty in finding an equivalent expression, has left the turn of the sentence, and even the very words, in the original French. The part in which the language approaches nearest to poetry, as might be expected, is that in which the translator

lator usually fails—sometimes in the descriptions of scenery, more often in the expression of the author's feelings and religious sentiments; in the more prosaic, the narrative, and argumentative parts, the version flows in a much more natural and equable current. We regret to say, that we cannot extend this praise to the translation of the French *verses* scattered through the book. Whether from haste or carelessness (we cannot suppose, in an accomplished young lady, an imperfect knowledge of French), it must be acknowledged, that almost all the grace, the delicacy, the felicity of expression, which characterise M. de Lamartine's poetry, have evaporated in the translation; which is sometimes hard and literal—in general vague, loose, and unfaithful; sometimes, by rigidly adhering to the text, it stiffens into nonsense—sometimes it wanders away into words with little meaning, certainly not the meaning of the original. This is the more unfortunate, since the fair translator has not in most cases trammelled herself with the difficulties of rhyme; her translations are in general neither lyric stanzas nor blank verse—they are rhyming verses in their construction without the rhyme at the end. The editor, indeed, appears to have had some misgiving as to the success with which the poetical translation has been executed; he has subjoined, in justice to M. de Lamartine, the original French. The following pleasing stanzas would scarcely be recognized in the English version.

' *Non, je laisse en pleurant, aux flancs d'une vallée,
Des arbres chargées d'ombre, un champ, une maison,
De tièdes souvenirs encor toute peuplée
Que maint regard ami salue à l'horizon.
J'ai sous l'abri des bois des paisibles asiles
Où ne retentit pas le bruit des factions,
Où je n'entends, au lieu des tempêtes civiles,
Que joie et bénédictions!*

' *Un vieux père, entouré de nos douces images,
Y tressaille au bruit sourd du vent dans les créneaux,
Et prie, en se levant, le maître des orages
De mesurer la brise à l'aile des vaisseaux;
Des pieux laboureurs, des serviteurs sans maître,
Cherchent du pied nos pas absens sur le gazon,
Et mes chiens au soleil, couchés sous ma fenêtre,
Hurlent de tendresse à mon nom.'*—

' *No! I leave, weeping in a valley's depths,
Trees heavy with green shadow, fields, a home
Yet warm with memory—peopled with the past,
That many a friendly eye looks round to bless.
I have a shelter deep in quiet woods,
Where party clamour is a sound unknown;
I only hear, instead of social strife,
The voice of joy and blessing.*

' An

'An aged father, whom our image haunts,
Starts at the wind amid the battlements,
And trembling prays the Master of the storm
To temper to the vessel's need the breeze.
Labourer and servant with no master now
Seek for our absent footsteps in the grass.
My dogs beneath our window in the sun

Howl when they hear my name.'—vol. i. pp. 7, 8.

But the strangest misconception or negligence appears in this passage, in which the translator seems totally to have overlooked the allusion to the artificial rules of French rhyme—

'*N'attends donc plus de moi ces vers où la pensée,
Comme d'un arc sonore avec grâce élançée,
Et sur deux mots pareils vibrant à l'unisson,
Dansent complaisamment aux caprices du son !
Ce froid écho des vers répugne à mon oreille.*

'From me expect no more the verse, where thought
Glances in grace, as from the sounding bow,
When two words vibrating in unison
Complacent dance to the caprice of sound.
Now verse in its cold echo shocks my ear.'—*Ibid.* p. 88.

We are sorry that Miss Landon should have thus misapplied her talents—but the truth is, however fairly the version of the prose part of the work may be executed, few writers suffer more by translation than M. de Lamartine. His whole mind, his tone of expression, his sentiments, his poetry, even though he may yearn after a richer, a more imaginative, and more picturesque vehicle for his creations than his own tongue, are essentially French. To read him in any other language, at all events in English, gives a kind of forced and unnatural character to sentiments and to expressions, which in the original are sometimes full of beauty and eloquence, at least have nothing to startle or to perplex the reader. There is a sort of idiom of thought and feeling—as of language: generous sentiments, philosophical thoughts, even the social feelings which belong to universal human nature, religion itself has its national tone and characteristic manner of expressing itself. It is not merely that the words, and the form of the sentences, are in one case French, in the other English;—there is something which seems to flow more directly from the national mind; an idiosyncrasy in the way of seeing, of apprehending external objects, and of developing internal emotions. Our own modern poets have left us little right to charge French writers with the egotistical display of their personal feelings and emotions, but still we feel that there is an indefinite, an indescribable difference between that of Byron, for instance, and of De Lamartine. There is something in the deep and earnest tenderness with which our author dwells on his domestic

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mestic relations, his hopes, his joys—we grieve to add—his bitter and unexpected afflictions, which, habituated as we are to be introduced into the privacy, the inmost sanctuary of a poet's home, in *English* has something glaring, as it were, something of effect and parade, whilst in *French* it reads like the natural manner in which such emotions would find their vent. In some respects this may be owing to the almost inevitable infidelity of translation; one word, one phrase, too strong, one epithet not tempered down to the precise sense of the original, will give a false and theatrical effect to the whole; yet, even where this is not the case, it is impossible to translate French feeling or French passion into literal English, so as to produce the same impression which it conveys in its original tongue.

Of all powerful emotions, religion, though it has a common language, varies most strongly in its peculiar and national dialect. In many respects the French mind—we might almost have written, the mind of Continental Europe, among men of intellect, where it has retained its reverence and its love for the Christian faith—is in very remarkable state. Its creed, its forms, its tastes, its feelings, are Roman Catholic; but the enlightened and instructed mind cannot but perceive how much of human superstition is mingled up with the doctrinal forms, and incorporated with the ceremonial of the church. The latter it receives and, indeed, admires, as the old poetic garb or outward investiture of Christianity,—from the other it escapes into an undefined and general admission of the Christian doctrines. Thus, in many cases, it unites a vague and philosophical rationalism of creed with an ardent and profound devotional spirit; all this, we need not state, is so diametrically opposite to the tone of religious feeling in this country, which still adheres with rigid tenacity, not only to the established theological tenets, but to the reverent simplicity of *scriptural* phraseology, as not merely to be out of harmony with the religious sentiment, but to be incongruous with the ordinary English language of religion. In French, in a foreign tongue, at least to those who are habituated to a different tone of feeling and thought, this new terminology reads as the natural expression of our common emotions; in English, it is like the introduction of a new religious vocabulary—and often revolts more than the ear:—‘God, love, and poetry, are the three words which I would wish engraved on my tomb, if ever I merit a tomb:’ there is something hard and forced in this sentence, though it is a literal translation of ‘*Dieu, Amour, et Poésie sont les trois mots que je voudrais seuls graver sur ma pierre, si je mérite jamais une pierre.*’ The following passage maintains, it is true, much of its religious beauty in the translation, but in the original it is far more vivid, striking, and *natural*.

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'To explain to myself why, verging already on the close of my youth—on that period of life when man withdraws from the ideal world to enter into that of material interests, I have quitted a comfortable and peaceful existence at Saint-Point and all the innocent delights of the domestic circle surrounded by a beloved wife and a darling child—to explain to myself, I repeat it, why at present I venture on the vast sea, steering my course to shores unknown—I am obliged to go back to the source of all my thoughts, to seek there the causes of my sympathies and my taste for travelling, and find that the imagination had also its wants and its passions! I was born a poet, that is, with more or less intelligence of that beautiful language in which God speaks to all men, but to some more clearly than to others, through the medium of his works.

'When young, I had heard this *logos* of nature, this *word*, formed of images, and not of sounds, in the mountains, in the forests, in the lakes, on the borders of the abysses and the torrents of my country, and of the Alps. I had even translated into written language some of the accents which had moved me, and which in their turn moved other souls; but those accents no longer sufficed to me; I had exhausted the small portion of divine words which the land of Europe furnished to man; I thirsted to hear on other shores accents more sonorous and more brilliant. My imagination was enamoured of the sea, the deserts, the mountains, the manners, and the traces of the Deity in the east. All my life the east had been the waking dream of my darksome days, in the autumnal and winter fogs of my natal valley. My body, like my soul, is the child of the sun: it requires light, it requires that ray of life which the splendid orb darts, not from the shattered bosom of our western clouds, but from the depths of that sky of purple which resembles the mouth of a furnace; those rays which are not merely a glimmer, but which descend burning hot—which, in falling, calcine the white rocks and sparkling pinnacles of the mountains, and which tinge the ocean with scarlet as if a fire were kindled in its waves! I felt a strong wish to handle a little of that earth which was the land of our first family, the land of prodigies; to see, to wander over this evangelical scene, whereon was represented the great drama of divine wisdom struggling with error and human perversity; where moral truth suffered martyrdom to fertilize with its blood a more perfect civilization. Besides I was, and had almost always been, a Christian in heart and in imagination: my mother had made me such. Sometimes, indeed, in the less pure days of my early youth, I had ceased to be so; misfortune and love, perfect love, which purifies all that it inflames, had driven me back at a later period into this first asylum of my thoughts, into those consolations demanded alike by memory and hope, when the heart dies away within us; when all the emptiness of life appears, after a passion extinguished, or a death which leaves us nothing to love. This Christianity of sentiment was become the sweet soother of my thoughts; I often asked myself, where is perfect, evident, uncontestable truth to be found?—If it exists anywhere, it is in

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in the heart, it is in conscious evidence against which no reasoning can prevail. But truth in the mind is never complete; it is with God, and not with us; the human eye is too small to absorb a single ray of it: for us all truth is only relative; that which will be the most useful to man will be also the most true. The doctrine the most fertile in divine virtues will therefore also be that which contains the greatest number of divine truths; for what is good is true. This was the sum of my religious logic; my philosophy ascended no higher; it forbade me both doubt and the endless dialogues which reason holds with itself; it left me that religion of the heart which associates so well with all the infinite sentiments of the soul, which resolves nothing, but which soothes all.—pp. 18—21.

Every one must feel that such passages as these are miserably maltreated by the English translator. While, however, in justice to M. de Lamartine we strongly urge our readers to peruse the work in the original, we shall not depart from the usual practice of periodical journals like our own, in making our selections in English from the version at hand.

M. de Lamartine set sail from Marseilles; his voyage was at first slow; his vessel lingering on the shores of Provence afforded the poet the opportunity of introducing much very pleasing description of the scenery on that coast, and a great deal of picturesque sea effect; at length he came in view of the African shore, where

Giace l'alta Carthago.

But Carthage does not waken in him the same deep feeling as in the older Christian poet.

'I never loved the Romans; I never felt any interest at heart for Carthage, notwithstanding its glory and its misfortunes. Hannibal never appeared to me more than a general of the East India Company, making a campaign of business, a brilliant and heroic commercial operation in the plains of Thrasymene. This people, ungrateful, like all egotists, rewarded him by exile and death! As to his death, it was fine, it was pathetic, it reconciles me to his triumphs.'—p. 55.

'I discovered, at a later period, the secret of my sympathies and antipathies for the memory of certain nations; it lay in the very nature of the institutions and actions of those people. Nations like the Phenicians, Tyre, Sidon, Carthage—commercial societies, exploring the earth for their profit, and measuring the grandeur of their enterprise only by the material and actual utility of the result—I feel towards them like Dante, I glance at them and pass on.

"Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e passa!"

Let us forget them—they were rich and prospered, that is all—they laboured only for the present, the future had nothing to do with them. *Receperunt mercedem.*—p. 56.

We are not the declared advocates of the 'utilitarians' of antiquity, yet Carthage, surely, and the commercial nations of the

older world, have their poetic point of view. What lofty mind can contemplate without admiration the navigators who, in the infancy of the art, first dared to explore the mysteries of the great deep; who, however the motives of their perilous enterprise may have been the base desire of gold, urged their frail barks at least as far as Cape Bojador, on the African coast, if we are to surrender their circumnavigation of Africa to the sceptical geographer, and forced their way through the perilous surf which beats on the western shores of Britain, and even unto the bleak and foggy bosom of the Baltic. Theirs were mighty energies, leading to the eventual elevation of mankind.

Our author's criticism on the Dido of Virgil is remarkable, as an illustration of the total revolution in French taste. It is a countryman of Racine animadverting on the 'cold gallantries' introduced by Virgil.

'Virgil, like all poets who wish to surpass truth, history, and nature, has rather spoiled than embellished the image of Dido. The historical Dido, widow of Sicheus, and faithful to the manes of her first husband, caused her funereal pile to be erected on the Cape of Carthage, and ascended it, the sublime and voluntary victim of pure love and fidelity even to death! This is more beautiful, more pathetic, more holy, than the cold gallantries which the Roman poet attributes to her, with his ridiculous and pious Eneas, and her amorous despair, in which the reader cannot sympathize.—But the *Anna Soror*, and the magnificent adieu, and the immortal imprecation which follows it, will always cause Virgil to be pardoned.'—p. 59.

But the ordinary temperament of M. de Lamartine's mind is little inclined to a debasing or disparaging tone of criticism. It is the peculiar charm—it must be acknowledged that it rather causes a distrust of the faithful accuracy—of his descriptions, that he is always inclined to see the brighter and more effective parts of the picture before him: in scenery it is the soft, the luxuriant, the splendid, the awful forms of nature; in human character, it is the lofty and the generous which are congenial to his taste, and awaken his fancy. He gives an imaginative colouring to some of the most ordinary circumstances; and discovers beauty, and even magnificence, in sights which many persons have beheld without emotion. It is amusing to contrast Byron's splenetic description of that 'military hothouse' Malta, with the brother poet's graphic and imposing outline of its architectural effect and the picturesquely mingled character of the inhabitants. His account of the ordinary courtesies of his reception by a gentlemanly governor and his lady, and by the superior class of residents, partakes of the same high tone of colouring. Even the civility of the captain of an English man-of-war in taking his lagging vessel into tow, through parts of the

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the sea infested by pirates, which probably the good-natured seaman considered a mere affair of every-day occurrence, appears to the grateful feelings of M. de Lamartine as an act of the most unprecedented and disinterested generosity. He is fortunate enough, for we consider it fortunate, to be gifted with the faculty of multiplying and enhancing all innocent enjoyments of this nature. He discovers, for instance, great beauty of outline in parts of the shores of Greece which ordinary travellers have passed without observation. After all, indeed, the beauty of scenery almost entirely depends upon the aspect under which it is viewed, and the thousand circumstances of atmospheric effect, which develop or conceal, harmonize or break into bolder and more abrupt forms, the rocks or mountains—upon the time of year or of the day, the meridian sun or the grey twilight, the sleepy calm or the all-awakening tempest—even upon the casual fact of the direction in which the traveller is journeying. Hence the descriptions of the same scene by different travellers may be each perfectly true to nature, yet diametrically opposite to each other. But the temperament of mind under which they are seen invests them in an infinitely greater variety even than these countless ‘skiey influences;’ and the traveller is to be envied who, like M. de Lamartine, bears about with him as it were a perpetual sunshine of the imagination, which gilds up all that is intrinsically beautiful to its highest tone of splendour, and brings out new beauties latent or unperceived by the common eye. Nor does this imaginative or creative faculty confine itself to the inanimate forms of nature: his Syrian paradise is peopled with Houris; he describes in the most glowing language the extraordinary beauty both of the Arab and Christian races of peasantry, particularly in the neighbourhood of Mount Lebanon. His account of a sister of M. Malagamba, the Sardinian Vice-Consul at the miserable village of Caipha, near Mount Carmel, is in the most rapturous language of poetry.

But we must proceed more regularly with our traveller, or rather hasten at once with him to Syria.

M. de Lamartine was enabled to travel in a more splendid manner than falls to the lot of most pilgrims, who either from curiosity or devotion visit the Holy Land. He was accompanied by his wife, and by his only daughter, to the parent’s eye a child of extraordinary beauty and promise, whom, we grieve to say, he lost on those shores which he had fondly hoped would give strength to her constitution, and imprint upon her young mind deep and lasting piety. There is something very affecting, considering the melancholy close of the domestic history, in reading the results which his ardent imagination anticipated from this disastrous journey.

'Kept awake by agitation of mind, I heard, through the ill-joined boards which separated my cabin from that of Julia's, the breathings of my sleeping child; and my whole heart rested upon her. I hoped that, perhaps, to-morrow I should sleep more free from anxiety for a life so dear to me, which I repented having thus hazarded at sea—which a storm might destroy in its bloom! I inwardly besought heaven to pardon me that act of imprudence, and not punish my too great confidence in asking more than I had a right to expect from it. I composed my mind by this consolation: she is a visible angel, who at once protects her own destiny and ours. Heaven will accept of her innocence and purity for our ransom; He will see us safe to shore, and bring us back in safety, for her sake. In the prime of life, at an age when every impression becomes, as it were, incorporated with our existence, and forms its very element, she will have seen all that is beautiful in nature and in creation; for the recollections of her infancy, she will have had the wonderful monuments of Italy, with its master-pieces of art; Athens and the Parthenon will be engraven in her memory, as paternal sites; the fine islands of the Archipelago, Mount Taurus, the mountains of Lebanon, and Jerusalem—the Pyramids, the Desert, the tents of Arabia, the palm-trees of Mesopotamia, will form subjects of conversation for her more advanced age. God has gifted her with beauty, innocence, a genius, and a heart where everything kindles into generous and sublime sentiments; I shall have afforded her, on my part, what it was in my power to add to these celestial gifts—the sight of the most wonderful, the most enchanting scenes in the world! What a treasure will she not be at twenty! her life will have been a combination of happiness, of piety, of affection, and of wonders! who shall then be worthy of crowning it by the addition of genuine love? I shed tears, and prayed with fervour and confidence, for no strong emotion can ever reach my heart without expanding beyond bounds, and venting itself in a hymn, or invocation to that Being who is the end of all our sentiments, who produces and absorbs them all, to the Supreme God.'—vol. i. p. 159-161.

M. de Lamartine was accompanied, moreover, by three friends, and enlisted in his service immediately on his arrival in Syria a number of attendants. His first purchase was fourteen horses, and throughout his progress his imagination seems to have kindled towards the high qualities and the beauty of his Arab steeds, as ardently as to all other objects of his admiration. As a book of travels, indeed, the present work is chiefly valuable for its descriptions of Syria, of the whole neighbourhood of Mount Lebanon and Baalbec and their different races of inhabitants, rather than of that which is, strictly speaking, the Holy Land. He established himself at a short distance from the town of Baireut (Berytus), from whence he made several excursions, and where he left his wife and child during his journey to Jerusalem.

The following enchanting prospect was seen from the terrace roof of their house in the environs.

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‘ Nothing could be more delightful than our awaking after the first night’s rest in our own dwelling. Our breakfast was served up on the broadest of our terraces, and our eye embraced and became familiarised with the surrounding country.

‘ At some hundred paces below us the sea encroaches upon the land, and viewed from this spot, over the green heads of lemon-trees and aloes, it resembles a fine inland lake or the strip of a broad river. Some Arab barks are at anchor, and are gently tossed to and fro by its imperceptible undulations. If we ascend the upper terrace, this fine lake is transformed into an immense gulph, enclosed on one side by the Moorish castle of Baireut, and on the other by the gigantic dark walls of the chain of mountains in the direction of Tripoli. Before us, however, the horizon is of far greater extent, running at first over an expanse of fields in admirable cultivation, planted with trees which completely conceal the earth, and strewed here and there with houses like our own, with elevated roofs resembling white sails over a sea of verdure ; it then contracts itself in a long and graceful hillock, on the summit of which a Greek convent shows its white walls and blue domes ; some tops of pine-trees of a parasol shape flit, at a still higher elevation, over the very domes of the convent. The hillock ends in a gentle slope, supported by stone walls, and bearing forests of olive and mulberry trees. The lower steps are bathed by the waves, which afterwards recede, and another more distant plain assumes a curved form, and deepens to make way for a river meandering a certain space amongst woods of green oak, and discharging its waters on the edge of the gulph grown yellow by the contact.

‘ This plain only terminates at the gilded sides of the mountains which rise up by degrees, presenting at first enormous hills, bearing the aspect of large heavy masses alternately square or curved ; a slight vegetation covers the summit of those hills, and each of them bears a monastery or a village reflecting the sun’s light, and prominent to view. The face of the hills glitters like gold : it is lined with walls of yellow freestone pounded by earthquakes, each part of which reflects and darts the sun-beams. Above these first hillocks, the gradual ascent of Lebanon becomes broader ; some of the plateaux are two leagues in extent ; uneven, hollowed, furrowed, ploughed up with ravines, with deep beds of torrents, with dark gorges which the eye cannot penetrate. After these plateaux, the lofty mountains again stand up almost perpendicularly erect ; one may, however, discern black spots indicating the cedar and fir-trees with which they are lined, and some inaccessible convents, some unknown villages, seeming to hang over their precipices. On the most pointed summits of this second chain trees of gigantic appearance may be likened to hair scantily spread over a bald forehead. Their uneven and indented tops may be seen at this distance, resembling pinnacles on the crest of a citadel.

‘ The real Mount Lebanon rises at last behind the second chain ; the eye fails, at so great a distance, to distinguish whether its flanks are
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are of a rapid or gradual ascent—whether naked or covered with vegetation. Its sides are lost, by the transparency of the air, in the air itself, of which they seem to form a part. Nothing is seen but the ambient reflection of the sun's rays, which envelopes them; and their fiery crests, blended with the purple morning clouds, and floating, like inaccessible islands, through the waves of the firmament.

'If we cast a look downward from this sublime horizon of the mountains, our eyes rest, in all directions, upon majestic groups of palm-trees, planted here and there through the country, in the vicinity of Arab habitations, with green undulations of fir-tops, strewed in small clusters about the plain or on the slopes of the hills, of hedges of the cochineal or other oily plants, whose heavy leaves drop like stone ornaments upon the low walls which support the terraces. These walls are so completely covered with lichens in bloom, with ivy, vines, bulbous plants bearing flowers of all colours, and bunches of every form, that it is impossible to discern the stones with which the walls are constructed. We behold a uniform rampart of flowers and verdure.

'Close upon us, at last, and under our eyes, two or three houses like our own, half sheltered by the domes of orange-trees in bloom or bearing fruit, present to the sight those animated and picturesque scenes which are the life of every landscape. Arabs, squatted upon mats, are smoking upon the roofs of the houses. Some women are leaning out of the windows to see us, and hide themselves when they perceive that they have attracted our notice. Beneath our very terrace, two Arab families, fathers, brothers, wives, and children, are taking their repast under the shade of a small plantain, at the threshold of their habitations. A few steps farther on, under another tree, two Syrian girls, of extraordinary beauty, are decking themselves in the open air, and ornamenting their hair with white and red flowers. The hair of one of them is so long and bushy that it completely covers her, like the branches of a weeping willow falling in all directions over its trunk: all that can be seen, when she shakes her undulating hair, is her fine forehead, and her eyes, sparkling with undisguised cheerfulness, and darting for a moment through this natural veil. She seems to enjoy our admiration. I throw her a handful of ghazis, small pieces of gold, which the Syrian women turn to collars and bracelets, by stringing them on a silken twist. She joins her hands and places them on her head, by way of thanking me, and returns to her lone apartment, to exhibit them to her mother and sister.'—*Ibid.* p. 175—179.

There was something French, though by no means inconsistent with the manners of a perfect French gentleman, in the way in which M. de Lamartine obtained his interview with Lady Hester Stanhope: this, perhaps the most remarkable passage in his volumes, has been already widely circulated by the periodical press in this country. We are rather inclined to M. de Lamartine's view
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of the character of this singular woman. She has so long been acting a part, at first probably assumed for the purpose of obtaining interest over the wild and superstitious clans among whom she has settled in her mountain palace-citadel on Lebanon, that she has begun to act it in earnest. A great master of human nature has drawn, in two pregnant words, the history of religious imposture, *fingunt creduntque*. Lady Hester now, if M. de Lamartine's report of their conversation be accurate, believes, or persuades herself that she believes, in the wild jumble of astrology, fatalism, Judaism, and (shall we call it?) *Christianity*, which forms her avowed creed—even in the advent of a new Messiah, whose steed is already foaled, with its supernatural saddle on its back, and kept in its stall of honour in Lady Hester's stables, ready for its high office!

There are persons, we fear, who will look upon M. de Lamartine's visions of the regeneration of European and even of Asiatic society, by the civilizing influence of a pure and spiritual Christianity, as equal evidence of an over-exalted imagination. We must acknowledge, however, that we entirely concur with M. de Lamartine,—we believe with him,—and this view, at least as a speculative tenet, prevails to a great extent among the enlightened and philosophic writers of the Continent—that the counteracting influence of Christianity can alone maintain the uninterrupted progress of social order and improvement. It must be some widely predominant motive, acting upon the imagination and the feelings of men with an awakening, and at the same time a tranquillizing power, something that looks beyond the enjoyments and interests of the present hour, which can alone counterbalance in the older civilized societies the selfish and isolating principle of advancing democracy; or, if the present moral and intellectual ferment shall reach the East, give a peaceful, an undestructive bias to the conflicting elements which will thus be let loose. But this is not the opportunity we should choose for the more complete development of these views, which the reader will find expounded with much eloquence in many passages of the work before us.

We shall likewise pass over the interview, characteristic as it is, of the manners of the clime, between the *Emir Frangi*, for such was the appellation which our author's imposing appearance and numerous *cortège* obtained for him, with the Emir Beschir, the most powerful chieftain amongst the tribes of Lebanon: we are anxious to proceed without delay into the Holy Land. Our traveller passed where Tyrus is become 'a place for the drying of nets;' he relates the following striking circumstance:—

'We travelled on in silence, occupied by the thoughts of this desolation, and of the dust of empire which we trod under our feet. Passing along a path, between the ruins and the grey and naked hills
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of Lebanon, which here descend to the plain, we arrived at the city, now flanked by a sand-bank, which seems its only existing rampart, but which will doubtless, ere long, bury the town under its mass. I thought of the prophecies, and endeavoured to bring to my recollection some of those eloquent warnings with which the divine spirit inspired Ezekiel. I could not recall the words, but I discovered the meaning in the deplorable reality before my eyes. A few lines which I had traced at random on my departure for the East came fresh into my mind—[We must give them in the French]:—

“ Je n'ai pas entendu sous les cèdres antiques,
Les cris des nations monter et retentir—
Ni vu du noir Liban les aigles prophétiques
Descendre au doigt de Dieu sur les palais de Tyre.”

‘I had now before me the “black” Lebanon; but, I said to myself, my imagination has deceived me: I see neither the eagles nor the vultures, which, according to the prophecies, were to descend unceasingly from the mountains, to despoil even the remains of the city, accursed of God, and the enemy of his people. At the moment I made these reflections, something huge, grotesque, and motionless, appeared at our left, on the summit of a pointed rock, which advanced into the plain not far distant, close to the route of the caravans. It looked to me like five statues of black stone, placed on the rock as on a pedestal; but from certain motions almost imperceptible of these colossal figures, we fancied, on approaching nearer, that they were five Bedouin Arabs, clothed in their sacks of black goat’s hair, who were looking at us as we passed. When, however, we came at the distance of fifty paces from the rock, we saw one of the five figures display a pair of immense wings, which it flapped with a noise resembling that of a sail shaking in the breeze, and it now became clear that the figures were those of five eagles, of the largest kind I had ever seen in the Alps, or in the menageries of our cities. They did not take flight, but remained unmoved at our approach. Seated like kings of the desert, they seemed to regard Tyre as their proper prey, whereunto they were going to return. They appeared conscious of possessing it by divine right; as if they were willing instruments of a prophetic vengeance, which they were determined to execute upon man and in spite of man.

‘I could not cease from contemplating this prophecy in action—this wonderful fulfilment of the divine menaces, of which chance had rendered us witnesses. Never had anything more supernatural struck my eyes, or riveted my mind; and it required an effort of reason not to see, behind these five gigantic eagles, the great and terrible figure of the poet of vengeance—of Ezekiel—rising above them, and pointing out to them, with eye and hand, the city which God had given them as a prey—while the wind of divine wrath agitated the flowing snowy beard of the prophet, and the fire of celestial indignation sparkled in his eyes.

‘We halted at the distance of forty paces; the eagles merely turned their heads, as if disdainfully regardless of us. Two individuals be-
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longing to the caravan galloped to the foot of the rock, armed with their guns. The eagles paid no attention to this; the guns were loaded with ball, and several shots were fired, which made them fly heavily away for a moment, but they voluntarily returned to the fire, and hovered long over our heads, without being struck by either of the balls—as if they meant to say, “Your efforts against us are powerless; we are the eagles of God.”

‘I now found that my poetical imagination had exhibited to me the eagles of Tyre less faithfully, less impressively, less supernaturally, than the fact warranted; and that there is ever in the most obscure rays of the *mens divinator* of poets something of that divining and prophetic instinct which utters the truth without knowing it.—pp. 300-303.

We should recommend this passage to the modern interpreters of prophecy;—but to say the truth, we have great doubts whether, in the present instance, our author’s memory has not played the bond-slave to his imagination;—we cannot call to mind, in the whole of Ezekiel’s magnificent denunciation against Tyre, the image of the eagle or vulture to which he alludes. Perhaps he was misled by a vague recollection of the eagle with the branch from Lebanon, in Ezekiel xvii. 3, which has no relation to Tyre.

M. de Lamartine has made another singular mistake, in speaking of Nazareth as the *birth*-place of our Saviour; and we will take this opportunity of pointing out one or two of those faults in the translation which we noticed at the commencement of this article. The translator has literally retained the expression *l’homme modèle*, as applied to our Saviour, in the awkward phrase *the man-model*—instead of adhering to our own ordinary religious language, *our great example in righteousness*. We will not transcribe the strange expressions with which he has rendered the following sentence:—‘*Nous descendîmes de cheval devant la porte même de l’église, où fut autrefois l’humble maison de cette mère, qui prêta son sein à l’hôte immortel, qui donna son lait à un Dieu.*’ In general the translator is least successful in representing the religious sentiments of M. de Lamartine.

There is a great deal of very picturesque delineation of scenery in this part of our author’s travels, particularly of the opening of the Holy Land, and the first appearance of the spacious and luxuriant plains of Galilee, which he, by the way, should not call *Judea*. The Sea of Galilee has often been described, but rarely with so much clearness and apparent fidelity:—

‘The Sea of Galilee is about a league broad at its southern extremity, where we visited it; it then widens insensibly as far as Emmaus, the extremity of the promontory which concealed from us the city of Tiberias. The mountains which had confined it thus far suddenly open

open into large gulphs on both sides, and form a vast and nearly circular basin, from whence the waters extend and develope themselves in a bed from thirty to forty miles in circuit. This basin is not regular in its form; the mountains do not descend in every part to its waves; sometimes they leave between them and the sea a little low plain, green and fertile as the plains of Gennesareth: sometimes they separate and open, to give a passage to the blue waves in the gulphs excavated at their feet, and darkened by their shade. The hand of the most graceful painter would not be able to sketch outlines more vivid and picturesque than the creating hand has given to these waters and these mountains; they seem to have prepared the evangelical scene for the work of grace, of peace, of reconciliation and love, which work was, in the fulness of time, to be accomplished! On the east, the mountains form, from the summits of Jeboa, which are perceived on the south, to the summits of Lebanon, which display themselves on the north, a confined but undulating and flexible chain, whose sombre circles seem ready to open and break here and there to give us a glimpse of the sky between.

These mountains are not terminated at their summits by those sharp points and rugged inequalities which give to the high chains an idea of something old, terrible, and in ruins—which sadden the heart while they elevate the mind. They present a gentle, undulating outline of rounded hills of steep or mild ascent, some studded with green oaks, others with shrubs, others naked but fertile, and offering various traces of cultivation. Others, in fine, merely borrowed and reflected the various tints of morning and evening, by shades of pale yellow, blue, and violet, in richer hues than ever painter's pallet produced. Their sides, which give birth to no valleys, form an irregular rampart; they are torn in different parts by deep ravines, as if the mountains had burst asunder by their own gravity; and the natural accidents of light and shade, which render these ravines luminous or dark, produce a fine effect. Lower down, they lessen in size, and form a mass of mounds, dispersed here and there over the soil, making a charming contrast with the water which reflects them. Scarcely anywhere, on the eastern side, does the rock pierce the thick rich vegetation which covers it; and this Arcadia of Judea, therefore, always unites, with the majesty and gravity of mountainous countries, the smiling image of fertility, and a varied abundance of productions. Ah, if the dews of Hermon still fell upon its bosom!

At the end of the lake, towards the north, this chain of mountains declines in elevation as the distance increases. We can distinguish a plain which unites with the lake in one unbroken line. At the extremity of this plain we perceive a white mass of foam, apparently rolling from a height into the sea: it is the Jordan, precipitating itself from thence into the lake, which it traverses without the waters being mingled. It leaves this lake tranquil, silent, and pure, at the spot we have described.

The whole of this northern extremity of the Sea of Galilee is bordered

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dered by a line of fields which appear to be cultivated. We can perceive the yellow stubble of the last harvest, and immense fields of rushes, which the Arabs cultivate wherever the ground is marshy. I have already described the volcanic hills on the western side, along which we have journeyed since the morning; they extend without interruption as far as Tiberias. Avalanches of black stones, hurled from the still open craters of a hundred extinguished volcanic cones, every instant intersect our path along the precipitous side of this sombre and funereal hill. The road presented no variety save in the singular forms and the great masses of hardened lava, which surrounded us on every side, and in the remains of walls, gates of destroyed cities, and columns lying on the ground over which our horses were at every instant obliged to pass. The borders of the Sea of Galilee, on this side of Judea, have presented, so to speak, only one continued city. These fragments accumulated under our feet, the multitude of towns, and the magnificent constructions which their mutilated fragments prove, recalled to my mind the road which leads along the foot of Mount Vesuvius, from Castellamare to Portici. As there, the borders of the Lake of Gennesareth seem to have borne cities instead of harvests and forests.'—p. 340-343.

The latter observation may illustrate the inconceivable number of cities and large open towns, the least of which contained a population of fifteen hundred inhabitants, which Josephus assigns to the provinces of Galilee.

A great disappointment awaited M. de Lamartine; the plague raged with such violence in Jerusalem, that it was thought almost an act of madness to approach its walls. The traveller was obliged to content himself with a residence in the Convent of St. John, in the desert, and a tent pitched near the walls of the city; from these quarters he visited all the sacred spots on the outside of the city, and ventured in, to pay his adorations in the church of the Holy Sepulchre. If we could have presumed to dictate a series of questions, relating to some interesting particulars in the history of the Jews, a traveller situated like M. de Lamartine would have been just the person who might have afforded us satisfactory information. There are many points connected with the earlier period of the annals, and some which belong to the last fatal siege, which would derive great elucidation from an accurate survey of the environs of Jerusalem; especially by a traveller fully imbued with a knowledge of eastern antiquities, and able to discriminate between the different ages and styles of the few architectural remains. But we must content ourselves with what we have. We select the following description of the site assigned to the palace of King David on Mount Sion:—

'To the left of the platform, the Temple, and the walls of Jerusalem, the hill which supports the city suddenly sinks, stretches itself,
and

and descends in gentle slopes, sometimes broken by terraces of falling stones. On its summit, at some hundred paces from Jerusalem, stand a mosque, and a group of Turkish edifices, not unlike a European hamlet, crowned with its church and steeple. This is Sion! the palace, the tomb of David! the seat of his inspiration and of his joys, of his life and his repose! A spot doubly sacred to me, who have so often felt my heart touched, and my thoughts rapt by the sweet singer of Israel! the first poet of sentiment! the king of lyrics! Never have human fibres vibrated to harmonies so deep, so penetrating, so solemn. Never has the imagination of poet been set so high, never has its expression been so true. Never has the soul of man expanded itself before man, and before God, in tones and sentiments so tender, so sympathetic, and so heartfelt! All the most secret murmurs of the human heart found their voice, and their note, on the lips and the harp of this minstrel! And if we revert to the remote period when such chants were first echoed on the earth; if we consider that at the same period the lyric poetry of the most cultivated nations sang only of wine, love, war, and the victories of the Muses, or of the coursers at the Eleian games, we dwell with profound astonishment on the mystic accents of the prophet-king, who addresses God the Creator as friend talks to friend; comprehends and adores his wonders, admires his judgments, implores his mercies; and seems to be an anticipatory echo of the evangelic poetry, repeating the mild accents of Christ before they had been heard. Prophet or not, as he is contemplated by the *philosopher** or the Christian, neither of them can deny the poet-king an inspiration bestowed on no other man! Read Horace or Pindar after a psalm!—for my part, I cannot!

* I, the feeble poet of an age of silence and decay, had I domesticated at Jerusalem, should have selected for my residence and abiding place precisely the spot which David chose for his at Sion. Here is the most beautiful view in all Judea, Palestine, or Galilee. To the left lies Jerusalem, with its Temple and its edifices, over which the eyes of the king or of the poet might rove at large without his being seen from thence. Before him fertile gardens, descending in steep declivities, lead to the bed of that torrent, in the roar and foam of which he delights. Lower down, the valley opens and extends itself; fig-trees, pomegranates, and olives overshadowing it. On one of these rocks, suspended over the rolling tide—in one of these sonorous grottos, refreshed by the breeze and by the murmur of the waters—or at the foot of a trebinthus, ancestor of that which shelters me—the divine poet doubtless awaited those inspirations which he so melodiously poured forth! And why will they not here also visit me, that I might recount in song the griefs of my heart, and of the hearts of all men, in these days of perplexity, even as he sang of his hopes in an era of youth and of faith? Song, alas! no longer survives in the heart of man, for despair sings not! And until some new beam shall descend upon the obscurity of our times, terrestrial lyres will remain

* We think on all such occasions the French *Philosophe* should be retained.

mute, and mankind will pass in silence from one abyss of doubt to another, having neither loved, nor prayed, nor sung.

‘But to return to the palace of David. Here the eye rests upon the once verdant and watered Valley of Jehoshaphat; a large opening in the eastern hills conducts it from steep to steep, from height to height, from undulation to undulation, even to the basin of the Dead Sea; which, in the far distance, reflects the evening sunbeams in its dull and heavy waters, giving, like the thick Venetian crystal, an unpolished and leaden tint to the light which gleams upon it. This sea is not, however, what the imagination may picture it—a petrified lake, amidst a dull and colourless horizon! It resembles one of the most beautiful lakes of Switzerland or Italy, as it is seen from hence, reposing its tranquil waters beneath the shadow of the lofty mountains of Arabia (which stretch like the Alps as far as the eye can reach behind its waves), and amidst the projecting, pyramidal, conical, unequal, jagged, and sparkling ridges of the most distant mountains of Judea. Such is the view from Sion.’—vol. ii. p. 18-21.

There are many interesting particulars with regard to the scenery on the shores of the Dead Sea, for which we must refer to the volume itself. But we are arrested by a charming passage which places us on the banks of the Jordan, at no great distance from Jericho:—

‘After a five hours’ march, during which the stream seemed to me to get farther and farther from us, we arrived at the last ledge, at the foot of which we were to find it; but though at a distance from it of only two or three hundred paces, we saw nothing but the desert and the plain in front, without a single trace of valley or of stream. I imagine it is this illusion that has caused some travellers to say and think that the Jordan rolls its muddy waters in a bed of pebbles, between banks of sand, in the Desert of Jericho. Those travellers had not been able to attain the river, and seeing from a distance one vast sea of sand, they could not fancy that a cool, deep, shady, and delicious *oasis* was hollowed between the platforms of this monotonous desert, and invested the full waves and murmuring bed of Jordan with curtains of verdure that the Thames itself might envy. This is the truth, however. We were first confounded by it, then charmed. When arrived on the edge of the last platform, which terminates very abruptly, we had before our eyes one of the loveliest valleys that ever man beheld: we rushed down into it at full gallop, attracted by the novelty of the spectacle, and by the moisture, coolness, and shade that reigned within it: it was one continued grass-plot of the brightest green, where here and there grew tufts of rushes in blossom, and bulbous plants, whose large and brilliant corollas enamelled the grass and the foot of the trees with stars of every colour. There were groves of tall and slender shrubs, whose branches fell back like plumes over their numerous trunks; lofty Persian poplars, with light foliage, not rising into pyramids like ours, but spreading their branches freely on every side, as nervous as the oak, and with bark which glittered smooth and white in the changing rays of the morning sun; forests

forests of willow of every species ; and tall osiers so thick that it was impossible to penetrate them, so closely were they interwoven by innumerable liane plants (a sort of convolvulus), which crept round their roots, and twisting from stem to stem, formed an inextricable network between them.

‘These forests extended, as far as we could see, along the sides and on both shores of the river. We were obliged to alight from our horses, and establish our camp in one of the glades of the forest, to penetrate on foot to the edge of the Jordan, which we heard but did not yet see. We advanced with difficulty, sometimes in the thick brushwood, sometimes in the long grass, and sometimes through the tall stems of the rushes. At length we found a spot where grass alone bordered the edge of the water, and here we dipped our hands and feet in the flood. It might be from a hundred to a hundred and twenty feet wide ; its depth appeared considerable, and its course as rapid as that of the Rhone at Geneva ; its waters are of a pale blue colour, slightly tinged by the mixture of grey earths which it flows over and scoops up, and great masses of which we heard to give way from time to time. The banks are perpendicular, but filled up to the rushes and trees which cover them. These trees are continually undermined by the water, and frequently hang over it ; they are, therefore, often uprooted, and wanting sufficient support for their weight in the earth, they lean over the stream with all their branches and all their leaves, which dip into it, and stretch like verdant arches from one side to the other. Occasionally, one of these trees is carried away, with the portion of soil that it grows on, and floats in full leaf down the stream, its liane plants torn up and twisting amidst its branches, its nests under water, and its birds still perched upon its sprays. We saw several of these pass during the few hours that we rested in this charming oasis. The forest follows all the sinuosities of the Jordan, and weaves for it a perpetual garland of leaves and branches, which dip in the water, and cause its light waves to murmur.’—vol. ii. p. 61-63.

The editor closes the account of our author's visit to the neighbourhood of Jerusalem with some very pathetic verses (most especially marred in the translation), in which the poet afterwards moulded up his reminiscences of those hallowed scenes, with the heavy affliction which awaited him on his return to Syria, in the loss of his beautiful and beloved daughter. With this child he made an excursion upon the terraced slopes of Lebanon ; which, if not very highly tinted by the prismatic colours of the author's imagination, must display some of the most exquisite scenery in the whole world. But we can only find room for a scanty notice of his visit to Baalbec, the ruins of which he has surveyed with the eye of a poet ; but the extraordinary magnificence of which we should like to see illustrated by the pencil of an accurate painter, and the pen of a profound scholar. All we have heard of the magnitude and the different styles of architecture presented by these ruins,

as well as the different engravings of them in the older volumes of Pococke, and the later more elaborate publication of Wood, only stimulate our curiosity. In the religious, as well as the civil history of mankind, to the mythologist and to the historian, it would be equally interesting to trace, in its architectural remains, the history of this ancient seat of the great Syrian worship—a worship, in its different forms, at least as old as the time of Solomon, if not older than the settlement of the Israelites in Judea; and which, under the race of Roman emperors which followed the Antonines, made a rapid progress in the west; and, in the person of the infamous Elagabalus, saw one of its priests ascend the throne of the world. The variety of styles belonging to all ages, and apparently to all nations, struck the eye of M. de Lamartine; who, however, makes no pretensions to what we may presume to call scientific scholarship:—

‘We beheld before us a hill of architecture, which suddenly rose above the plain at some distance from the hills of the Anti-Libanus. We passed along one of the sides of this hill of ruins, upon which rises a forest of graceful columns. These were now gilded by the setting sun, and presented the dead yellow tints of the marble of the Parthenon, or the tuffo of the Coliseum at Rome. Among these columns there are some still retaining uninjured their richly carved capitals and cornices; they are ranged in long and elegant files along the walls which enclose the sanctuaries. Some are reclining against the walls, and are supported by them, like trees whose roots are decayed, whilst their trunks still remain sound and vigorous. Others, more numerous, are scattered here and there, forming immense masses of marble or stone on the slopes of the hill, in the deep hollows round it, and even in the bed of the river which flows at its feet.

‘On the level summit of the mountain of stone, not far from the inferior temple, there rise six pillars of gigantic dimensions, still adorned with their colossal cornices. We continued our course by the foot of the mountains, until the columns and architecture ended, and we saw only gigantic walls built of enormous stones, and almost all bearing traces of sculpture:—these are the wrecks of another age, and were employed at a subsequent but now remote period for the erection of the temples at present lying in ruins.’—pp. 242, 243.

On reaching the summit of the breach, he knew not where to fix his eyes. On every side he beheld marble doors of prodigious dimensions, windows and niches bordered with exquisite sculpture, richly ornamented arches, fragments of cornices, entablatures, and capitals:—

‘The master-works of art, the wrecks of ages, lay scattered as thickly as the grains of dust beneath our feet. All was mystery, confusion, inexplicable wonder. No sooner had we cast an admiring glance on one side, than some new prodigy attracted us on the others. Every attempt we made to interpret the religious meaning of the
monuments

monuments was immediately defeated by some newly discerned object. We fruitlessly groped about in this labyrinth of conjecture: one cannot re-construct in one's fancy the sacred edifices of an age or a people, of whose religion or manners nothing certain is known. Time carries his secrets away with him, and leaves his enigmas as sports for human knowledge. We speedily renounced all our attempts to build any system out of these ruins; we were content to gaze and to admire, without comprehending anything beyond the colossal power of human genius, and the strength of religious feeling, which had moved such masses of stone and wrought so many masterpieces.'

The travellers were still separated from the second scene of the ruins by some internal structures, which intercepted their view of the temples. The spot which they had now reached was to all appearance the abode of the priests, or the site of some private chapels.

'We passed these monumental buildings, which were much richer than the surrounding wall, and the second scene of the ruins unfolded itself to our eyes. This was much broader, much longer, much fuller of rich ornament, than the first scene which we had just quitted. It was a vast platform, of an oblong form, whose level was frequently interrupted by fragments of more elevated pavements, which seemed to have belonged to temples entirely destroyed, or to temples without roofs, where the sun, which is worshipped at Baalbec, might see his own altar. Round this platform is ranged a series of chapels, decorated with niches, admirably sculptured friezes, cornices, and vaulted arches, all displaying the most finished workmanship, but evidently belonging to a degenerate period of art, and distinguished by that exuberance of ornament which marked the decline of the Greeks and Romans. But this impression can only be felt by those whose eyes have been previously exercised by the contemplation of the pure monuments of Athens and Rome; every other eye would be fascinated by the splendour of the forms and the finish of the ornaments. The only fault is too much richness; the stone groans beneath the weight of its own luxuriance, and the walls are overspread with a lace-work of marble.'

About eight or ten of the chapels appear to be in a perfect state, for they bear no traces of dilapidation. They are open to the oblong platform, round the edge of which they stand, and where the mysteries of the worship of Baal were probably performed in the open air:—

'I will not attempt to describe the thousand objects of surprise and admiration which each of these chapels presents to the eye of the observer. I am neither a sculptor nor an architect. I scarcely know the terms applied to the different portions of a building: but that universal language which the beautiful in art addresses to the eye, even of the ignorant—which the mysterious and the antique address to the understanding and the soul of the philosopher—I do understand; and I never understood it so forcibly as in this chaos of marbles.

'But

'By multiplying in imagination the remains of the temples of Jupiter Stator at Rome, of the Coliseum, and of the Parthenon, some notion may be formed of this architectural scene: its wonders consisted in the prodigious accumulation of so many richly-executed monuments in a single spot, so that the eye could embrace them at a single glance, in the midst of a desert, and above the ruins of an almost unknown city.

'At length we arrived at the feet of the six columns. Silence is the only language of man when what he feels outstrips the ordinary measure of his impressions. We stood in mute contemplation. Their diameter is six feet, and their height upwards of seventy feet. They are formed out of only two or three blocks, which are so perfectly joined together, that the junction lines are scarcely discernible. When we saw them, the sun lighted them only on one side; and we sat down for a few moments in their shade. Large birds like eagles, scared by the sound of our footsteps, fluttered above the capitals of the columns, where they have built their nests; and returning, perched upon the acanthus of the cornices, striking them with their beaks, and flapping their wings, like living ornaments amidst these inanimate wonders.'—vol. ii. p. 249-253.

'At a little distance from the entrance to the temple, we found some immense openings and subterranean staircases, which led us down to lower buildings, the destinations of which we were unable to guess. Here, too, all was on a vast and magnificent scale. They were probably the abodes of the pontiffs, the colleges of the priests, the halls of initiation—perhaps also royal dwellings. They were lighted from their roofs, or from the sides of the platform under which they were built. Fearing lest we might lose ourselves in these labyrinths, we entered only a small portion of them—they seemed to extend over the whole of the hill.

'The temple I have just described stands at the south-western extremity of the hill of Baalbec, and forms the angle of the platform.

'On leaving the peristyle, we found ourselves on the very edge of the precipice. We could measure the Cyclopean stones which form the pedestal of this group of monuments. This pedestal is thirty feet above the level of the plain of Baalbec. When it is considered that some of these blocks of hewn granite are twenty feet long, fifteen or sixteen wide, and of inconceivable thickness; when it is borne in mind that these huge masses are raised one above another to the height of twenty or thirty feet from the ground—that they have been brought from distant quarries, and raised to so vast a height to form the pavement of the temples—the mind is overwhelmed by such an example of human power. The science of modern times cannot help us to explain it.'—vol. ii. pp. 256, 257.

M. de Lamartine has furnished us with some very curious accounts of the various races which people Syria, particularly the Maronite and other Christian tribes. Of the moral qualities of the Christian races he entertains a high opinion, and conceives that they would make an excellent groundwork for the future regeneration and re-christianization of the East. We have likewise some agreeable sketches of Arabian life, some passages of Ara-

bian poetry, and rather copious extracts from *Antar*. Our author seems at one time to intimate that he is the first person who has attempted to introduce this singular poem to the notice of European readers,—just at the close, however, of his observations, he declares his knowledge of the existence of Mr. Hamilton's translation. We should have thought that, in the present general cultivation of the English language on the Continent, a work could scarcely be considered unknown in Europe, of which an able and spirited version is to be found in our language. But we must prepare to close these delightful volumes. We have, we presume, afforded our readers sufficient specimens of the style of description which forms their principal charm and interest. From the pages devoted to Constantinople, the Bosphorus, the palace and villa life of the Turkish grandees, and the amiable and enlightened Frank society of Pera, we should have quoted largely, had we been dealing with a book less certain of popularity. M. de Lamartine's European reputation will be infinitely heightened by this publication: but this is not all—he will, we may safely predict, be found to have advanced the general estimation of the scope and tendency of the intellect and sentiment now predominating in the upper literature of France.

The 'Political Reflections' with which the book closes relate chiefly to the policy of Europe with regard to those splendid provinces which still nominally constitute the empire of the 'Turks.' They are strongly coloured by the imaginative cast of his mind, but they are those of a man of thought and observation, of liberal and of *peaceful* sentiment. To one important point alone we shall direct our readers' attention, in which our author concurs with the general statements of most intelligent travellers, but concerning which he enters into more details than any that we have elsewhere met with. Statistics in the East can only, it is clear, be obtained on vague and conjectural evidence. But if our traveller's views approximate to the truth, the present proportion of the *Turkish* population to the *Asiatic* territory nominally under their sway is the most remarkable instance of the rapid decrease of one particular race over a large surface of the earth, and of the inert power exercised by the religious supremacy with which the sultan is invested, which maintains him in acknowledged dominion over such vast regions, crowded with an infinitely more numerous population, almost all of hostile faith, few, excepting some Turcoman tribes, of a kindred race. It is, he says, a very small armed, or rather once-armed aristocracy, an aristocracy resting on the pride and power of conquests some centuries past, which holds in subjugation what once were all the flourishing empires of the world. M. de Lamartine believes, and gives his reasons for believing, from the relative proportions of the population in the cities and provinces

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vinces of the Ottoman empire, that on sixty thousand square leagues the actual *Ottoman* population cannot be estimated at more than *two or three millions of souls* ! This calculation, we must confess, goes below what we can for a moment believe to be the truth*. M. de Lamartine adds:—

‘ It would be hardihood or madness to say to Europe—Efface from the map an existing empire, full of life—lift an immense weight from the ill-adjusted equilibrium of the body politic; the world will not perceive the change. But the Ottoman empire no longer exists except in name; its life is extinct—its weight no longer aways the balance; it is nothing but a vast void, which your anti-human policy wishes to leave vacant, instead of filling it with a healthy and living population, which nature has already planted there, and which you might replenish and propagate yourselves. Do not precipitate the fall of the Ottoman empire—do not usurp the office of fate—do not assume the responsibility of Providence; but do not sustain by an illusory and culpable policy that phantom to which you can at best give only an appearance and attitude of life,—for it is dead. Do not become the allies of barbarism and Islamism, against the more advanced stages of civilization, reason, and religion, which they oppress; nor the accomplices of the slavery and depopulation of the finest parts of the world. Let destiny accomplish its purposes—observe, wait, and be ready.

‘ When at length the empire shall sink of itself, and, undermined by Ibrahim, or some other pasha, shall be dismembered alike in its northern and southern provinces, you will have a very simple question to decide,—Will you make war upon Russia, to prevent her inheriting Constantinople and the coasts of the Black Sea? Will you make war upon Austria, to prevent her inheriting one-half of Turkey in Europe? Will you make war upon England, to prevent her inheriting Egypt and the route to India by the Red Sea?—upon France, to prevent her colonizing Syria and the Island of Cyprus?—upon Greece, to prevent her completing her territories by the addition of the coasts of the Mediterranean, and the beautiful isles which bear her name, and are inhabited by her own people?—on all the world, in short, lest any one should profit by these magnificent ruins? Or must we come to a mutual understanding, and divide them amongst the human race, under the patronage of Europe, that the human race may multiply and flourish in this beautiful climate, and that civilization may resume its station there? These are the two questions which a congress of the powers of Europe will have to decide. Truly, the answer is not doubtful.

‘ If you resolve on war, you will have war, with all the evils—all the ruin that attend it: you will injure Europe, Asia, and yourselves; and the war having ended from utter weariness, nothing which you intended to prevent will be prevented. The force of circumstances—the irresistible march of events—the influence of national sympathies and religion—the power of territorial positions, will have their inevi-

* As we have not taken any extracts from M. de Lamartine’s chapters on his residence in European Turkey, we may probably make his third volume the subject of a separate article in a future number of this Journal—and then examine in detail some of the startling statements now quoted from his concluding essay.

table effect: Russia will occupy the coasts of the Black Sea and Constantinople—the Black Sea is a Russian lake, of which Constantinople is the key; Austria will spread herself over Servia, Bulgaria, and Macedonia, to keep pace with Russia; France, England, and Greece, after disputing the road for some time, will respectively take possession of Egypt, Syria, Cyprus, and the Islands. The effect will be the same; but, meanwhile, torrents of blood will have flowed by sea and land; the chances of battle will have substituted forced and arbitrary, for natural and rational division of territory; years of useful colonization will have been lost; and during these perhaps lengthened years, Turkey in Europe and Asia will have been the prey of anarchy and incalculable calamities.'—p. 372—374.

M. de Lamartine appears to us to be rather innocently in the dark as to the past and present policy of Russia—into that wide subject, however, we shall not now enter. But he has no political or religious hostility to the Turks themselves:—he does ample justice to their nobler qualities:—

'As a race of men, they are still, in my estimation, the first and most worthy amongst the numerous races that people their vast empire; their character is the noblest and most dignified, their courage is unimpeachable, and their virtues, religious, civil, and domestic, are calculated to inspire every martial mind with esteem and admiration. Magnanimity is inscribed on their foreheads, and displayed in their actions: if they had better laws and a more enlightened government, they would be one of the greatest peoples the world has seen. All their instincts are generous. They are a people of patriarchs, of contemplatists, of adorers, of philosophers,—and when their cause is that of religion, they are a people of heroes and martyrs. God forbid that I should instigate the extermination of such a race, whom I believe to confer honour on humanity! But as a nation they are, or soon will be, no more.'—vol. iii. pp. 380, 381.

With the destiny of nations, as with that of individuals—

*Prudens futuri temporis exitum
Caliginosâ nocte premit Deus.*

But certainly, whether by colonization from the west, which our author seems to think might disburthen its redundant population on these once fertile regions—(he even suggests a plan of settling a colony of French agriculturists on the rich plains of Zebulon)—or by the development of the native races, under the protection of some one, or of a congress of the European powers, as proposed by our poetic statesman—or by the action of some purely native influence as yet undeveloped—it is impossible to doubt but that many years will hardly pass without some remarkable changes being wrought in these countries, which have long slumbered in peaceful, but not we conceive happy ignorance of political vicissitude; which have known no other alteration than the rule of a more or less tyrannical Pasha, the more lax or severer exaction of the taxes levied by a distant and haughty government.

ART.

ART. VIII.—*Yarrow Revisited, and other Poems.* By William Wordsworth. 12mo. pp. 349. London. 1835.

WE so recently called the attention of our readers to what appear to us to be the characteristic features of Mr. Wordsworth's poetry, that our present notice is of course strictly confined to the contents of the beautiful volume before us. Nor, circumstanced as we are, can we enter into the merits even of this single volume with the particularity which would be so delightful to us. The truth is, that a publication like this is almost without the reach of periodical criticism; it wants nothing from us in the way of advertisement: every mature lover of poetry already possesses it as a matter of course; and when we simply say, that in our judgment it worthily supports an established fame, we say what may be acceptable to those younger persons who do us the honour to look for our opinion, but which to the poet himself can only be, as it is designed to be, a tribute of our unfeigned admiration and respect.

We said that this volume supported the author's fame; in point of fact, we think it will add to it. There is, as it seems to us, a spirit of elegance in these poems, more prominently and uniformly prevailing, than in any equal portion of Mr. Wordsworth's former works. We mean an elegance, such as Quintilian ascribes to several of the Greek and Roman writers—'a nobleness of thought and feeling made vocal in perfectly pure and appropriate language.' It struck us at first as being an odd remark of Coleridge's, that Goethe and Wordsworth were something alike: the point of resemblance mentioned by him is beside our present purpose; but we have been exceedingly impressed with what that *obiter dictum* led us to notice—the similarity of some of the smaller pieces of these great poets in an almost sculptural precision of outline—a completeness and totality of impression rarely to be found elsewhere in the modern literature of Europe. Take as an instance this little poem:—

'A JEWISH FAMILY.

(In a small valley opposite St. Goar, upon the Rhine.)

'Genius of Raphael! if thy wings
Might bear thee to this glen,
With faithful memory left of things
To pencil dear and pen,
Thou wouldst forego the neighbouring
And all his majesty, [Rhine,
A studious forehead to incline
O'er this poor family.
'The Mother—her thou must have seen,
In spirit, ere she came
To dwell these rifted rocks between,
Or found on earth a name;

An image, too, of that sweet Boy,
Thy inspirations give:
Of playfulness, and love, and joy,
Predesigned here to live.
'Downcast, or shooting glances far,
How beautiful his eyes.
That blend the nature of the star
With that of summer skies!
I speak as if of sense beguiled;
Uncounted months are gone,
Yet am I with the Jewish Child,
That exquisite Saint John.

'I see

- 'I see the dark brown curls, the brow,
The smooth transparent skin,
Refined, as with intent to show
The holiness within;
*The grace of parting Infancy,
By blushes yet untamed;
Age faithful to the mother's knee,
Nor of her arms ashamed.*
- 'Two lovely Sisters, still and sweet
As flowers, stand side by side;
Their soul-subduing looks might cheat
The Christian of his pride:

We have marked in *italics* a quatrain which will fix itself for ever in every memory; nor need less be predicted of the three that we subjoin from 'The Russian Fugitive'—perhaps the most *elegant* narrative poem that ever came from the pen of this poet—

- 'Tis sung in ancient minstrelsy
That Phœbus wont to wear
"The leaves of any pleasant tree
Around his golden hair,"²
Till Daphne, desperate with pursuit
Of his imperious love,
At her own prayer transformed, took
root,
A laurel in the grove.
- 'Then did the Penitent adorn
His brow with laurel green;
And 'mid his bright locks, never shorn,
No meaner leaf was seen;

We venture to say that our ballad-stanza—that stanza for which in skilful hands nothing is too lofty—was never made the vehicle of more exquisite poetry than in the lines entitled

'INCIDENT AT BRUGES.

- 'In Bruges town is many a street
Whence busy life hath fled;
Where, without hurry, noiseless feet
The grass-grown pavement tread.
There heard we, halting in the shade
Flung from a convent-tower,
A harp that tuneful prelude made
To a voice of thrilling power.
- 'The measure, simple truth to tell,
Was fit for some gay throng;
Though from the same grim turret fell
The shadow and the song.
When silent were both voice and
chords,
The strain seemed doubly dear,
Yet sad as sweet, for *English* words
Had fallen upon the ear.
- 'It was a breezy hour of eve;
And pinnacle and spire
Quivered and seemed almost to heave,
Clothed with innocuous fire;

Such beauty hath the Eternal poured
Upon them not forlorn,
Though of a lineage once abhorred,
Nor yet redeemed from scorn.

- 'Mysterious safeguard, that, in spite
Of poverty and wrong,
Doth here preserve a living light,
From Hebrew fountains sprung;
That gives this ragged group to cast
Around the dell a gleam
Of Palestine, of glory past,
And proud Jerusalem!'—p. 89-91.

And Poets sage, through every age,
About their temples wound
The bay; and Conquerors thanked the Gods,
With laurel chaplets crowned.

- 'Into the mists of fabling Time
So far runs back the praise
Of Beauty, that disdains to climb
Along forbidden ways;
That scorns temptation—power defies,
Where mutual love is not;
And to the tomb for rescue flies
When life would be a blot.'

—pp. 133, 134.

But where we stood, the setting sun
Showed little of his state;
And, if the glory reached the Nun,
'Twas through an iron grate.

- 'Not always is the heart unwise,
Nor pity idly born,
If even a passing stranger sighs
For them who do not mourn.
Sad is thy doom, self-solaced dove,
Captive, whoe'er thou be!
Oh! what is beauty, what is love,
And opening life to thee?
- Such feeling pressed upon my soul,
A feeling sanctified
By one soft trickling tear that stole
From the Maiden at my side;
Less tribute could she pay than this,
Borne gaily o'er the sea,
Fresh from the beauty and the bliss
Of English liberty?'—p. 86—88.

Let any one try to alter so much as a single word in these eight lines:—

‘ If this great world of joy and pain
Revolve in one sure track;
If freedom, set, will rise again,
And virtue, flown, come back;
Woe to the purblind crew who fill
The heart with each day's care;
Nor gain, from past or future, skill
To bear and to forbear!’

The following extract from ‘The Romance of the Water Lily,’ though somewhat different in the mood of feeling, is equally illustrative of the artist-like finish of most of the pieces in this volume:—

‘ Next came Sir Galahad;
He paused, and stood entranced by that still face
Whose features he had seen in noontide vision.
‘ For late as near a murmuring stream
He rested ’mid an arbour green and shady,
Nina, the good enchantress, shed
A light around his mossy bed;
And, at her call, a waking dream
Prefigured to his sense the Egyptian lady.
‘ Now, while his bright-haired front he bowed,
And stood, far-kenned by mantle furred with ermine,
As o’er the insensate body hung
The enrapt, the beautiful, the young,
Belief sank deep into the crowd
That he the solemn issue would determine.
‘ Nor deem it strange; the youth had worn
That very mantle on a day of glory,
The day when he achieved that matchless feat,
The marvel of the *PERILOUS SEAT*,
Which whosoe’er approached of strength was shorn,
Though king or knight the most renowned in story.
‘ He touched with hesitating hand,
And lo! those birds, far-famed through love’s dominions,
The swans, in triumph clap their wings;
And their necks play, involved in rings,
Like sinless snakes in Eden’s happy land;—
“ Mine is she,” cried the knight;—again they clapped their pinions.
‘ “ Mine was she—mine she is, though dead,
And to her name my soul shall cleave in sorrow;”
Whereat, a tender twilight streak
Of colour dawned upon the damsel’s cheek;
And her lips, quickening with uncertain red,
Seemed from each other a faint warmth to borrow.

‘ Deep

' Deep was the awe, the rapture high,
Of love emboldened, hope with dread entwining,
When, to the mouth, relenting death
Allowed a soft and flower-like breath,
Precursor to a timid sigh,

To lifted eyelids, and a doubtful shining.'—pp. 63—65.

And in adding to all these the exquisite lines following, we cannot but notice the resemblance to the tone of Shakspeare's sonnets :—

' Why art thou silent ! Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre, that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair ?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant ?
Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant
(As would my deeds have been) with hourly care,
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.
Speak, though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more deary cold
Than a forsaken bird's-nest filled with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine ;
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know !'

—p. 145.

The perusal of this volume has affected us in many ways; amongst others, with a sense that it is the work of the autumn day of a great poet's honoured life. It is streaked with all the tints of the season—the bright and the sombre, the massy and the evanescent—with a deep repose brooding over and attempering all. It would be most inappropriate criticism to say that a spirit of *melancholy* pervades these poems; not so—but a profound *pensiveness*, nevertheless, bursting occasionally into devotional rapture, is the foundation of every one of them. 'That kindly fellowship with nature—

' With sun and moon and stars throughout the year,
And man and woman——'

which marked Mr. Wordsworth's earliest poetry, most impressively distinguishes his latest; now, as in his brilliant youth, *poetando va*, seeing, extracting, communicating beauty and power; nothing is lost; nothing sere, drooping, or imperfect; but a tint, a shade, is fallen on his imagination, whilst a forecasting, almost a prelibation of some sublimer vision, has flung a solemn glory around and in the midst of it. There will be no sermons printed this year in England so soul-subduing as many of these poems.

'Adieu, Rydalian Laurels!' cries the poet, as he leaves his sweet home for a short tour in Scotland, knowing that—see what he

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he might to admire—he could meet nothing he should ever love so well:—

'Adieu, Rydalian Laurels! that have grown
And spread as if ye knew that days might come
When ye would shelter in a happy home,
On this fair Mount, a poet of your own,
One who ne'er ventured for a Delphic crown
To sue the God; but, haunting your green shade
All seasons through, is humbly pleased to braid
Ground-flowers, beneath your guardianship, self-sown.
Farewell! no minstrels now with harp new-strung
For summer wandering quit their household bowers;
Yet not for this wants poesy a tongue
To cheer the itinerant on whom she pours
Her spirit, while he crosses lonely moors,
Or musing sits forsaken halls among.'—p. 187.

All things impartially considered, is the *Peninsularum Sirmio* of Catullus better than this? Is it purer, finer, terser?

There are two or three poems in this collection, of a very high, even abstract cast of thought and feeling—as much so, perhaps, as any of the more celebrated efforts of Mr. Wordsworth's former years. We especially allude—and can only allude—to 'Liberty,' p. 151—'The Lines on a Portrait,' p. 301—and 'Stanzas on the Power of Sound,' p. 311; and we scarcely think that any verses but Dryden's have equalled the energy of parts of 'The Warning,' and 'Humanity;' but where in Dryden shall we find his political shafts winged with such purity and thoughtful patriotism? We also earnestly recommend a patient and reflective perusal of the *postscript* to the poems. The part treating of the New Poor Law is written throughout in a deep spirit of humanity, and with a profound insight into the subject, and deserves study, as the evidence of one who, in such matters, can have no interest to serve but that of charity, and who knows the condition and real feelings, needs, and aspirations of the unspoiled peasantry and poor of England, a thousand times better than any of our flashy legislators, who rarely speak to a labourer but at an election.

We close our hasty notice of this volume with regret. The affectionate remembrances of Sir W. Scott, Sir G. Beaumont, and others, are very pleasing; and, indeed, there is no volume of Mr. Wordsworth's works in which so much of himself, as a man, comes forth for the delight and the instruction of his readers.

- ART. IX.—1. *Rough Leaves from a Journal kept in Spain and Portugal.* By Lieut.-Col. Badcock. 8vo. London, 1835.
 2. *Recollections of a few Days spent with the Queen's Army in Spain, in Sept. 1834.* 12mo. (Privately printed.) London. 1835.
 3. *Recollections of a Visit to the Monasteries of Alcobaça and Batalha.* By the Author of 'Vathek.' 8vo. London, 1835. pp. 228.

IT is an extraordinary feature in the modern annals of the Peninsula, that though, during the last thirty years, it has been the scene of some of the fiercest struggles which have agitated Europe, it has produced no great man in any one department. This fact is the more remarkable when taken in connexion with the number of distinguished names that grace the earlier pages of its history. The statesmen and generals who dictated to the old, and conquered the new world, were the denizens of kingdoms which now occupy but a third-rate place in the eyes of Europe, and maintain their character as independent states only by the aid of borrowed gold and foreign mercenaries.

The causes which have led to so melancholy a change may partly be discovered in those very successes which gave to Spain and Portugal their original celebrity. Each had established vast colonies in remote regions, and the immense sums transmitted by these to the mother country, arising in a great measure from mines and monopolies, were the property of the crown, and divided amongst a nobility which alone possessed its ear. This same privileged class, moreover, retained in their own hands all the offices of government. They commanded the army, sat at the council board, and presided in the courts of law, and possessing a power as irresponsible as it was immense, made it minister to their avarice by offering up place, patronage, even justice to open sale. The wealth arising from such various sources naturally awakened an appetite for pleasure, and led to excesses which, operating upon generation after generation, insensibly but effectually destroyed the physical powers of the aristocracy. On their mental faculties the Inquisition exercised an influence no less fatal. That tribunal, originally established as an engine not less of political than of ecclesiastical rule, had remained true to the intentions of its founder, and instead of confining its exertions to the extirpation of heresy, directed them against everything that was calculated for the development of the human mind. Books, not simply on religion, but on law, politics, and even history, were prohibited,—knowledge rendered a forbidden thing, and the highest classes of the community limited to an education hardly superior to that enjoyed by their meanest domestics. To such a system few were bold enough to offer any opposition; and upon these descended so unhesitatingly the

the thunders of the holy office, that the great mass, terrified by their fate, yielded unresistingly to the restrictions imposed on them, and afraid to exchange ideas, or institute investigation upon subjects which might by possibility come within the range of suspicion, gradually sunk into apathy, or took refuge in that circle of libertinage and intrigue within whose narrow limits alone they could exercise free will with safety.

From these vices, and their consequences, the peasantry were exempt. Too humble to be permitted to share the emoluments of office, or to be an object of jealousy to the inquisitorial government, they were exposed neither to the corruptions of the one nor to the surveillance of the other; and engaged in the culture of their paternal fields, and the discharge of their domestic duties, retained an energy of body, and a frank, open healthiness of mind, which formed a striking contrast to the demoralization of their superiors. But this very insignificance, that made their position in life a safe and honest one, necessarily prevented their rising beyond it. They had been so long habituated to see the reins of authority, both in the civil and military departments, monopolized by a particular class, that they never dreamed that their own hands could be taught to guide them;—or if some, more enterprising than the rest, aspired to the vacant seat, they were instantly thrown back by that barrier of caste with which the higher classes in the peninsula hedged round everything that could confer either emolument or power.

Thus the population—divided between those who were too degraded to feel the stimulus of an honourable ambition and those who, by circumstances, were debarred from gratifying it—played but a secondary part in that struggle in which, from interest and locality, they ought to have been the leaders; the one portion too much occupied with their sensual pleasures to feel anything but indifference as to who should prove their future master,—and the other, though fighting with the most desperate heroism, strictly confining themselves to the limits which habit had rendered natural, and seeking no glory higher than what could be conferred by the capture of a convoy or the combats of a Guerilla.

Yet this system, effective as it was in destroying or nullifying the energies of the people both in Spain and Portugal, does not appear to have proved so injurious, as might have been anticipated, to their happiness. The higher classes, engrossing in their own hands honours and immunities,—the dignities of the church, the army, and the state,—were naturally satisfied with things as they were. No change, no reform in the government could be of any benefit to them, none could add to the influence they already possessed, or to their present sources of enjoyment. Nor were the lower orders,

orders, with apparently better reason for dissatisfaction, discontented. The agricultural population of the Peninsula is decidedly optimist. The fineness of their climate, the easy fertility of their soil, the breath of heaven 'smelling sweet and wooingly,' have all had a soothing influence on their feelings. Unaffected by those commercial changes which in this country raise to sudden opulence or depress to great poverty, their lot if not a wealthy was an even one; and sitting under their vine and under their fig tree, they did not for a moment doubt the excellence of the despotism to which their fathers had so long submitted. The abuses that from time to time made themselves felt, produced little change in these sentiments. They were attributed to the malversation of individual officers,—not to the badness of the system; and the loyal population, taught by their priests that it was under the flag of an absolute dynasty that had been enacted those great deeds of the past, on which a Spaniard and Portuguese loves to dwell, drew the natural deduction that a future not less brilliant might be expected under a similar government.

It was from this contentment with existing institutions that the Spaniards, at the termination of the Peninsular war, did not, as a people, evince any disposition to employ the power with which events had invested them, to impose restrictions on the royal authority. Civil rights, it is true, were demanded in their name, and a compact entered into with the sovereign; but these were the acts of a 'clique,' who had devised the introduction of a new system merely from a view to their own personal advantage, and could retain their place only by its continuance. With *their* cause the great mass of the nation felt no sympathy, and Ferdinand VII., on returning to his throne, trampled under foot the constitution that was presented for his signature, without a single arm being raised in its defence. Precisely similar was the state of public opinion in Portugal, and such, also, was the result. Twice within twenty years did a small body of discontented courtiers establish a constitutional government, and twice did Dom Miguel overturn it without striking a blow.

Under these circumstances it may appear extraordinary that so general a belief should have sprung up of late in this country, as to the strength of the popular feeling in the Peninsula; but the mystery is of easy explanation. The succession to the thrones of the kingdoms which are comprised within its limits became disputed—and the weaker claimants, unable to advance their pretensions with a prospect of success upon any other ground, found it convenient to affect a violent attachment for popular rights, and to raise the standard of constitutional liberty. The radical press in England found it equally convenient to espouse their cause.

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The expedition of Pedro and the claims of Isabella formed an admirable text for homilies in favour of democratic power; and enabled them, under pretence of attacking the antagonists of freedom, to preach a crusade against legitimacy. In their zeal for such a cause neither truth nor consistency were regarded. The acts of Miguel's government were falsified, its severities exaggerated, and himself branded as a tyrant and a monster: while the will of Ferdinand VII., *which broke through a law of succession nearly as ancient as any by which the House of Hanover holds the crown of these realms*, was recognised as valid—that will which, bequeathing nine millions of people, like so many goods and chattels, to the heiress of his illegal caprice, would under any other circumstances have been to the liberal party an object of equal contempt and horror. These arts, however, and the declamation by which they were accompanied, produced their effect;—and the English public gradually adopted the belief that the great majority of the inhabitants of the Peninsula were animated by one feeling—a detestation of the legitimate cause, and an ardent attachment to popular privileges and a free scheme of government.

Unfortunately for the adherents of such a theory, has appeared the brief and very unpretending work of Colonel Badcock. At the commencement of the struggle this distinguished officer was despatched to the seat of war by Earl Grey's ministry, for the purpose of watching the course of events, and transmitting exact intelligence to the government at home. In the discharge of the duties of this mission he ran over a considerable part of Spain, was present at the siege of Oporto, and attended Dom Pedro to the camp before Santarem; and his 'Rough Leaves,' as they are modestly termed, are filled with interesting details of the various events which met his eyes amidst such stirring scenes. With the lighter portion of the narrative much valuable information has been mixed up; but one fact stands pre-eminent in its importance—not hinted at in a corner, but honestly and repeatedly avowed—viz., that during the contest which has just closed, the great majority of the Portuguese were opposed to the queen's cause; and that Miguel, had the 'vox populi' not been silenced by Whig intervention and foreign bayonets, would, as far as it is possible to form an opinion from circumstances, have been at the present day, and by national consent, King of Portugal.

These are grave facts, which, vouched as they are by a gentleman of high character and great experience, who was the chosen agent of Lord Grey's cabinet, stand above the possibility of suspicion, and must force themselves upon the credence of the most unbelieving of those constitution-hatchers, who imagine that a passion for civil rights is an innate principle in man.

In truth, those theories of liberty which hold so high a place in the
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the public mind in England, seem never to have been entertained by the combatants on either side. The very officers of the constitutional army, by the evidence of Colonel Badcock, neither assented to nor understood them; and the great body of the people, so far from receiving them with enthusiasm, adhered steadily to the old system which habit had rendered familiar, and the cause of their absolute king. Nor was this fidelity exhibited only at the commencement of the contest, when the invading army was penned up in Oporto, and when it might have been alleged that their choice of a side had been dictated by interest;—the Colonel is obliged to acknowledge (p. 364) that it was equally remarkable after the destruction of the fleet and the loss of the capital—when Miguel, shut up within the lines at Santarem, was powerless beyond the ground occupied by his army, and had no means of enforcing an unwilling obedience.

The fact is, that Donna Maria was indebted for her throne, neither to the sympathies nor the constitutional predilections of her present subjects, but to her possessing a force of five thousand of the greatest blackguards and the best troops in Europe, the refuse of the British veterans and the *vieilles moustaches* of the French camp. These fellows, unmanagable when out of action, were heroes under fire, and admirably led by captains who had been trained under Napoleon or Wellington, and as feebly opposed by the intrigues and blunders of the Miguelite chiefs, succeeded in making head against their opponents till the advance of the Spanish forces brought the contest to a summary termination.

To this result, however, the conduct of the British government, as a government, did not meanly contribute. It was a curious specimen of political coquetry. Anxious to give all possible aid to the Pedroite cause, but afraid to compromise themselves by too decided an act of intervention, they were continually advancing and retrograding, and opposing the conduct of one employé to that of another. Thus their agent on shore rode round the lines, suggested measures of defence, and attended councils of war and meetings of the queen's officers; while their representative on shipboard would not even allow his sailors to save the lives of some wretches whom the Miguelites had driven into the water, 'as they could render no assistance without committing themselves as partisans.' Again, the British men-of-war, when Pedro left Oporto with his squadron, saluted his flag, or, in other words, recognised him as the ally of England; while, at the same time, the ex-emperor himself was refused the use of the bar-boat to carry him to his vessel, 'that no direct countenance might be given to his cause.' Such miserable affectations of impartiality deceived no one; they might be very convenient to a foreign

a foreign secretary when called on to repel a charge of intervention, as citable evidence of the good faith of his government; but they did not for a moment veil its decided predilections.

The moral aid thus afforded to the Pedroites was immense. In Portugal, as in every country during a civil war, the neutral, the indifferent, and the cautious formed a considerable body: wise in their generation, these worthies were anxious to offer their adhesion only to the victorious party, and guessing shrewdly enough that the cause which received the support of the English government must ultimately triumph, they wearied its representative with inquiries as to the line of policy which it would adopt. 'For God's sake,' said they, in the agony of their interested apprehensions, 'tell us only what England wishes done.' To such waiters upon Providence, the salute of the British fleet was sufficiently explanatory of the intentions of our ministry. They immediately chose their side, and threw their whole weight into the constitutional scale; and thus the reports of our guns in the Tagus, innocent as their echoes might appear of positive evil to Dom Miguel, decided the fate of his capital, and probably of the war.

'Lisbon had been evacuated by the Miguelite troops as well as by the police—but before the Duke de Terceira entered, there was still a pause; the flag of Donna Maria was hoisted, pulled down, and again rehoisted:—great doubt still remained, but some foreigners assisting, and hiring a few gallegos, rehoisted the flag of the queen at St. George and some other conspicuous places, upon which the British squadron in the Tagus immediately fired a salute. A salute from the British squadron to a Portuguese flag had not been heard for years. The Portuguese, too happy to be quiet, said, "Oh! the English have at length decided, and, consequently, we will not stir." Lisbon, therefore, became constitutional.'—*Badcock*, pp. 307, 308.

The most interesting portion of the Colonel's book, is that devoted to the siege of Oporto, the details of which are extremely graphic, and admit us completely behind the scenes at this faithful representation of a beleaguered town. It is curious to observe the terror felt by the inhabitants at the commencement of the attack gradually exchanged for indifference, and this feeling—or rather no-feeling—as the siege was prolonged and the chances of successful resistance increased, warming in its turn into heroism:—to remark the recurrence of the citizens to their natural habits;—the almost unconsciousness of danger with which, after a time, they parade the familiar streets, while shot and shell are falling around them;—their passion for flowers, which must be gratified, though the seeds are sown between the fascines of the batteries—and that attachment to a favourite spot which makes
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a valiant old cobbler retain his seat, and composedly follow his vocation, while exposed to all the fury of the Miguelite fire. The same spirit animates the softer sex—the ruling passion sometimes displaying itself even amidst such scenes:—

‘In one of the most exposed angles of the place, and where the shot were continually touching the parapet, I was amused at observing an artillery officer and his wife dining together—she sitting full dressed in the Moorish style, with gold chains, ear-rings, and other ornaments, as if for a grand entertainment.’—p. 290, &c. &c.

‘One woman, with a barrel of powder on her head, had her arm taken off by a cannon-shot; others were returning after delivering their load: she called to one to take her charge from her head, whilst she returned to have the stump amputated.’—p. 305, &c. &c.

To add to these miseries, famine was rife in the town. Cats and dogs were eagerly sought after; asses’ flesh brought a high price—fowls were sold for 30s. a piece—and the ex-emperor himself was pressed for a dinner. Amid such scenes of distress, the natural good feeling of the Portuguese, their forbearance from complaint, and their patience under suffering, were singularly remarkable, and some anecdotes of their honesty are so creditable to their national character, that we cannot resist giving the passage at full length: the observation with which it closes, when we consider from whom it comes, is worthy of some notice:—

‘A German gentleman, about a year and a half before, previously to the investment of the place, had given a poor peasant woman a piece of linen to make shirts; and, to his astonishment, she made and brought them all to him, having conveyed them safely through the midst of the Miguelite soldiery, at a time when troops in general would be too apt to appropriate so useful an article to themselves. On mentioning this to an English lady in Porto, she said, “Oh! that is nothing;—a poor woman has brought me back all the thread I gave her to make tape, saying that she could not make the tape, as the soldiers had burned her machinery.” There were numberless instances of servants and others begging in the streets rather than make any use of the property entrusted to their charge. I am confident that if I returned to Porto, I should find a few things that I gave to some poor people, telling them to keep them till I returned, most faithfully guarded. Such is the fidelity of these people. *I doubt if any virtues the constitution may produce will make amends for those they will lose, even if they should arrive at penny papers every morning at breakfast, and have the beautiful clearness of their atmosphere destroyed by the vapours and smoke of manufactories.*’—pp. 324, 325.

The great resource of the queen’s government in such a time of scarcity was the wine. It formed the chief support of the inhabitants, and was served out in liberal rations to the foreign levies. To the John Bull portion of them it was only too agreeable, and

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was consumed with an avidity which sometimes materially interfered with their military duties. The Colonel's account of their appearance when first reviewed by Solignac is characteristic.

'I never beheld such a motley crew as this corps, having been accustomed to see our well-clothed and well-appointed regular troops; and if there had not been something of the devil's daring in their eyes, I could not have supposed them my countrymen: they were true pictures of Falstaff's corps. They were mostly in rags and tatters; some almost without breeches; few with shoes and stockings; some in uniform, others partly so: a few had shacos; they were armed with muskets and bayonets without scabbards; in short, they wanted all the necessary appointments and accoutrements for the field.

'The Marshal had made all the corps go through the motions of priming, loading, and firing, in his route, a necessary part of such an army's instruction. He desired the British to do the same. The officer in command came forward and said he could not venture to let them do so; some had not learnt the use of arms, many had their pieces loaded with ball-cartridge, and a large portion were drunk.

'The Marshal paused a moment, and then said, '*Croissez les baionettes.*' He had dismounted and was in front; I recommended him to retire a little distance, knowing what sort of fellows they would be with that arm (indeed the Marshal had felt that formerly, as he was one of the French generals in Porto, when we crossed the Douro under the Duke of Wellington). The men immediately charged, and put all the spectators to flight, who ran till the lines stopped them, the Marshal skipping out of their way as fast as he could. He observed their mettle, and turning to me, said, "*Mon brave Colonel, voilà des loups.*"—
p. 184-6.

The loss of life at Oporto was immense, 16,000 civilians and 7000 soldiers having perished; but the fiercest part of the struggle, and the whole of its interest was comprised within or around the walls. For a few months, indeed, after the raising of the siege, Dom Miguel maintained his ground at Santarem, but the formation of the Quadruple Treaty gave a fatal blow to his cause, and the approach of the army sent against him by one of the contracting parties at once broke down his enfeebled resources, and terminated a war of which, from the mutual exhaustion of the combatants, it would have been otherwise difficult to have foreseen the issue.

It is not probable that the present contest in Spain will be brought so speedily to a close. Portugal was too isolated and too insignificant to make any interference in its affairs a matter of jealousy to the great military powers. But the sister kingdom, more formidable from her position and the number of her inhabitants, has for three centuries occupied a prominent place in the foreign policy of those States which have felt an apprehension of French

supremacy. Her motions have been watched, her alliances scrutinized, and neither blood nor treasure has been spared to prevent too intimate a sympathy between her cabinet and that of the Tuileries. Recent events have contributed to increase this jealousy. The ultra-liberal government which has sprung up in the Spanish capital, emanating directly from the spirit of propagandism in France, and clinging to it for support, has created a link between the two countries which formerly did not exist; and the great dynasties of central Europe have become exposed, through its agency, not merely to that combination of physical force which was the object of terror to their predecessors, but to that still more formidable moral danger arising from the spread of opinions which threaten the very basis of their authority. They have consequently at the present moment a double interest in preventing any measure calculated to rivet such a connexion, or increase the power of France in the Peninsula. Accordingly, if we may judge from events, they have taken the alarm, and put their veto upon any national intervention, either by Louis Philippe or his humble ally, the Whig-radical Ministry of England, in favour of the constitutional cause in Spain; and the Queen's government, instead of enjoying the whole benefit of the Quadruple Treaty, will be obliged to rest satisfied with that very limited performance of its stipulations, which is contained in the grant of a few thousand pounds, a few ship-loads of arms, and permission to avail itself of the aid of military adventurers and private levies.

On the advantage to be derived from such succours, it would be hazardous to speculate. In the Portuguese struggle, it is true, they acted a prominent part; but, putting out of the question the different character of the ground in which the contest is now to be carried on, it may be observed that Portugal has long looked up with reverence to England, and has adopted with alacrity her discipline, and followed her officers; while the Spaniards, under the influence of their extravagant national vanity, have ever obstinately refused to benefit by either; and will probably adhere now, as they adhered during the Peninsular war, to their own wretched system of strategy, notwithstanding the anxiety of their allies for its reform, and the almost constant reverses that have attended its retention.

But we have no intention to enter into a political discussion. We proceed simply to quote, from the Journal named after that of Colonel Badcock, some details of the sort of men and scenery by whom and amongst which the war is carried on in the Basque provinces.

Our Journalist, a graduate of Cambridge, who had been suffering from bad health, was ordered by his physician to try the effect

of

of exercise and change of air. He proceeded accordingly to the Continent, and chose the Pyrenees as the *locale* of his journey, partly from a wish to become acquainted with those magnificent mountain ranges, and partly to ascertain, by personal observation, the sentiments of the inhabitants towards the rival candidates for the Spanish crown. On arriving at the frontier, he found it impossible to cross it without an escort, and proceeded by sea to St. Sebastian, where he joined a detachment of El Pastor's troops on their march to Tolosa. In that town he fell in with the main body of the constitutional army, under Rodil, which he accompanied for some days to Eybar; but on his presence being reported at head-quarters, the jealous temper of the commander-in-chief took fire, and he was arrested as a spy, and would have been cast into some dungeon, had it not been for the good offices of an Irish colonel in the Spanish service, who procured his enlargement on condition of his quitting the country. His homeward route was by Bergara (where he again joined the army of El Pastor), Villa Franca, Tolosa, and Irun.

His details of what he saw, though he affects neither depth nor originality, are curious, as containing some sketches of the general officers whose names have been trumpeted in England, and of those harrowing scenes which are the necessary accompaniments of a civil war. Occasionally, too, there are passages of a gayer character: but we will allow the tourist to speak for himself. He is leaving St. Sebastian:—

‘I had engaged a soldier of the guard to awaken me an hour before the departure of the escort; but as my only chance of seeing the interior depended on my being on foot in time to accompany it, I was too anxious to trust to his vigilance, and kept pacing my room till his arrival. He made his appearance at two in the morning; and, taking my knapsack in his hand, we started for the square. My activity was altogether superfluous. We did not, in short, march till half-past six, and four weary hours did I pace backwards and forwards under the arcade opposite the gate.

‘I had a companion in my petty miseries. Major Arago, the officer who held the keys of the fortress, was on foot to let us out, and he indulged in divers emphatic oaths on the cruelty of unnecessarily taking him out of his bed, just at the moment when, from the freshness of the morning air, a good Spaniard was most disposed to enjoy it.

‘During the two first hours of my pilgrimage the town was quite dark, and perfectly silent, except when disturbed by the howls of the watchmen. About four things became more animated. Near us, and close by the gate, was a fountain, whither the maid-servants of the town came for the purpose of drawing water. Each carried a lantern in her hand, and a stone-ware pitcher on her head; and as she moved along with that slow, stately pace and haughty air, common even to women of the lowest ranks in Spain, she formed no bad representation

of one of the priestesses of Cybele. Some soldiers of the guard had taken their places by the side of the fountain for the purpose of assisting the damsels in their operations. We could not see through the gloom how far they were just allies and true; but from the screams and laughter which broke occasionally on our ear, I should have guessed that their presence did as much to retard as to forward the labours of the fair Gibeonites.

'About five the men who were to form the escort began to arrive singly; but, better accustomed than myself to the delays of their commander, on finding no symptoms of departure, took off their wallets, and placing them as pillows below their heads, were in a few minutes asleep under the arches of the piazza. At last appeared our commandant. He was an important-looking little man, about forty-five, and was mounted on an animal hardly larger than a Shetland pony, which, in addition to its master, carried two well-filled saddlebags. Behind him was a bullock-cart laden with a bag of money and yellow leather shoes for the army, and several mules followed, carrying sacks-full of similar commodities. On his appearance under the archway the guard was turned out, and the gate being opened with much ceremony, we started for the interior.

'Our escort consisted of about thirty rank and file, and six or seven light troopers. An officer, on horseback, going to join his regiment at Pampeluna, and myself, were originally the only volunteers of the party; but about one hundred yards from the gate we were overtaken by two ladies on a mule, riding *en cacolet*. This is the usual mode of travelling in the Basque provinces. The arrangement is very simple, consisting of a pair of panniers thrown across a pack-saddle, with the side cut away towards the head of the animal. In these panniers the travellers take their seats, the legs hanging down unsupported, and a good deal exposed to the view of the bystanders; a circumstance which ought to make them carefully avoided by any young lady who is not well assured of the beauty of her ancles. It is a mode of conveyance admirably adapted to a hilly country, where the cross-roads are execrable, and is in universal use at Briaritz, a fashionable watering-place, two miles south of Bayonne, where it formed the favourite amusement of the unfortunate, but very prettily-anchored, Duchess of Berri, in those happy days of frolic-fun when she contented herself with meaner baubles than crowns and kingdoms.'—*Recollections*, p. 25.

After a long and fatiguing march, they reach the town of Villa Buona, where they halt to refresh:—

'We had much difficulty in getting what we wanted; but this was not the first occasion on which I had observed a strongly-marked dislike to the Queen's troops. In the villages through which we had passed, no one bade God bless us; on the contrary, the lowering brows and sulky looks of the peasantry that were lounging in the streets, gave evident proof of the hostility of their feelings. Nor were the soldiery behindhand in showing their attachment to their party. Wherever the enmity of the Basques assumed the most decided

cided character, there loudest and most insultingly was raised the chaunt of the Constitutional Hymn—for the evident purpose of marking to the Carlists their contempt: a conduct that naturally engendered in both parties a mutual hatred, which, scrupling at no means, however dishonourable, of effecting its object, made their combats, upon every occasion when combating became inevitable, a war to the knife, and every prisoner a victim.'—*Ibid.* p. 38.

An easy march of an hour brought the party to Tolosa, where El Pastor was quartered with his division. The town was crowded, and our Journalist would have had great difficulty in obtaining a bed, had he not been fortunate enough to meet with an old French dragoon, resident in the place. The War of the Independence, as the Spaniards delight to call it, has left many traces behind it in the Peninsula. In addition to the Irish officers, who at the conclusion of that contest, from an honourable wish for employment, entered the Spanish service, many animals of a grosser clay, attracted by the wine and the oil, were left behind on the retreat of the intrusive army. Of these, a considerable number, more complaisant and attentive than the natives, had found favour in the eyes of the fair Spaniards—had formed wealthy connexions, and effecting individually, what they had failed to accomplish *en masse*, had established themselves in the country. Among them was Moullet, the host of our traveller, who having fascinated the heart of a portly dame, the heiress of a cook-shop at Bilboa, had abandoned the dragoon-saddle for the counter, and settled himself down as umbrella-maker in Tolosa. Finding our Journalist a stranger, and unable, from the crowded state of the inns, to obtain quarters, he acted the part of the good Samaritan, took him into his house, and installed him in its first floor.

The apartment, in addition to its other *agréments*, was nearly opposite that occupied by El Pastor, who during the forenoon makes his appearance in the balcony:—

'Jaureguy, or, as they pronounce the name in Spain, *Howrighee*, is about forty-five, and of the middle size, with a face round and rather heavy. The chin and mouth had a good deal of decision about them, but the forehead was open, and the eye frank and good-humoured. In person he was very stout; indeed, his paunch would have done honour to an alderman, and deranged considerably his military costume; for the broad white belt to which his sabre was attached, unable to find a local habitation in the place for which it was intended, had sunk down to the pit of his belly, where, supporting the huge mass of flesh above, it gave to its master rather a Sir John Falstaff appearance. He was dressed in a dark-blue coat, richly embroidered on the collar and cuffs, but otherwise without ornament, as no officer above the rank of captain in the Spanish service wears epaulettes. The trowsers were of Waterloo blue, disappearing below in a pair of huge boots,

boots, which protected the knees, but, unlike those worn by the Lifeguards on state occasions, fitted to the calf and ankle. I never could exactly understand how they were got on. A pair of enormous spurs decorated their heels. Altogether, the impression produced by his appearance was extremely pleasing; though he had much more the look and manner of a jolly English country gentleman than that of an officer of light troops.

'Few men have undergone greater vicissitudes of fortune than Jaureguy. Originally a shepherd of the Pyrenees, he was drawn from his peaceful employment to aid his country in the struggle with Napoleon. Assisted by some mountaineers of like spirit, he became distinguished, in the early part of the war, by his success in cutting off several valuable French convoys. The *éclat* flattered his ambition—the booty his avarice; and he abandoned, for a more stirring profession, his original occupation, without losing the soubriquet of *El Pastor*, which it had conferred.

'During the War of Independence, his talents gradually developed themselves; and, at its close, his name was almost as celebrated as that of Mina. On the establishment of the constitutional government, he embraced with fervour the new system, and was consequently among those who, on the restoration of Ferdinand's authority, were obliged to seek safety in France. From this asylum he had been called by the young Queen's party to take the rank of general of division, and the command of the province of Guipuscoa.

'It would have been difficult to have found a man better qualified for the trust. To great courage and activity, Jaureguy added manners singularly popular, and a knowledge of the language of the people over whom he came to rule; but what, above all, fitted him for conducting a partisan warfare, was that acquaintance with the wild country in which it was carried on, derived from the wandering life and Guerilla campaigns of his youth;—an acquaintance so intimate, that I was assured there was hardly a pass or defile of the Pyrenees with which he was not personally familiar.

'It is honourable to this "Shepherd of Men" that, in a war in which blood has been spilt on the earth like water, all parties concur in speaking in high terms of his moderation and humanity. I was informed at Tolosa that he had caused only two men to be shot. One was a personal friend of his own, the mayor of a little town at no great distance. The man was a Carlist; and some of his intrigues in favour of his party had been brought under Jaureguy's observation. The general went to the village, called his friend into a private room, and produced his charges and their proofs. "This first offence," said he to the terrified magistrate, "I will pass over for old acquaintance' sake; but duty has its claims as well as friendship; so beware for the future." Two days after, the unfortunate partisan of Don Carlos sent information to Zumalacarreguy of the movements of the Queen's army. His messenger was intercepted or proved faithless, and the letter was put into *El Pastor's* hands. He kept his word. His old playmate was immediately

diately seized, tried by a court-martial, condemned on the evidence of his own handwriting, and shot.

‘Though now holding a distinguished rank in the army and in society, Jaureguay retains the simplicity of his early manners, and his attachment to his relations, who are in the lowest ranks of life. The two red bonnets who now lounged familiarly beside him over the railings of the balcony, were, as I was informed, his cousins. They were mere private soldiers, and like their comrades they had their trowsers turned up nearly to the knees, but could show no stockings, yet their three-tailed bashaw relative, perfectly unconcerned at these little deficiencies of costume, chatted with them on terms of intimacy and equality, and laughed heartily at their jokes and his own.’—*Ibid.* p. 42-4.

The anecdote that follows is very particularly characteristic of the place and the people:—

‘Nor is this frankness confined to those who can count kith and kin with himself. My host, Moullet, had been a dragoon in Napoleon’s army, and twice had come into hostile contact with Jaureguay. The last occasion, if I recollect aright, was on the retreat of the French before the battle of Vittoria. Moullet, with a sergeant and comrade of his squadron, were attached to the rear guard, but had loitered behind to discuss some bottles of wine at a small inn. On mounting their horses they pushed on to recover their places, and proceeded unmolested, till, on turning an angle of the road, they beheld Jaureguay and eight of his guerillas ranged across the path. For a moment the parties contemplated each other in silence, which was broken by the *Shepherd* shouting out, “Frenchmen, surrender, and I offer you fair quarter.” “Son of a sow,” politely replied his sergeant antagonist, “take us if you can.” So saying he put spurs to his horse, and, followed by his two comrades, passed through his opponents at full gallop, and all three, though a volley was fired after them, reached in safety the rear guard. This, and another similar skirmish, were the only occasions on which El Pastor had seen Moullet, and it is difficult to understand how, in the bustle of such a moment, it was possible to collect the sum total of a private dragoon’s features; but such was his regal tenacity of memory, that many years afterwards, when reviewing some troops in the neighbourhood of Tolosa, he saw Moullet in the crowd of lookers on, and instantly recognised him. Delighted with a face which reminded him of old times, he beckoned him to approach, dismounted from his horse, and sitting down on the grass, to the horror of his far-descended hidalgo officers, made the umbrella-maker take a place by his side. There, for a full hour, did they discuss former adventures and fight their battles o’er again.

‘On leaving mine host, El Pastor assured him that if he were ever in difficulties he had only to apply to him for aid; and that on all occasions, where he had the power, he would have the will to assist him. At an after period Moullet had an opportunity of putting his friendship to the test. An officer of considerable rank had long lodged in his house, and,

and, after putting him to great expense, refused to remunerate him. Justice is not even-handed in Spain, and to proceed with success against such a culprit a patron was necessary. Moullet bethought him of El Pastor's promises, and, though with but little hope of their being fulfilled, proceeded to the quarters of the general and made his complaint. On finding it well founded Jauregui sent for the officer, gave him in Moullet's presence a severe reprimand, and with his own hand wrote an order on the paymaster of the forces for the sum due, with directions to stop it from the officer's pay.

'This "*bonhomme*" is in fact the hinge on which his power rests. For it is notorious that he has better information than any of the queen's generals, and that he owes it to the circumstance that in a war which has divided father against son, and brother against brother, his popular manners have retained for him, even in the Carlist ranks, many warm friends, who, from present affection or a regard to "*auld lang syne*," transmit him information that would be conceded neither to Rodil's menaces nor his gold. In short, I heard him highly extolled everywhere except in the army of Rodil. There the officers, men of high birth and old family, could neither forget his origin nor forgive him his rise. Conscious of his superiority in partisan warfare, they affected to look on the whole system with contempt; but aware of his want of professional education, they spoke in raptures of scientific knowledge, seemed to believe that experience could be gained entirely from books, and that a good general was nothing more than a bundle of dogmas.'—*Ibid.* p. 45-49.

In the afternoon El Pastor left the town with his division. The corps of light troops which composed its advanced guard was the most formidable in the queen's army, and had been raised to act against the Carlists in the defiles, where, from their superior agility, and acquaintance with mountain warfare, they had been found more than a match for the regulars. It was composed of about 800 men of broken fortunes, deserters from the French regiments on the frontiers, or inhabitants of the Basque provinces, who had been attracted by the reputation of its commander, and the high pay, amounting to six reals, or 1s. 3d. per day,—'an extravagant sum,' says our author, 'in a country where provisions are so cheap as in Spain, and arguing a consciousness on the part of the queen's government of a necessity for supporting, by golden arguments, the sinking loyalty of the few Navarrese who felt an inclination for her majesty's cause.' These fellows are dressed much like our own rifles,—in a short, green jacket, a cartouche belt buckled round the waist, and a light musket with a strap beneath the barrel, and are called *Chapel Gorris*, i. e., in Basque, '*red bonnets*,' from the colour of their head dress, the only circumstance in which their costume differs materially from that of the Carlists, who wear the blue bonnet of the country, 'precisely similar

similar in shape and material to that common in the border counties of Scotland.' The regulars who followed were, for the most part, fine-looking men, but their clothing was in wretched order, officers, as well as soldiers, having patches on it of every shape, and size, and hue.

It is a curious fact, in evidence of the complete manner in which the towns held by the queen's party were blockaded by the Carlists, that for twelve hours after the departure of this large body of about 3200 men, no one knew whither they had gone. The road by which they had left the town split into two branches about a mile and a half from the walls, and it was the belief of the inhabitants that on reaching the point of separation, El Pastor had turned to the right, and taken the route to Ascoytia; whereas, in fact, as it was ascertained in the sequel, he kept to the left, and went to Villa Franca. But this state of siege was common to all the places occupied by the Christinos; and even at Saint Sebastian, which boasted of a garrison 1000 strong, regulars and militia, the inhabitants did not dare to venture beyond the gun range of the fortress.

On the following day arrived the main body of the constitutional army, and their commander-in-chief, Rodil:—

'He is a handsome man, about forty-two years of age, with a thin pale face, and high, almost Roman, features. The eye is cold and haughty, and the countenance stern: it has resolution marked in every line, but there is a slight shade of heaviness about the lower part of it, which seems to indicate a want of active energy. He has, in short, the look of one who would die at his post, but would not make a single step in advance for the purpose of striking a blow. He was dressed in a dark-blue coat, richly embroidered on the collar and cuffs. There was a single star on his left breast, but he enjoys the reputation of having more orders and grand-crosses than any man in Spain. Rodil distinguished himself in the royal cause in South America, particularly by his obstinate defence of the Castle of Callao against the patriots, on which occasion he was reported not to have surrendered till every rat and mouse in the fortress had been devoured. Of his military talents, considerable as they are allowed to be, he is said to be extravagantly vain, and not unfrequently to fancy himself a second Buonaparte. In one respect, at least, he resembled him, as his hat was of the three-cornered shape which was such a favourite with Napoleon, and, like the emperor's, was worn across the head. He rode a mule covered with a silk netting, and was followed by about 100 light cavalry, all, men and horses, in good fighting order.

'The infantry succeeded. Never did I see troops in so wretched a condition. They were generally dressed in grey great coats and duck trousers, but the coats were hanging loose in tatters, or at best placarded all over with patches, and the dirty trousers, folded up to the knees, displayed below a pair of bare legs blackened by the sun. Some
few

few had gaiters, but none had stockings. Some gloried in two shoes, while others had only two sandals, and many, with a laudable impartiality, had a shoe on one foot and a sandal on the other. The natural consequence of this state of things was, that a considerable number were dead lame, and hobbled as they best could along the road. Not a few were wounded and carried their arms in slings.

‘In the rear came the baggage mules, about 300 in number, an extraordinary contrast to the simplicity of Jaureguy’s arrangements, who had not more than twenty attached to his corps. The whole force was composed of the third and fifth divisions, commanded by Generals Cordova and Bedoya, and amounted, independently of camp followers, to about 7500 infantry and 300 horse. The only artillery consisted of two small brass guns, each about thirty inches long in the barrel, and carried by a mule. Their carriages formed the load of two more of these useful animals.’—*Ibid.* p. 64.

On the following morning the troops resumed their march, and crossing a lofty mountain range, through scenery of the most magnificent description, approached the town of Ascoytia, and the monastery of St. Ignacio de Loyola. This building, formerly the head-quarters of the Order of the Jesuits, and perhaps, after the Escorial, the most celebrated of the residences of the regular clergy in Spain, excited so strongly the curiosity of our traveller, that, accompanied by one of the officers with whom he had messed in the mountains, he left the division for the purpose of paying it a visit. But he was unable to obtain access to its interior, and was returning in despair, when chance threw him in the way of a young cornet, to whom one of the monks was acting *Cicerone*. Under his auspices he entered the gilded chamber, the holiest of the holies, where Loyola breathed his last.

‘I was expressing to my friend of the 18th, my admiration of the magnificence of the sanctuary, when, to my surprise, I was addressed by the young officer, not merely in English, but in that pure English accent which can only be acquired by a long and early residence in the country. His history was a short one. His father, Colonel Gaurea, had, in the days of Ferdinand the Seventh, been a Constitutionalist, and obliged, on account of his political creed, to leave the Peninsula, had with his son taken refuge in England. On the establishment of the Queen’s Government, both had returned to Spain, and received employment from the Regency, the father commanding the advanced guard, and my new acquaintance holding a commission in the same corps. This was the body which I had seen bivouacking in front of the gate, and it was now in attendance on its chief, who had been sent by Rodil to levy a fine on the monks of Loyola. It appeared that these unfortunate fathers had a few days before displayed their zeal in favour of Don Carlos, and for this ebullition of loyalty they were now called on to pay 100,000 reals. Young Gaurea had been educated at a boarding-school at Blackheath, and as my own “seminary for young gentlemen”

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gentlemen" flourished in the same neighbourhood, we became friends in a moment. As we left the oratory, I mentioned to him the attempt I had made to see the interior of the church, and the disappointment I had felt at being unable to gain admittance. "I will easily manage that for you," said he, and turning to the friar, communicated our wishes and his own. The poor priest, with an officious start that would have done honour to Malvolio's imaginary dependants, instantly expressed his anxiety to gratify our curiosity, and with a hurried step led the way.

'We left the confessional by a different route from that by which we had entered it, doors at which we had thundered in vain, turning obedient on their hinges before the "*open sesamê*" of the heir apparent.'

We have not room for a very lively description of the church of this great convent, its splendid marbles, and its, with rare exceptions, very bad pictures. The portrait of the founder is thus spoken of:—

'He is represented as a pale, handsome man, about 45 years of age, with something in his manner that bespeaks the consciousness of a Hidalgo descent. His hair is sandy, with what Master Slender would have called "a cane-coloured beard." The blue eye is well opened and singularly mild; and it was in vain that I looked either there or at the mouth for those strong passions that marked his character. The debaucheries of the soldier, the energies of the priest, and the duplicity of the statesman, all are veiled under a calm serenity of countenance that defies scrutiny.'

On regaining the high road with young Gaurea, our countryman found that the troops had marched on to Ascoytia. This appeared a matter of not much consequence, and great was his astonishment when his new ally expressed his opinion that they might probably enough be cut off.

'A division, consisting of several thousand men, was only about a mile and a half before us—a body of equal force occupied a village not more distant in our rear—we had just left cavalry at the gate of the monastery—and the road, if on one side it was skirted by forest and brushwood, was perfectly open on the other. I pointed out these circumstances to the cornet's notice, but he only shook his head, and bade me mend my pace. When we had got to the top of the knoll, and within sight of the town, he began to move more leisurely, and took the trouble to defend his conduct. He assured me that the rear of the army was generally accompanied by Carlist light troops, who, the moment that a straggler was left behind, only waited till a turn of the road had hid him from his companions, to rush out and overpower him. "But," added he, "if we had merely to struggle with the regular army, we could manage easily enough. Our chief losses arise from the circumstance that almost every peasant is more or less of a soldier, and
hardly

hardly one can be trusted. See," said he, pointing to some five or six husbandmen, who were cutting off the maize heads with their sickles, "those fellows appear sufficiently well disposed, but they have probably arms concealed beside them, and if we had been further removed from the troops, would not have hesitated to massacre and rob us."

'I confess I thought all this at the time only words of course to cover poltroonery, but similar statements were afterwards made to me repeatedly, and similar fears of ambuscade expressed by officers whose courage was undoubted, and who one and all concurred in the fact, that beyond the walls of the fortified towns the Queen had hardly a friend in the four provinces; and that such was the persevering hostility of the peasantry, that it was a matter of danger leaving a man 200 yards in the rear. In Guipuscoa the evil was not so much felt, but in Navarre, where the defiles are long and narrow, and the forest and brush thick on both sides the road, they had frequently lost five and six men a day, independently of the wounded—and the number of *these* in the army bore evidence, if not to the accuracy of the Carlist fire, at least to the frequency of their attacks.'—*Ibid.* p. 75.

From the top of a knoll in the neighbourhood of Ascoytia, the travellers had a view of that town, and the ground that lay between it and Aspeytia, the village they had left behind them. It was famous as the scene of a battle between the Queen's troops and Zumalacareguy, at an earlier stage of the contest. The Carlists' spies had for once misled him, and while he was waiting for a detachment he suddenly found himself in presence of the Queen's main army, commanded by El Pastor himself.

'Nothing can better show the difficulties with which the Queen's government have to contend in attempting to carry on a war with regular troops in a mountainous country, and against mountaineers, than the result of this action. Here, with position, numerical superiority, everything in their favour, they failed in obtaining even a nominal advantage; while the Carlists, hemmed in on both sides, made good their retreat in face of El Pastor, their most dreaded opponent, by a path which, to any other troops but their own, would have appeared impracticable, and with the loss of *one single man*, who had been brought down by Bob Acres' approved expedient of a long shot.'—p. 80.

The town of Ascoytia, like Tolosa, is so completely crowded with the military, that our tourist finds it impossible to get quarters:—

'In this dilemma I entered the handsomest shop I saw, and asked the master if he knew of any house in which I could have a bed, intimating at the same time my indifference as to how much I paid for it. But the shop was crowded with customers,—the man did not seem disposed to interrupt his varied avocations in my favour, and answered, gruffly enough, that in the present state of the town, to get a lodging

was

was impossible. I was moving off, muttering to myself, that though it might be impossible in Spain, yet in England money would always secure rooms were soldiers as plenty as blackberries, when the word *England* seemed to arrest his attention, and his manner instantly changing from indifference to politeness, he asked me in my own language if I was of that country; and on my answering in the affirmative, told me, that if I would accept of his hospitality I was most welcome. I said, that stranger as I was, I was unwilling to levy such a tax upon his kindness; but if he would allow me to remunerate him for any expense I might occasion, I should be happy to profit by the invitation. A Frenchman or a Dutchman would have grasped at the offer, but a Spaniard's pride is stronger than his avarice, and my ally of the counter was indignant at the proposal, telling me bluntly, that if I did not choose to come as his guest, I should not come at all. I had no wish to offend him, and I accepted his hospitality.

His dwelling-house consisted of the two highest stories of the tenement, of which his shop occupied the ground floor. The lower of the two he had reserved for the use of his family; and to prevent intrusion had locked the door. I was consequently unable to gain admittance till he could leave his numerous employers below; and to obtain a resting-place in the interim, I mounted to the other and highest story, which my host had given up to the military quartered on him by the authorities of the place. These celestial regions were on the present occasion occupied by General Bedoya, the commander of the fifth division, and his friend General Iriarte; two men so much attached to each other as to be a sort of proverb in the army, yet it would have been difficult to have found a Damon and Pythias differing more in manners and appearance.

Don Ramono Gomez Bedoya, the handsomest man in the Spanish army, was about eight-and-thirty; tall and pale, with high noble features and a piercing dark eye—he was one of those on whom Nature has written gentleman. Frank, gay, and high-spirited, he was universally popular; and was distinguished alike in the field, and, if report spoke truly, in other and softer campaigns. But if he had gained the smiles of the fair, it was evident that he had laboured to deserve them. Amidst thousands of torn, patched, and ill-shaped habiliments, his coat shone forth in all the glory of newness: richly embroidered on the collar and cuffs, on the points of the skirts, and below the buttons of his waist, it was fitted to his shape with a care and precision that showed the anxiety of the wearer that he should lose none of his symmetry; while his huge cocked-hat, edged with lace, like those of Buonaparte's marshals, was worn with that slight twist across the head which was affected by the bucks of the last century. But the frankness of his manners formed an agreeable contrast to the coxcomby which otherwise, at his age, would have verged on the ridiculous; and the few who indulged in an occasional sneer at the dandy, always ended by speaking in affectionate eulogy of the man.

‘Very

'Very different was the estimate formed of his companion, Don Firmin Iriarte. He was a man of about fifty, of the middle size, and of a thick and square make. The face was round and heavy, with prominent bushy eye-brows, and a sulky suspicious eye. A single-breasted coat, with small yellow conical buttons, and a high glazed shako, completed, though they did not add to the grace of, his appearance. Few men in the army were more disliked—brute and beast being the terms which generally accompanied his name. As, on all hands, he was allowed to be a brave officer, and no charge was ever brought against him of cruelty or misconduct, I was surprised at an unpopularity so general, and apparently so undeserved. But the two friends had not entered their quarters above a few minutes before I was able to guess the cause of the different places which they held in men's likings. The recess in which I had deposited myself formed part of the passage which connected the front and back of the mansion. The quarters of Bedoya were towards the street, those of Iriarte behind; and the two generals, on their way to each other's rooms, moved repeatedly along the gallery. Bedoya, every time he passed me, smiled and made me a sort of half-bow; while Iriarte lowered his head like a bull in career, scowled at me from beneath his thick eye-brows, and passed on without taking any notice. This last omission would not have been remarkable in England; but in Spain, where the *Gil Blas* fashion of "saluting the company" still exists, it was a piece of positive rudeness; and easily explained to me how a man may make himself extremely unpopular, without doing anything that may be questioned either on the score of meanness or immorality.'—p. 96.

But we are summoned to a Spanish dinner, or, as it would be more legitimately termed in the Peninsula, supper; dinner being seldom later than twelve o'clock. The table of *Lycurgus* could not have exceeded its Spartan simplicity. First course, cheese; second course, cheese; third course, cheese: varied, it is true, by bits of bread, hard-boiled eggs, and roast fowls, but preserving throughout, in its condiments and flavour, its great characteristic of unity, cheese. The purveyor of these good things was a Cuba creole, who had been educated at Philadelphia, and was a true élève of Brother Jonathan's.

'My host had been too long in America not to have thoroughly imbibed the doctrines of radicalism, and was of course a violent enemy to Don Carlos. He did not, however, seem to have acquired a proportionate attachment to the queen, but appeared to belong to the Catalanian, or republican, party. Long obliged, by motives of prudence, to conceal his sentiments, it appeared to him quite a relief to find a stranger before whom he could safely give them utterance, and on politics he spoke his mind freely. He did not augur well for the Carlist cause: he remarked, "That though the priesthood had done much to aid it, by rousing the peasantry in its favour, yet their
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very adherence had alienated the middle and educated classes, who looked with horror to the restoration of ecclesiastical rule, and those scenes of lust and cruelty over which the Inquisition had spread its broad mantle." Of the constitutional cause, he alleged, "that the profligacy of the queen had disgusted many who might otherwise have wished to support her;" and he concluded by asserting, "that it was only in a republic that the country could find a government free from the bigotry of the one party, and the shuffling and favoritism of the other. In the mean time," said he, "the provinces are pillaged and exhausted. One day comes Zumalacarre guy, and we are called on to raise a loan, as a mode of showing our zeal for our legitimate sovereign: on the next appears Rodil, and imposes on us a fine, as a punishment for the aid which we have given to Don Carlos. But this is not the worst. In this province the great majority are Carlists; but some of course are of a different opinion—amongst these I am known to be one; and though I have endeavoured to give them no hold of me, either by word or deed, yet for these last six months I have not spent a day, nay, not an hour, without being under apprehension of being arrested and shot. I am sick of such an existence, and intend leaving Ascoytia, with the army, to-morrow, for some fortified place, where I can remain till my property is disposed of, and I can leave the country."—p. 102.

The towns of Ascoytia and Aspeytia, and their immediate neighbourhood, are remarkable for possessing the handsomest women in the north of Spain; a fact which it is difficult to explain, as the females of the surrounding districts are by no means celebrated for their personal charms. Our tourist analyzes their individual claims to excellence, and endeavours to account for their superiority over their countrywomen; but we confess we are disposed to consider his mode of reasoning as rather ingenious than just:—

'As far as I was able to judge, the women of Ascoytia were taller than those of St. Sebastian, and possessing, with a waist as taper, more of *embonpoint*; the nose, a feature which in Guipuscoa is occasionally coarse enough, was small, delicate, and beautifully chiselled about the nostril; their eyes were darker, larger, and more languishing, and beneath were those rich pouting lips that are the inheritance of the daughters of the sun—the upper one covered with that slight shade of down which it would be sacrilege to call a moustache, and which, according well with the dark brown skin, gave to their faces so luxurious and oriental a character, that I was almost tempted to believe that the fair subjects of old Pelayo had not entertained the same violent aversion as their chief for their Saracen invaders. Seriously, we are indebted for the best parts of Spanish beauty to such liaisons, which, in other families besides that of Donna Julia, though they injured the purity of the pedigree, marvellously improved the breed. The superior handsomeness arising from this mixture of the races is particularly remarkable in the inhabitants of Granada and Andalusia, the provinces where the Moors last lingered; and

and it is only by supposing that a small colony of Arabs had, on their way to the French frontier, established themselves in the mountains of Navarre, that I was able to account for those brilliant specimens of local beauty which I found isolated in the north of Spain, amid the legitimate ugliness of a Gothic neighbourhood.'—p. 110.

In the afternoon of the following day the troops are again in motion, and General Bedoya, the handsome and gallant gentleman of whom such honourable mention has already been made, prepares to put himself at their head. He was, as we have seen, billeted on our Journalist's Anglo-American friend; and we doubt if Sir Charles Grandison himself, on leaving his lodgings, could have made a better exit:—

'His charger, which waited for him at the door, was a short-tailed bay horse of great size and beauty, and was covered with a white silk net to keep off the flies. The general was said to pay great attention to his stable; and the gray horse which he rode the day before, and the bay on which he was now mounted, were both from England, and the finest I saw in the army.

'My hostess went to the balcony to see him depart. She was, certainly, a woman of great beauty, and her charms seemed to have had their effect upon Bedoya. Twice did the gallant general, as he took off his hat to bid her adieu, regard her with a look of the most passionate admiration. Twice bending his head, till its well-curled ringlets mingled with the mane of his Bucephalus, did he make her a reverence worthy of the Cavalier of La Mancha. But the lady played her part as well as the gentleman: it was another novelty in Spanish manners. Had a countrywoman of my own, in the class of a second-rate shopkeeper's wife, been called on to bid adieu to a man of Bedoya's rank—a nobleman and a general of division—she would have done too little or too much; and would either have rudely shuffled out of the way, or overwhelmed him with her forwardness and the number of her courtesies. In Spain, as in most other parts of the Continent, these matters are differently managed; my landlady of Ascoytia received without discomposure the general's farewell, and returned it with a smile, a courtsey, and an inclination of the head that would have done honour to the *Camerera mayor*.'—*Ibid.* p. 115.

On the second day after leaving Ascoytia, the army reaches Eybar, remarkable as being perhaps the only town in the Basque provinces whose inhabitants were attached to the Queen's cause. One of her most zealous supporters was a Spanish Don in whose house our traveller was fortunate enough to find quarters:—

'It was a handsome building, not unworthily termed by the inhabitants a palace, and belonged to Don Eugenio Arostegui de Z—, the representative of an old noble family of Guipuscoa. As it was the only mansion upon a large scale which I entered during this little excursion, it may not be uninteresting to describe it, as giving an idea of the residences of the higher class of country gentlemen.

'It

‘ It entered from the end, and had three fronts. That towards the street, which was about sixty feet off, and separated from it by a court-yard, had the family arms magnificently carved in alto relievo over the door. The south and principal front extended to the length of about forty yards, rising from the bed of the river, and washed to the depth of ten or twelve feet by its dammed-up water. The third front looked towards the east, and consisted of a double arcade of two stories, about twenty feet wide, and floored with free-stone. It was built up at the ends, and was intended as a place where the inhabitants could take their *siesta al fresco* without being exposed to the heat of a mid-day sun. The upper arcade or balcony was open—that below was closed with strong but handsome iron gratings, through a door of which one was admitted to the garden that lay beyond. The ground-floor of the building was occupied by cellars and domestic offices, through which a broad passage conducted to an interior staircase leading to the first floor. On mounting it, the room at the top was, as usual, the kitchen, opening off a long gallery which divided the house into two parts, and giving access to the chambers on either side, terminated in the drawing-room at one end, and the covered balcony at the other. A second staircase conducted to the bed-rooms on the highest floor.

‘ The great drawing-room, which was over the door of entrance, occupied the whole of the west front. It was about fifty feet long, and was lighted by two windows at the side, and one at the end, looking on the river and the town. In the centre was a folding door of mahogany; and on each side, opposite the windows, were, as is usual in Spanish sitting-rooms, two large recesses, each about fourteen feet square, and containing a bed. To these recesses there were no doors, but their entrances were, like the windows, hung with curtains of crimson satin damask, and the beds covered with counterpanes of the same material, richly ornamented with tassels of crimson silk.

‘ On each side of the window, at the end of the room, were two massy marble tables resting on *or molu* legs. These, with a few chairs, completed the furniture, the rest having been sent for safety to St. Sebastian. There was a good deal of gilding about the room—the ornament in the centre of the ceiling, from which the lamp was suspended, being particularly rich; but with that indifference to unity of effect which marks the continental nations, the walls which inclosed all this magnificence were coarsely whitewashed.

‘ It was in this room that I found Colonel F——, who had arrived before me. Immediately on entering, I was presented, by a Hebe of sixteen, with the iced water, lemons, and xucarillo, which are the tokens of welcome in Spain. Shortly afterwards appeared Colonel St. Y——. He was the officer sent by France to accompany the Queen’s army, and to report to his government the successes and losses of the rival parties. He was a man apparently about five-and-forty, tall and handsome, with something of a German physiognomy—the hair auburn, the eye blue but well opened, and with a gay and particularly

ticularly pleasing expression. The face altogether called to my recollection some plates which I had seen of Charles the Fifth; though the French colonel, as being very handsome, could in reality bear little resemblance to his imperial prototype. In person he was fully formed, with that slight swelling of the paunch which spoke an acquaintance with rich men's tables. He was in the uniform of his nation, with large gold epaulettes and aiguillettes. When we had been made acquainted, he prepared to follow my example and pay his devotions to the sugared water. But the lemons were deficient, and he was just going to send for a fresh supply a little man who had been bobbing about the room, and whom he took for the major-domo, when Colonel F—— perceived his error, and luckily anticipated him by introducing to him the master of the house, the man with the many names, Don Eugenio Arostegui de Z——.

'I am not sure that I received a greater shock in Spain. My ideas of the country and its inhabitants had been derived chiefly from Don Quixote and Gil Blas; and a Spanish Don had been formed in my imagination on the double model of Captain Chinchilla and the Knight of La Mancha. I knew, of course, that he must have lost the doublet, the cloak, and the long rapier, which marked his class in ancient times; still I had fancied that he would have retained the tall commanding figure, the high features, the dignity and the gravity of his forefathers. What, then, was my horror when Colonel F—— pronounced the fated words that presented to me, as the representative of the noble hidalgos of the country, the little gentleman who had been bowing and smirking round the room! He was much below the middle size, had a merry face, and a pair of twinkling, good-natured eyes, with a nose that resembled, in shape and colour, that of the worthy *Captain of Knockdunder*. As if he had done his best to destroy my illusions, he had on a coloured neckcloth, an enormous frill, and a short-tailed jean washing-jacket, precisely similar in shape and colour to those worn in the morning by house-servants in England. He was, however, a worthy little fellow, and I have every reason to speak gratefully of his kindness.'—p. 125.

Our tourist is here obliged by Rodil's order to separate himself from the main body of the constitutional army, which departs for Durango, and he spends the morning in lounging with his noble host in the alleys of the palace garden:—

'On returning to the house he showed me his private rooms, containing his library and pictures. The former I was curious to see, not so much as an index of the mind of the individual, for, since libraries have been fitted up like upholstery, simply because our neighbours possess them, the existence of books in a house proves nothing,—but because I expected it would give me no bad idea of the information of the class to which Don Eugenio belonged. His literary treasures were contained in an old worm-eaten mahogany book-case, wired in front, and consisted of about 200 volumes. A Mariana, a Don Quixote, and

and Gil Blas, seemed the only lay publications; the rest were Monkish chronicles and Lives of the Saints, from which, if Don Eugenio

"Picked up a stock of good grace,"

he could certainly gain but little information. The pictures were about thirty in number, and mere daubs.

'The greatest curiosity in the private apartments, and that probably which I was taken to see,—for vanity, saith the prophet, all is vanity,—was the genealogical tree of my worthy host. It was a wondrous production, and did great credit to the manual labour, if not to the imagination of the artist. It was the work of a monk, whom one of his ancestors had educated some eighty or ninety years ago, and who, in grateful return for his kindness, had compiled the pedigree, as my host informed me, *from authentic documents*. I confess I had some misgivings as to whether the thousand and one Dons and Donnas who figured on the parchment, came into the world in the usual course, or were indebted for their existence to the fancy of the Friar, for it was remarkable that the short histories attached to each were most detailed, precisely in the time when the records must have been most scanty. But my friend, Don Eugenio, entertained no doubts on the subject, and expatiated with great eloquence on their connexions, noble and most noble, lineal and collateral.'—p. 132.

On returning alone to the drawing-room the journalist found it occupied. The apartments in Spain, as in France, have no carpet, and the floor, generally of oak, is kept in a high state of polish. This is accomplished by a servant attaching to one foot a large brush, as hard as that used for polishing shoes, and skating with it for two or three hours over the floor. It is, as may be supposed, very hard work, and is part of the labour assigned to the drudge of the mansion:—

'After the rubbing process is completed, the floor receives its last finish by a person passing a towel lightly over it to sweep up any little particles of dust that may have been forced by the brush from between the joints of the planking. The first of these operations had been performed, as soon as breakfast was over, by a coarse-looking Biscayan maid of all work, and the second was now in progress, under the auspices, or, to speak literally, under the foot of one of the loveliest little fairies that I ever looked on. She was a girl of about sixteen, but, for Spain is a precocious country, round and fully formed. Her hair was jet black, braided over the temples, and twisted on the cheek into a single curl; it was plaited behind, and hung down below her waist. The forehead was high and prominent, the nose small and delicate, the upper lip curled like that of a Grecian statue, and the eye more expressive of "*espieglerie*" than is common even in Spain. She was dressed, like the peasant girls in Scotland, in a short bed-gown of striped stuff, coming down to the waist, and a bright-coloured petticoat. Stays she had none; such props may be useful in supporting full-blown beauty, they but compress and injure

injure it in its bud. The petticoat was somewhat of the shortest, and she had no shoes or stockings. It would have been a heavy loss had there been either. The ankle, white as snow, was delicate and well turned; and the foot,—such a foot! Cinderella's slipper would have been too large for it. It (I mean that on the right, for happily there were two) pressed a loose towel, and with her arms a-kimbo, and her body thrown gracefully forward, the little nymph skimmed round the room like a butterfly.

'Anxious not to interrupt her in so interesting a vocation, I stood still at the door, and I thought, as she passed me, that I had never seen anything so beautiful. Perhaps something of this was expressed in my looks, as a hand was laid upon my shoulder, and Don Engenio, who had followed me, with a laughing eye, and a shake of the head as significant as Lord Burleigh's, asked me what I was about. It was an awkward question. A little bird had whispered in my ear, that I saw before me the "delicias domini," and to be caught in such an evident act of admiration was little better than high treason.

'Don Eugenio, however, was one of those modest persons who entertain an amiable diffidence in their own opinion, and seemed never assured that his idol was deserving of adoration till it had found other worshippers. "And so," said he, as she left the room, "you really think her handsome?" "Who could do otherwise?" "And her waist?" "It is beautiful," I exclaimed. "And her foot?" "That, if Pope Joans were in fashion, it would save the Catholic religion." "Yes," said he, drawing himself up with a slight air of proprietorship, "she is beautiful, but that is her least merit in my eyes. Sir," continued he, as he grew eloquent with his subject, "that young creature a few days ago exposed her life for me. You are aware that Eybar was attacked by the Carlists, and that this palace was their principal object. They endeavoured to force their way through the grating of my lower arcade, and the only spot from which it could be defended was the balcony above. It was open, and particularly exposed to the Carlist fire, yet that girl stood in the midst of it, as cool and composed as any man amongst us, and was employed in loading one musket while I was firing the other." It was a fact. The Don did not exaggerate; I was afterwards assured by the steward and even by his wife, that this young creature, so gentle, so feminine, so beautiful, had, amid scenes from which her sex generally shrink in terror, displayed energies that would have done honour to a hero.'—p. 139-141.

These were too agreeable quarters not to be left with regret; but obliged to embrace the earliest opportunity offered of returning, our traveller joins a detachment of Chapelgorris, who are going in search of ammunition to Bergara. That town had been attacked and partly plundered by the Carlists about eight days before. At the beginning of the civil war it was unprovided with either natural or artificial defences, but as it stood upon the highway to Madrid, the Queen's government had found it necessary to erect

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erect temporary fortifications, and to strengthen it with a garrison, for the purpose of sheltering their convoys and couriers.

Its defences, like those of Irun, Villa Franca, and the other villages on the same route, were of the simplest description, and as the Carlists had no artillery, were intended to hold good only against musketry. All round the town, across the end of each street leading to the country, were raised two stone and mud walls, some thirty yards from each other, and about twelve feet high. These were filled with loop-holes, about eight feet from the ground, and accessible from the inside by terraces of turf and stone. Entrance was given by massy gates, constructed, in the coarsest manner, of unplanned wood about a foot thick, and like the walls loop-holed. But these were only allowed in the line of the great road. In the other streets the fortification walls were built right across from house to house, without any opening, and the inhabitants, on leaving or entering the town, passed over the top by a ladder placed on each side, after the manner of those in Robinson Crusoe's cave. Between these walls was the inn in which our traveller took up his quarters. It had been the first house plundered on the night of the escalade. The Carlists had concealed themselves in a convent in the neighbourhood, and effected an entry a little after midnight, firing off their muskets, shouting long live Carlos the Fifth, and abusing the Queen, says our textbook, 'by that epithet which, according to Fielding, is least amiable in the female ear.'

'My poor hostess, whose bed-room window looked into the lane, had been nearly frightened to death. At first the sounds struck so strangely in her ear, that she could not believe herself awake, but fancied it all a terrible dream, when her doubts were disagreeably ended by a musket bullet, which, coming through the window and passing over the bed, struck the wall about three feet above her legs. Immediately after, a ladder was placed against the house, and she heard the window of the kitchen, which was the next room to her own, opened. One man stepped in after another; but as if doubtful of their power to deal with those within, they waited till twelve or fourteen of their comrades joined them. They then made a rush, several going upstairs, and three or four entering the old woman's room. On finding who she was, one of the party ordered her to get up and prepare food and wine; while the others opening the drawers, flung out the articles they contained, and choosing any that struck their fancy, stuffed them into their pockets or knapsacks. My hostess, too terrified to make any opposition to such unceremonious appropriation, got out of bed, and throwing some drapery about her, proceeded to the kitchen,—but the scene that met her eye on entering it called her attention to subjects even more interesting than the destruction of her own dear wardrobe.

'Two

‘Two men, an officer and a private soldier of the queen’s troops, were upon their knees begging for mercy. They had been surprised upstairs in their beds, and were now, according to the savage system adopted by both parties, to be shot. With that humanity and kindliness of nature that distinguishes her sex in all parts of the world, she rushed at once between the victors and the vanquished, and added her cries of *mercy! mercy!* to those of the unhappy men. But it was in vain that she appealed to the religion and the humanity of their captors; they were inexorable, and were preparing to pass the prisoners under their fire, when, luckily for the officer, my hostess recollected having heard of the wealth of his family, and changing her plea, attacked the Carlists on the side of their avarice. This argument proved more effectual than its predecessors, and on the officer giving a bond for a large sum, though with what security I could not learn, he was allowed to go free. The poor fellow beside him had neither friends to ransom him nor money to offer, and *he* of course must die. In the first instance, stupefied by sleep and terror, he had submitted almost unresistingly to his fate; but as the conference with regard to his commander was going on, the blood once more began to circulate in his veins—the hope of life revived, and with that the energies necessary for preserving it. He remained on his knees, however, apparently as before a passive victim; perhaps entertaining to the last the hope of mercy. But when his doom was at length pronounced, he felt that if he lived it must be by his own act, and he determined to make a desperate effort for existence. The kitchen was on the first floor, and entered from the top of the staircase; the door had been left open, and as some of his comrades in the house had escaped on the first alarm, the prisoner guessed shrewdly enough that that which led into the street must be in the same state. He accordingly watched his opportunity, and while his captors were looking for a rope to bind his arms behind him previous to the last act of the tragedy, he started on his feet, and in a moment gained the door and the staircase. Poor wretch! he had but accelerated his fate. While some rushed downstairs in pursuit, others made for the balcony over the door-way, and fired on him as he entered the street. A bullet struck him on the neck, he staggered and fell, and had scarcely touched the ground when two of his butchers, who had followed close on his heels, plunged their bayonets into his body, and put an end to his miseries.

‘The only other person killed in the house was a sergeant in the queen’s army, who occupied the front room on the highest floor, which I now tenanted. Instead of flying with his companions he seized one of the muskets which they had left behind, and going out on the balcony, commenced firing on the Carlists, retorting with great volubility the abuse which they uttered, and shouting out “Come on, you rascals; come on, you subjects of the king of the woods!” the common soubriquet of Don Carlos. His attack was not unanswered, but, considering

sidering the number of his opponents, it was astonishing how long he kept his ground. At last, a bullet, luckier than the rest, stretched him dead on the balcony. To believe my landlady, the stains of his blood were still strongly marked on her wooden floor, but, though I gazed my best, to me they were as invisible as those of David Rizzio's at Holyrood.

'The issue of the contest is already known from the newspapers. The Carlists lost in pillage those precious moments which, better employed, would have given them the town; and the garrison and inhabitants, recovering from their panic, drove them, without any great difficulty, once more beyond the walls.'—p. 150-154.

Bergara is occupied by the division of El Pastor, who receives information that the Carlists are attacking Villa Franca. In the hope of surprising them, the troops are got under arms without beat of drum, and make a night march on that town, crossing in their route a lofty mountain ridge:—

'On gaining the low ground on the other side we passed the town of Villa Real, and shortly afterwards the small village of Ormastegui. It is remarkable as containing the residence of the brother of Zumalacaregui, the Carlist general-in-chief. His house was a low white building, on the right side of the road, in shape somewhat like an English barn, and directly opposite the parish church, of which he was the priest. Strange to say, he was as violently attached to the queen's party, as his brother to that of Don Carlos. "Had it been daylight (said my comrade) we should have found him by the door, with a table by his side, loaded with refreshments and wine for any of our officers who might be disposed to partake." As he lived unprotected in the village, and no vengeance had ever been taken on him for his zeal on behalf of the constitutional cause, it occurred to me that some part of it might be affected, and that the brothers were probably playing the same game as the Scotch Jacobites during the years 1715 and 1745, who generally found it convenient to have the two heads of the family on different sides, in order that whatever party got the ascendancy, there might be always some one to claim and preserve the estates.'

What follows is no bad specimen of the liberality and information of that civilized party for whom the diffusion of knowledge people are now making subscriptions:—

'There are, perhaps, no troops in the world handsomer than the Spanish. In other countries I have seen military with the same fine carriage and symmetry of figure, but nowhere but in the Peninsula have I ever had realized to my imagination the portraits of Vandyke. The small Greek features, the high imperial brow, the pale reflecting countenance, and large, melancholy, dark eye, all marked the Spanish officers as a class apart. The very eyebrows and moustache added to the resemblance; they were finer than usual, more pencilled—in better keeping. Such a cast of countenance possesses much of that character

racter to which we attach, in England, the idea of intellectuality, and on my first intercourse with Spanish gentlemen I was prepared to meet mental powers of the highest order. But I was miserably deceived. The beauty of the interior bore no resemblance to that of the outside, and their minds, allowing even for the small opportunities enjoyed under a jealous, despotic, and ecclesiastical government, were singularly ill-cultivated; their prejudices, the consequence of their ignorance, being proportionably strong. Added to this was a personal and national vanity, so keen that they could hardly detail a fact without dealing in hyperbole; a fashion which made collecting information even tolerably accurate a matter of great labour.

'I had an opportunity of verifying these remarks in the conversation I now had with the officers with whom I paced the great square. Out of compliment to me they spoke of England and the army with which she had assisted Spain in the war of independence. Many were the eulogiums passed upon both, but I was astonished to observe that none were bestowed upon him who seemed best to deserve them, the Duke of Wellington. On the contrary, several of my companions spoke of him with great acrimony, and one added an account of the battle of Toulouse, which, as it differs from all the variations of the story given in and out of parliament, I will venture to introduce. According to my "fat friend," for he was the narrator, the Spanish troops attached to Lord Wellington's command, on entering France in 1814, were well known to be favourers not only of a constitution but a republic. A disciplined body of many thousand men, entertaining such principles, were of course powerful opponents to the restoration of the divine right;—and as the legitimates then gaining the ascendancy were unwilling to permit the existence of adversaries so well able to thwart their views, orders were given to the duke to get rid of them, "*coûte qui coûte*." To send some thousand men to the other world is no easy matter at any time, and as the only legalized mode of attempting such wholesale slaughter was by a battle, the courtly duke, it seems, to please his patrons, pushed forward to Toulouse, where the unfortunate Spaniards, placed, like Uriah, in front of the fight, were sacrificed according to order.

'This story was detailed with the greatest gravity, and appeared to have credence from its Spanish auditors; and I mention it only for the purpose of showing the ignorance of a country where such monstrous misstatements were not crushed in a moment by the voice of public reprobation.'—p. 184.

Our tourist returns to Tolosa; as he descends the Orio, on which stands that town, he is struck with traces of the vast wealth which Spain must have possessed when the Indies first offered their riches to her grasp. At intervals were ruins of what must, at one time, have been considerable hamlets, connected with the main road by bridges whose former existence could in some cases be guessed only from the remnants of their shattered piers:—

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and age of these structures. In other countries they are generally the marks, not only of great wealth, but of the progress of civilization and the locomotive habits of the people. In the north of England, and in Scotland, a hundred years ago, they were extremely rare, and in the upland glens almost unknown: yet England has ever been considered as taking the lead in the mechanical arts useful to life; and it was consequently with no small degree of surprise that I found them scattered along the valleys of the Pyrenees, with a profusion that would be uncalled for even in these days of fastidious luxury. Between an orchard in the close vicinity of Villa Franca and the lower part of the town of Tolosa there were eight bridges.'

An extravagant number at any time, but doubly so when we recollect that these edifices were to be found in a wild district, whose population must ever have been scanty; and were erected at a time when such facilities to communication were, over Europe in general, extremely rare, and the inconvenience attending the want of them consequently little thought of.

On reaching Tolosa he learned that during his absence it had been attacked and nearly taken by the Carlists. It appeared that their troops, under Guibelaldi, after the unsuccessful attempt on Villa Franca, had descended the river to the neighbourhood of the former town. The garrison, anxious to distinguish itself, went out to meet them, but it was surprised and routed by the Carlists, who were within an ace of entering the place with the fugitives. Failing in this, they established themselves at a village in the vicinity, from which they pushed their parties up to the gates, and kept up a correspondence with the disaffected within. So restless and enterprising an enemy naturally attracted the attention of El Pastor, and he again made an attempt to surprise them. Marching with his division from Villa Franca, he arrived at Tolosa under cover of night, and as soon as his men were refreshed, moved off in search of the enemy, but though by sending the Chapel Gorris into the mountains to turn their flank and encumber their retreat, and by a forced march almost to the French frontier, he used his best efforts to overtake them, he was unable to come up with his light-footed opponents, and returned without having gained any other advantage than the capture of a single prisoner:—

'Such was the result of a long and fatiguing march of thirty-two miles, made under the personal superintendence of the best and most active of the queen's generals. Paltry as the success was, it formed, from what I heard and saw, no bad specimen of the vaunted victories of the constitutional armies. As such it was blazoned in the French ministerial journals, where, among other achievements, Jaureguay was represented as having captured the enemy's baggage, and disorganized his army. The first exploit, considering that they carry nothing with them beyond a small linen knapsack for holding their ammunition loaf, seemed

seemed to me as difficult as depriving a highlander of a certain piece of dress which shall be nameless ; and the second did not appear to have materially injured their effectiveness, for the victorious column returned to Tolosa only on Friday night, and on Saturday morning its scattered, discomfited opponents occupied their old quarters at Villabuona, and their outposts were, as usual, peeping at us from the top of the crags that overlooked the town.

' Not even the solitary prisoner taken in the mountains was allowed to grace the triumph of his captors, and assure, by his actual presence, the loyal subjects of the queen that they had one enemy the less. To use the words of the red-bonnet who detailed to me the story, he was left to " watch the trees," or, in other words, was shot where he was taken."—p. 206.

We proceed to give a few details of the amusements and occupations common to the inhabitants of a besieged town :—

' The society of Tolosa, if rank be considered as the test of good society, was excellent ; but, as I learned from a resident gentleman well able to form an opinion, extremely illiterate. The chief amusement of the inhabitants had consisted in taking the air in the evening at the grove, about two hundred yards to the eastward ; but since the late attack of the Carlists, that had acquired a dangerous character, and they now contented themselves with lounging in the balconies and criticising the passers-by.

' The fair sex had little to distinguish them. Their faces were even plainer than those of the dames of St. Sebastian, and their single pretension to beauty consisted in a tolerably good foot and ankle. Of this they were extravagantly vain ; and spent much of their time perched upon one leg on the cross iron bar of the railing of the balcony, and swinging the other backwards and forwards in the air for the benefit of spectators.

' The only really pretty woman I saw kept the cigar-shop opposite Moullet's house. She had two children, and called herself a widow ; apparently with as good reason as the celebrated Marquise St. E—, so well known in France by the soubriquet of " La Veuve de la Grande Armée."

' Whether from a respect to the manes of their departed comrades, or from some other cause, the shop-window, from morning till night, was crowded by all the military in the place, from the drummer-boy up to the commandant. Colonels, adjutants, captains, and squires of high degree, were, of course, the principal objects of attention ; but when they were not in the way, serjeants, corporals, and even privates, particularly when handsome, were smiled on in their turn. Verily, if philanthropy be a virtue, it would have been difficult to have found a more estimable individual.

' Two doors off was another person equally formidable, but of a different sex. He was a man of about five-and-twenty, and an officer of the garrison, who had had the singular felicity of being put *hors de combat* by his own troops. Some months before,

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before, and shortly after the conscripts, who composed the force in the town, were put under arms, they were called out at a late hour to repel an assault of the enemy. The night was dark, and they sallied from the gate with their muskets loaded, and expecting every moment to come into action. Their captain, who preceded them, received some orders from the front, which he communicated *alta voce* to those behind him; but the gallant band, too much excited by their novel situation to catch exactly what he said, and never doubting that the Philistines were upon them, and that they were ordered to fire, with wonderful unanimity let fly a volley. Luckily for their leader, they were desperately bad shots; and though seventy or eighty bullets whistled past him, only one took effect. It pierced his thigh; and he was now, with the limb in a sling, slowly recovering from the wound.

During the morning he lay stretched upon a couch, invisible to all but the fortunate females opposite. But exactly as the clock struck four, arrayed in his most becoming costume, with his scarlet foraging-cap placed jauntily on one side of his head, supported by his crutches, and attended by a corporal—probably his military servant in uniform—did he issue from the portal.

Uncle Toby had but one Widow Wadman to welcome his approach: fifty pair of bright eyes waited in eager expectation the presence of the Captain of Tolosa. No sooner had the thump, thump, thump, that marked the descent of the stilts on the staircase, resounded through the street, than the curtains that veiled the madonnas within were pushed aside, and mistress and maid rushed to the railing of the balcony. The first story, the second story, the third—all were waving with female drapery; and as soon as the red cap appeared below the doorway, there issued forth a Babel of sounds, in which hopes and fears and congratulations were all mingled. They hoped he was better—they feared he might be worse—they congratulated him on looking so well. To all this torrent of compliments the happy man said nothing. Perhaps remembering that gesture was the best part of eloquence, he doubted if Demosthenes himself would have appeared to advantage encumbered with a pair of crutches. Perhaps, anxious to give offence to none, where all were so amiable, he feared to commit himself in language that must in its warmth have been unequal. "But, what-so'er the cause might be," he said nothing; but, adopting the safer plan of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant, he *boomed*. It was not, however, a bow-general—it was, like that of the worthy baronet, a bow of discrimination. There was the nod of easy familiarity to the maid-servant; there was the slight inclination, still familiar, but of greater reverence, to the mistress; but when some senora, whose rank or beauty demanded a deeper homage, came between the sun and his nobility, down went the head between the shoulders, and the eyes were turned upwards, with an expression intended to convey at once the most exalted admiration for her person, and the deepest gratitude for her sympathy.

It occasionally occurred to me, that all this commiseration, on the
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part of his fair countrywomen, was sadly thrown away; for, if I read aright, the self-satisfied air of happy vanity with which the gallant captain shuffled down the street, he found it more agreeable, wounded as he was, to be "the cynosure of neighbouring eyes," in the good town of Tolosa, than to be wandering in the mountains of Navarre, with the double risk of being shot at by the Carlists or starved by the commissary.'—p. 230.

The scenes of which our author was a spectator were sometimes of a more melancholy character:—

'I was returning to my bed, when Moullet, who was *au courant* of everything that passed, informed me that a shopkeeper of Tolosa was to be shot that morning for tampering with the troops. About three days before he had endeavoured to persuade a corporal, who was billeted in his house, to leave the Queen's service and join Don Carlos. The man affected to consent to his proposal, and volunteered bringing over some of his comrades, to whom he said the change would be equally agreeable. Accordingly, that same evening, he introduced three men, to whom the unsuspecting Carlist reiterated his former arguments. Apparently convinced by what they had heard, his auditors left his house and went immediately to the commandant and denounced him. He was arrested that night, tried by a court-martial on the following day, and condemned to be shot on the evidence of the military Judas and his associates. The execution was fixed for this morning, and was to take place at an old house, standing close by the river, in a maize field, on the road to France, and about a hundred yards from the gate of the town.

'At five minutes before seven, the garrison, headed by the commandant on horseback, and with its band playing a dead march, crossed the bridge. The veterans led the way—then came the young troops—and the invalids who could limp, but without arms, closed the rear. They halted, and drew up on the high road, opposite the old house. Two or three hundred of the townspeople, among whom were many women, also attended for the purpose of seeing the execution.

'There were other spectators not less interested. The hill, at the foot of which winds the road, is steep and rocky, and on the side of the town nearly inaccessible. Its summit was a favourite haunt and lookout of the Carlists, and was on the present occasion crowded with their outposts, who, without being able either to protect or to avenge him, looked down with no enviable feelings on the fate of their unfortunate partisan.

'About a quarter of an hour had elapsed when we heard the sound of a muffled drum, and immediately appeared the troops that guarded the prisoner. There were four files of five men each, and an officer. In the middle was the prisoner himself, his arms bound behind him by a cord, which was held by a single soldier who followed. On each side walked a parish priest: they were dressed in black; and instead of the Basilio hat they generally wear, had small skullcaps of the same colour. The two clergymen formed a remarkable contrast.

contrast. He on the right was of a tall, commanding figure, but though young, the brow was care-worn and the cheek pale and thin; and there was that about the eye and mouth which spoke of high energies and a lofty ambition, unchecked by the finer sensibilities or moral scruples that occasionally make men hesitate in gratifying it. Altogether, the face was remarkable—that of a man formed of the “stuff of which they make cardinals and popes.” He evidently held in contempt the part they had given him to play, and did not even affect an interest in the unhappy man beside him. His keen grey eye wandered over the crowd, glancing rapidly from face to face, as if it would have read in the countenances of the spectators their feelings towards the prisoner, and gathered their political creed from their sympathy or their indifference.

His associate, on the left, was of a very different order. With nothing of what is called *character* in his countenance, he had a far more amiable expression. The face was round and full and high-coloured; and there was a twinkle about the eye, with traces of habitual gaiety about the mouth, which not even the gravity of the present moment had been able totally to eradicate. He carried in his right hand a crucifix, which he held up from time to time to the view of the prisoner; and, speaking to him in a low tone, seemed endeavouring to prepare him for another world.

The Carlist heeded him not. He was a remarkably handsome young man, about seven-and-twenty, and with the chest and shoulders of a Hercules. The hair was jet black, the nose aquiline, the eye deep set but bright and penetrating, and with the mouth expressive of the most determined resolution. The face was pale; but this is common in Spain, and it might be constitutional. His dress was the blue bonnet of the country, and a round jacket and trowsers of cloth of the same colour. The shirt showed the breast, and was open to the waistband. To the exhortations of the priest on his left he paid no attention. His eye glanced haughtily on those around and beside him. His manner was more than collected—it was contemptuous. He carried himself loftily; and there was not a man in the escort who stepped more firmly—not one whose foot came to the ground in better time. Indeed, notwithstanding his squalid look and coarse attire, the feeling of the moment had communicated to him an air of true dignity.

When the escort arrived opposite the old house, they marched down a narrow lane that led through the maize, and halted at the place of execution. There fresh exhortations of the priest followed, but they were still disregarded by the prisoner—who accepted, however, of a tumbler of wine and a piece of bread which they offered him, and drank about half, soaking the bread in the wine. He then started forward, and, in the tone and manner of a man giving a convivial toast, called out “Viva Carlos el Rey!” In a lower tone he added a hope that the spectators would remember him in their prayers; and then with a calm, resolute step walked to the chair prepared for him.

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As soon as he had sat down, his arms were pinioned to the back, and a handkerchief bandaged over his eyes.

'The soldiers had, in the meantime, taken their places about seven feet off, and orders were given to make ready. The muskets were presented; and the officer, taking his handkerchief in his right hand, without uttering a word, slowly raised and depressed it three several times. As it was lowered for the third time, the first file fired, and the unfortunate man was no more. There was no struggle—it was over in a moment—a ball had pierced his brain. The head fell on the back of the chair, and the limbs started a little forward: there was no blood visible, except a little that oozed out below that part of the handkerchief which covered the right eye. In about two minutes, four old men, each of whom might have served as a memento of mortality, approached, bearing on their shoulders a small bier, attached to two poles. The body was rudely trundled into it; and its aged supporters, sinking under the weight, staggered away.

'With the corse vanished the spell that had hitherto influenced the minds of the spectators. During the execution, they had been grave, orderly, and silent; but as soon as the dead body was carried off, each turned to his neighbour and hastened to make his remarks. For a moment the tones of their voices were low and modulated; but this restraint soon wore off; and in five minutes after a fellow-creature had been, as the phrase goes, "launched into eternity," they passed me on their way to the town laughing and joking, as merry and as gay as if they had been returning from a fair or a horse-race. It is ever so. Be it who they may—stranger or relative—they die and are forgotten; and we return to the wants and the interests of our own busy scene, with the same eagerness as the household of the good old Knight of La Mancha, where, before the gallant and kind-hearted gentleman was cold upon his bier, "the nurse ate and the niece drank, and Sancho cherished his little carcase."—p. 252.

But our extracts have been already too numerous, and we hasten to conclude them by the observations which follow, perhaps the most important part of the journal, as containing the opinions of an eye-witness of the position and forces of the contending parties, and their relative chances of success.

'The army employed in the four provinces against the Carlists consisted of 35,000 men. Of these 15,000 were in garrison, and 20,000 were engaged in active service. It was in five divisions—the first, under Espartero, occupied Biscay; the second, under Lorenzo, was in Navarre; the fourth, under Jauregui, kept down Guipuscoa; and the third and fifth, under Generals Cordova and Bedoya, formed the army of the commander-in-chief, Rodil.

'Of the state of the troops I confess my first opinion was by no means favourable. Then, accustomed to see our trim guardsmen in Hyde-Park, my eye was caught by the wretched clothing of the Spaniards,

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Spaniards, their want of shoes, stockings, and knapsacks, and their deficiency in those thousand minutiae of dress which are necessary to give a uniform character to soldiery. But a short time spent in marching amongst them had done much to wipe off my original prejudices, and I now looked less at the drapery, and more at the men.

‘Taking them as a body, they were tall, stout, and well made; sober, steady, and obedient. Their discipline was good, and their arms kept in the highest order. Of their fighting qualities report spoke variously; and I confess the numerous combats which were detailed to me, in which, after several hours of hard fighting, the whole loss amounted to some six or seven wounded, and as many missing, gave me no very high idea of their fondness to come into collision with their enemies. I ought, however, to add that all the foreign officers with whom I conversed upon the subject spoke highly of their courage, and said that they only required to be better led, to become first-rate troops; and perhaps the conduct of the Italians in Napoleon’s army, and that of the Portuguese and Sepoys in our own, goes far to prove that the behaviour of soldiers in action depends not so much on the original character of the men, as on the spirit and gallantry of their leaders. In these qualities the Spanish officers were said to be at best deficient, and adventitious physical causes had contributed to add to their original inefficiency. The greater part of those I saw in the armies of Rodil and Jauregui were men somewhat advanced in life, who had been made prisoners during the early part of the Peninsular war. In 1814 they had returned to their country, but as most of them were obnoxious to Ferdinand, on account of their principles, they were obliged, by his restoration to absolute power, either to leave Spain, or to retire on half-pay.

‘Both these classes, thus martyrs to their political creed, had claims on the regency of 1833, and, on the double principle of gratitude and interest, were restored to the army and their rank. But years had rolled on in the interval, and lieutenants at twenty found themselves at forty lieutenants still, and engaged in a war demanding, beyond all others, those energies and that activity of which their age and bulk alike deprived them.

‘Out of compassion to their infirmities, the government had permitted the older officers, even of the lowest ranks, to use horses; but as it was impossible to draw a line between those who, from bodily weakness, were entitled to the indulgence, and those who were not, the practice became universal. Unfortunately the means of becoming luxurious were not increased with the permission; and as the scanty pay of the Spanish officer was insufficient to support more than one animal, and that necessary for the conveyance of his baggage, he endeavoured to make the unhappy quadruped do double duty; and sat squatted on the top of his pack-saddle like an old woman going to market between her panniers of eggs. Nothing could give a more unsoldier-like appearance to a march than this practice; and contributed

buted to make them the object of ridicule to their men, instead of being considered examples of zeal and activity in moments of exhaustion and toil.

'Many of the Spanish officers were decorated; several wore two Orders, and I recollect a single instance of a lieutenant who had three. One of these, if I understood rightly, had been given him on account of his having been carried a prisoner to France. But it has since occurred to me that my ears must have deceived me, for if a government rewards its troops for being beaten, it is difficult to understand by what stimulus it shall tempt them to be occasionally victorious.'—p. 290.

Of the Carlist army he speaks thus:—

'Opposed to these forces of the constitutional government, the Carlists had about 14,000 picked men, in capital order and well armed, under Zumalacarréguy, Eraso, and Zabala. Independently of these, there were two or three corps of 1000 or 1200 each, under Guibelaldi, Iturisso, and other leaders; besides numerous bands of Guerillas, which occupied every village, and served the cause by blocking up the roads, and cutting off the communications. That the numerical force of the legitimate party was not greater, arose from their want of arms, as such was the enthusiasm in favour of Don Carlos, that I have no hesitation in saying, that, beyond the walls of the fortified towns, nineteen-twentieths of the population were his adherents. Of the disposition of those within the places occupied by the military of the Queen it would be difficult to judge, as death or imprisonment followed an avowal of Carlist opinions, and thus rendered it necessary for the inhabitants to affect unanimity in a cause for which it is probable many of them entertained the most cordial aversion.

'During the early part of the struggle, in which the Basque provinces engaged in support of their sovereign, they carefully avoided anything like a collision with their opponents in open ground, from the knowledge that the discipline of the Queen's soldiery, and their superior power of handling their arms, gave them advantages, against which mere numbers would not avail. They therefore adopted that system of warfare which they had found so successful in the contest with Napoleon, and which was suggested alike by their habits, and the character of the country. Acting upon this principle, they contented themselves with surprising out-posts, cutting off convoys, intercepting couriers, and thus leaving the different corps of the constitutional army perfectly isolated, and ignorant alike of the motions of their enemies or their friends.

'Emboldened by success, they gradually abandoned the extreme caution of their early enterprises, and commenced an attack on the main body of the Christinos, and from the top of rocks which overhung the road, and the woody defiles that here and there ran along it for upwards of a league, kept up a fire upon the troops below. This mode of warfare, little glorious as it may appear, had been singularly destructive; and during the two months previous to that in which I

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joined Rodil, the Queen's forces had, in consequence of such attacks, or from the paltry skirmishes in which they had been engaged, lost not less than eighty officers. Occasionally, too, when favourable circumstances presented themselves, the Carlists attempted a bolder policy, and when supposed to be at a distance, or in small numbers, appeared suddenly before detached corps of their enemy, in a force that made fighting or flying alike unavailing. To such surprises were owing the defeats of Quesada and Lorenzo's advanced guard. In both cases the approach of the legitimates was wholly unexpected, and the disorganization of the one force, and the annihilation of the other, almost without loss to the victors, showed how well the enterprises had been planned.

'These fortunate results arose from their possessing that power which is the groundwork of all military success—the power of combination; a necessary consequence of their knowledge of the country, their capability of enduring fatigue, and their accuracy of intelligence. The first of these was peculiarly the concomitant of an army composed of shepherds and smugglers, to whom, in the course of their various professions, every path in the mountains, with its individual capabilities, was accurately known, and gave to their general, either on occasion of advance or retreat, advantages of the first order. Their power of enduring fatigue was not less remarkable, and was such, that had I not received my information from a dozen different and unconnected quarters, I could scarcely have credited it. But I was again and again informed, that Zumalacarreguy had not unfrequently marched fifty miles in a day; and that the body-guard of Don Carlos, on the occasion of his being so nearly captured by Jauregui, had passed over, within the four-and-twenty hours, between fifty and sixty miles; and must have moved at a very rapid pace even to the end of their journey, as, on approaching Tolosa, El Pastor, and the troops in pursuit, too much fatigued to follow any farther, took refuge in the town, and sent the garrison to continue the chase. But even these fresh men were unable to come near the veteran pedestrians of the prince's *garde de corps*, and returned in two hours in despair.

'With such extraordinary capabilities of limb, the Spanish constitutional army, however superior it might be to those of other European governments in its marching qualifications, was totally unable to enter into competition. But even had its physical energies been equally great with those of its Carlist opponents, its motions must ever have been more dilatory, from the circumstance, that the legitimates were able to advance at the rate of speed possessed by their best men, as they found all along their route, in the cottages of the attached peasantry, an asylum for their exhausted soldiery; while the Christinos were obliged to accommodate themselves to the laggard step of the greatest invalid in their ranks, as every loiterer was sure to be slaughtered as soon as he was beyond the protection of his comrades. Even in Guipuscoa, where, from the more open state of the country, such attacks were less dreaded, I have seen the rear-guard,

more than once, come to a halt till some soldiers who were drinking at a rivulet had finished their draught, lest they should be exposed to danger by being for a few moments behind the rest.

‘It is in consequence of this amazing rapidity of movement, and this attachment of the Basques, that I should be inclined to listen with distrust to the details of any important loss sustained by the Carlists, so long as they confine their operations to the broken surface of the four provinces. As in the event of Zumalacarreguy being engaged in any general combat, in which he was not likely to be victor—a matter by no means probable, since by his superior speed he is enabled to choose his own ground, and is understood never to go into action except with overwhelming odds in his favour—he has only, on the day going against him, to scatter his troops to every wind of heaven, and send them in a thousand directions to the defiles of the neighbourhood, where, moving at a pace incompatible alike with the dress and the habits of the regulars, they would be in a few minutes safe from pursuit; and, re-organizing themselves amid the security of their fastnesses, assume, in four-and-twenty hours, as formidable a character as ever. The constitutional army has no such resource against misfortune; its existence depends upon its remaining in a mass, and once broken, it would certainly and rapidly be annihilated in detail.

‘Another circumstance, highly favourable to the Carlist generals, is the accuracy of their intelligence, and the power which they possess of transmitting immediate orders to the subordinate heads of the scattered corps. In both qualifications were the Christinos deficient. Of intelligence indeed, such as it was, they had plenty, for it is always volunteered when men pay high; and it was said that Rodil gave an ounce of gold for each piece of information: but his officers used to complain that it could not be depended on; and that even where it proved to be true, the commander-in-chief was unable to take advantage of it so as to execute a combined movement—as the orders to the generals of the detached divisions could only be conveyed under the protection of a strong escort, which was occasionally beaten back when amounting to 180 men, and which, even when enabled to proceed, marched only in the day-time, and moved at a snail’s pace.

‘The Carlists were in a very different position. Through the medium of a peasantry, who had been taught by their priests that they were incurring eternal damnation if they neglected any means of advancing the cause of their sovereign, the most detailed accounts were conveyed to the head-quarters of Zumalacarreguy of the movements of the queen’s army; while despatches, sent from one corps to another, instead of loitering along the road at the slow pace of an escort of infantry, were conveyed across the country after the fashion of the fiery cross in the old times of Highland warfare. The bearer of the packet, while it remained in his possession, hurried on with all the speed that wind and limb could muster; and at the moment his

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energies became exhausted, he was entitled to put it into the hands of the first peasant whom he met, who, on horseback or on foot, in cottage or in field, was obliged to receive it, and (such was the terror inspired by the denunciations of the monks) to forward it on its course with the same rapidity. In this manner, the orders of the superior officers of the legitimate party were occasionally conveyed sixteen miles within the hour; and their power, either of avoiding or surprising an enemy, increased in a tenfold degree.

‘ But, independently of the information derived from a zealous peasantry, they had a corps of light troops specially attached to the duty of preceding and following the queen’s army. These fellows occupied the heights, and by firing signals were able to communicate with each other, and transmit intelligence with wonderful facility. They were, as I was afterwards informed, in full operation on the day on which Rodil’s army left Tolosa for Ascoytia, and gave warning to the inhabitants of the latter town of our approach within five minutes after we had entered the gully up which, about a mile and a half from Tolosa, turns the Ascoytia road. The consequence was, that the band of Carlists which occupied the village, and those inhabitants who, from their zeal for legitimacy, might have been objects of suspicion to Rodil, had full time to transport themselves to the mountains, and await in safety amid their fastnesses the moment of our departure.

‘ Of the fortified places possessed by the queen, all, with the exception of Pampeluna and St. Sebastian, might be taken in a few hours by two heavy guns; as those I saw, Eybar, Bergara, Villafraña, and Tolosa, were commanded by heights in the immediate neighbourhood; and I was informed that the others were in a similar situation. But I am not sure that it would be good policy in the Carlists to reduce them if they could, as at present they are said to occupy fifteen thousand men, who, without a single soldier being withdrawn from the legitimate ranks for the purpose, are *de facto* blockaded by the animosity of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood, and dare not, except in force, move three hundred yards from the walls. Occasionally they sally forth in a strong body, and clear the roads for two miles in advance; but though everything gives way before them, they no sooner begin to retrace their steps than their enemies return upon their heels, and by the time they have entered the town the place is as strictly blockaded as before.

‘ From all these circumstances, were I called on to form an opinion, I should augur ill for the success of the queen in the four provinces. Independently of the hatred of the Basquese—a hatred founded on the triple ground of interest, loyalty, and religion—there exists a bar to her success in the character of the country, which, full of forests and defiles, is impenetrable to any but the natives; and defied the power of Napoleon, at the head of armies much more formidable than any that the Christinos are likely to bring into the field.

‘ Of the sentiments of the inhabitants towards Don Carlos, in the southern districts of the Peninsula, I had no means of forming an

opinion; but though at present there appears an unanimous feeling in favour of the constitution, it should be recollected, that there are scattered over the surface of the Spanish monarchy eighty-six thousand regular clergy, besides an enormous number of parish priests, most of whom identify the cause of Don Carlos with their own; and who, ruling with almost sovereign power over the minds of an ignorant and prejudiced majority, would be inclined to use their influence on the first occasion on which it could be employed with advantage, for the purpose of producing opposition to the Queen's government.'—p. 256-63.

In these observations, generally, we concur—though we must add that we estimate the chances of success of the legitimate party much more highly than our author does. During the last year it appears to us that the war in the Basque provinces has materially changed its character. When our tourist was in Spain, the Carlists acted chiefly on the defensive; and if they attempted bolder measures, were indebted for their happy issue either to their surprising, or overwhelming by numbers, isolated portions of the constitutional army. Since that time—and the fact is remarkable, as arguing an important improvement in the *morale* and discipline of their troops—they have gradually assumed a more forward attitude, and meeting their opponents face to face, in open ground, and on equal terms, have repeatedly engaged and beaten the largest force which the queen's party could bring against them.

It will be recollected, too, that these victories have been obtained over the best officers in Spain. Rodil, the defender of Callao, was opposed to them, and failed; Mina, who, associated as he was in the minds of the Basquese with the recollection of former triumphs, was perhaps the most formidable opponent of Don Carlos, has shared the same fate; and Valdez, their successor, with a higher character than any of his countrymen for professional knowledge, has become distinguished above his predecessors only by the superior amount of his losses, and has, it is said, shut himself up in Vittoria, and resigned to his opponent that which has hitherto been the battle-field of the combatants. If to these successes be added the capture of some of the towns garrisoned by the Christinos—the abandonment of others—the recent daring operations of the Carlist forces in the plains of Catalonia and Old Castile, where till lately they only ventured to show themselves in small and scattered bands—and, above all, the demand made by the government of Isabella for that foreign aid which it is notorious was, but a few months ago, equally unpopular with her ministry and her people—we can entertain little doubt that the legitimate party is rapidly increasing in strength and popularity; and that its Chief, were he opposed only by the arms of his countrymen, and those means of resistance at present within the limits

of

of the Peninsula, would succeed in establishing himself upon the Spanish throne. Nor do we apprehend that even such an occurrence as the death of his gallant general will *now* materially affect these prospects. At the commencement of the struggle, indeed, such a loss would have been irreparable. Then, mere zeal, or courage, or military skill, however great, would have been insufficient to have raised with success the standard of a fugitive prince, in opposition to a powerful army and an established government, with no other support than that afforded by peasants, without money, without discipline, and almost without weapons. Peculiar talents were necessary. A man was required who was intimate with the defiles of the wild district in which the combat was to be carried on, and the language of its inhabitants; one who, uniting in his own person the activity and local knowledge of the mountaineer, to military science and acquaintance with the tactics of a regular army, could, as occasion might demand, oppose to a superior enemy either the rapid and isolated movements of the guerilla, or the more extensive and combined operations of civilized warfare. Such was Zumalacarreguy—who, in the early part of his career, superintended the details at once of the civil, of the military, and of the financial departments; and who, if he had then fallen, would have probably carried with him to the ground the cause which was upheld mainly by his energies. But the interests of legitimacy no longer stand on quite so precarious a footing. The presence of Don Carlos in Navarre has naturally tended to gratify the pride of the inhabitants and confirm their loyalty. The machinery of a central government, so necessary to the success of measures by its power of combination, has been set in motion. A commissariat, with ample funds (from whatever quarter they may arise) for its maintenance, has been established; and the army, that main source of success in civil broils, no longer consisting of mere predatory bands, is large, well disciplined, and flushed with victory; and may be increased to an indefinite extent, as the Christinos, by concentrating themselves in Pampeluna and St. Sebastian, have abandoned to the Carlists Elgoybar, Bergara, Palencia, and the other gun manufactories in the north of Spain; and have, consequently, enabled them to strengthen themselves in that arm in which, of all others, they have hitherto been confessedly most weak.

These circumstances, and the military talents displayed by Eraso in his late victory at Descarga, incline us to doubt very much whether, in case the Spaniards were left to decide their own quarrel, the loss of any one officer, however distinguished, could exercise an important influence on the fortunes of Don Carlos, or prevent his triumphant progress to Madrid. The levies now raising

ing in England, under the auspices of an officer who, though not high in rank, enjoys certainly a high professional reputation—those levies, under such guidance, may, it is true, change the character of the contest and its result; but whatever be its termination, and whether such aids do or do not secure a victory to the Queen's cause, they afford most unequivocal evidence how little that cause is at heart with the Spanish nation—and they must stamp indelible disgrace on the English party which sanctions their employment—a party which has invariably in language asserted the right of every nation to choose its own sovereign—but which, as invariably in practice, has contradicted its theory by its acts, and now, as heretofore, seeks to impose new systems and a strange form of government on a people who neither covet their possession nor are at all fit to profit by them.

We received, after this article had been prepared for the press, a volume entitled 'Recollections of a Visit to the Monasteries of Alcobaca and Batalha, by the Author of *Vathek*,' from which, had it reached us sooner, we should have given some extracts, strikingly illustrative of what we have said as to the progress of social and mental deterioration in the Peninsula. In fact, such is the perhaps unconscious capacity of Mr. Beckford's genius, that he has in this little volume, professing merely to record the trivial incidents of a fortnight's ramble, presented us with a complete picture of the whole life of Portugal as it was fifty years ago. Ten volumes would not have made the impression more perfect. From the feeble prince, the profligate princess, the jealous minister, the enervate lord, and the more than lordly abbot, down to the coarse but cunning friar, and the careless, credulous, contented peasant—every class and order of society is placed vividly before us—quite as satisfactorily, and assuredly quite as amusingly, as they could have been within the scope of a novel of manners.

This narrative, we should observe, was not written at the time to which it refers, but has been recently drawn up from recollection, assisted only by a few short notes. This circumstance has in no respect weakened the freshness and liveliness of its descriptions—but it has cast over the reflections interspersed a tone of sobriety and depth which, to our feeling, much improves the general effect.

ART. X.—1. *First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Municipal Corporations of England and Wales.* 1835.

2. *Protest of Sir Francis Palgrave against the First Report of the Commissioners appointed to inquire into the Municipal Corporations of England and Wales.* 1835.

3. *Observations on the Principles to be adopted in the Establishment of New Municipalities, the Reform of Ancient Corporations, and the Cheap Administration of Justice.* By Sir Francis Palgrave, K.H. London. 1833.

IF any additional proof were necessary that the *Reform Bill* was—and by some, at least, of its framers was intended to be—a *revolution*, or overthrow of all the ancient institutions of England, it would be afforded by the plan of Municipal Reform with which the present Cabinet has found itself obliged to follow up that primary measure: nor has anything given us a more melancholy conviction of the certain ultimate success of the revolutionists than the blind eagerness with which the majority of the House of Commons and the despairing apathy with which the country at large has received this measure. If, five years ago, any one had predicted that our whole system of municipal policy—all those various *Corporations* which had been originally the chief agents, and subsequently the safest depositaries, of the private rights and public liberties of Englishmen—which had for, we may say, ages presented an elastic but most effectual resistance to the encroachments of the populace on the one hand, or of the Crown on the other—which had repelled and destroyed the despotism of James II., and were the bulwarks and the safeguards of the *Protestant* interests in the state—if, we say, five years ago any one should have foretold that they were to be ALL SWEEP AWAY almost without opposition or complaint, and with no public expression of indignation or alarm, he would have been thought as mad as Cassandra.

Yet it has come to pass. The bill was introduced without opposition. Its *principle*—the principle of annihilating a system which many believe to have been a main *cause*, and which all admit to have been at least a *concomitant* of all the civilization and all the prosperity of England—the principle was admitted by the second reading of the bill, without division—almost without discussion. The efforts of Sir Robert Peel, Lord Stanley, and Sir William Follett to correct two or three of the most enormously unjust of its details—the small impression that their unanswerable, at all events their unanswered, objections made upon the majority, or their dumb but desperate leaders—and, above all, the stupor into

into which the proposition seems to have thrown the Corporations and the country, leave us no hope that any observations of ours can influence, in the slightest degree, the fate of this portentous measure. But the more isolated and hopeless our opposition, the more imperative seems to us the duty of recording that dissent—if with no present prospect of advantage, at least for future consideration, when the country shall awake from the frenzy which has intoxicated one-half of the population, and the despair that paralyzes the other. That day will come—as similar recoveries from similar insanities did in 1660 and 1688—and that awakening may and must be accelerated by keeping alive in the public mind the true history of transactions so monstrous as, if not vouched by eyewitnesses, and placed by contemporaneous evidence beyond contradiction or doubt, must appear incredible.

The first step in this extraordinary affair was in itself most extraordinary. A commission was issued *under the Great Seal of England* with powers and for purposes now confessed to have been illegal! The Corporations in general, a few perhaps from intimidation, and others with the spontaneous promptness of conscious integrity, submitted to the commission—but five or six thought it due to themselves, the law, and the constitution, to resist such an illegal assumption of power; and one or two cases were as effective in trying the legality of the commission as a hundred would have been. They were successful. The town-clerk of a petty borough discomfited the Lord High Chancellor of England on a point of law of his lordship's own raising, within his own special jurisdiction; and for the very first time, we believe, since the days of *James and Jeffries*, a commission under the *Great Seal of England* was convicted of illegality. This fact is so singular, so astonishing (if anything in these times could astonish), that we think it worth while to preserve one clause of the commission:—

‘And for the better discovering of truth in the premises [the existing state of the Corporations], we do by these presents *give and grant* to you [the Commissioners] *FULL POWER and AUTHORITY* to *call before you* such and so many officers of the said Corporations as you shall judge necessary, and to inquire into the premises by all *OTHER lawful ways and means whatsoever*. And we do hereby *give and grant* to you *FULL POWER and AUTHORITY* to administer an oath or oaths to any persons whatsoever, &c. And we do further *give and grant* to you *FULL POWER and AUTHORITY* to *cause* all and singular the officers of the said Corporations to bring and produce *on oath* before you all and singular charters, rolls, records, deeds, papers, &c.’—*First Report*, p. 4.

Would it not be in an extreme degree ridiculous—if it were not for other reasons so lamentable and alarming—to see that all these pompous ‘*gifts and grants*’—these ‘*FULL AUTHORITIES*’—these

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—these ‘powers to examine persons upon oath,’ and to enforce the ‘production of records’—thus largely and solemnly conferred by the Crown in the very highest of its functions, were proved by the breath of a *town-clerk* to be neither more nor less than FUDGE!

‘I can’—said the braggadocio who thought himself a conjurer—

‘I can call spirits from the vasty deep:’

and so thought the Lord Chancellor—

‘I can call *town-clerks* with their *musty deeds*,’

without thinking that he incurred the old retort—

‘Why so can I or any other man!’

But *will they come* when you do *call* for them?’

Of such an affront to the royal dignity—of such a mockery of the highest forms of the law—of such a ridiculous *mystification*—we are confident no previous example can be found.

It was, however, an appropriate prologue to what was to follow. The next step was the selection of the Commissioners. It might have been expected that an inquiry into such institutions as the Corporations of England would have been intrusted to men of the highest and purest character in the legal profession, and whose position in that profession would have been at once a test of their capacity and a pledge for their fairness. What was the fact? *Twenty* gentlemen were named in the commission—nineteen of whom, we take upon ourselves to say, were, as barristers, *nearly unknown in Westminster Hall*—some of them even were strangers in that little nook of the building in which the counsellors indue their wigs and gowns. Two exceptions to this general obscurity there were—Mr. Blackburn, the chief commissioner, had been occasionally heard of as a respectable man of very small practice—and Sir Francis Palgrave, though not, we believe, a practitioner, was advantageously known by several valuable publications relating to the legal and literary antiquities of England. But of the other eighteen names—

George Long,
Sampson Augustus Rumball,
Thomas Jefferson Hogg,
David Jardine,
John Elliott Drinkwater,
Thomas Flower Ellis,
Henry Roscoe,
Edward Rushton,
John Buckle,

Fortunatus Dwarries,
George Hutton Wilkinson,
Peregrine Bingham,
Richard Whitcombe,
Edward John Gambier,
James Booth,
Charles Austin,
Alexander Edward Cockburn,
Daniel Maude,

we ask our readers and the public, whether they had so much as *heard of any one of them* as a man of any professional practice, or even pretensions? They may be, for aught we know, gentlemen of the best private characters, and some of them may even have

have fair professional *prospects*—but, we repeat, is there one of them who had, at the date of the commission, not merely such a degree of public reputation as to justify his appointment, but any reputation at all? We might almost ask whether any one had ever heard of their names?

The causes of such an extraordinary selection were probably three-fold.

First there were, we are well aware, certain *private interests* to be conciliated, and certain little *political debts* to be paid. We are not such Utopians as altogether to proscribe the influence of such motives—but for so great a trust, for functions of a judicial and almost inquisitorial nature, we could have wished that political partiality had selected some more prominent, responsible, and trustworthy subjects.

There was another advantage in the selection of these unpractised hands. The old proverb of 'NEW BROOMS *sweeping clean*' had lately received a striking illustration; and as nothing is so bold as ignorance, it was reasonably thought that none could be found so fearless and so fit to sweep away all the old institutions of the country, as those who knew nothing about them.

But there was a third still more important point to be secured. The Test laws had, down to 1828, excluded *Dissenters* from all the corporations of the kingdom. It entered into the Ministry's idea of fairness, that the inquiry into such corporations should be mainly conducted by those men who had been so long excluded from them, and who, therefore, must naturally have felt the most inveterate prejudices and the bitterest hatred against them. A considerable proportion of the Commissioners were of course Dissenters, and it became, therefore, expedient that such members of the Church of England as the Whig and Radical parties could supply should *not be of such weight and character* as to thwart, impede, or resist their *dissenting* colleagues in their predisposition to find everything wrong in institutions from which they had been so long and, as they thought, so intolerantly excluded. We mean neither imputation nor offence, and admit, with perfect sincerity, that such a predisposition on the part of gentlemen of dissenting persuasions was natural, and no doubt conscientious—but for that very reason they were the very last men who should have been employed in such an inquiry. It is in human nature—and it is, indeed, the common objection against exclusive institutions—that sectarians *must* be actuated by re-active prejudices. It was bad enough to have composed the Commission of men who (without, we believe, one single exception) were considered as belonging to the political party that had already denounced and doomed the corporations—it was monstrous to superadd so large and, above all,

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all, so *influential* a proportion of religious hostility. Every page of the Report and of the Appendix testifies the existence and force of these unhappy prejudices, and justifies, if not the *fairness*, at least the *foresight* which prompted such appointments.

But there is another circumstance very characteristic of this transaction. There were *twenty* commissioners—so great a number might seem a kind of security against flagrant partiality, personal prejudices, and individual error. But will it be credited that the affair was so arranged, that no one corporation (except London) was visited by more than *two* commissioners, and that no less than 137 corporations were delivered over in each case to a *single* commissioner, by whose partialities, if he was prejudiced—by whose errors, when only mistaken—by whose uncontrolled power and unassisted capacity—their fortunes and fate were to be decided. To Mr. Peregrine Bingham were committed 19 towns; to Mr. Edward John Gambier 17; to Mr. James Booth 16; to Mr. Thomas Jefferson Hogg 14, and so on,

‘Through *twenty* more such names and men as these,’

down to Mr. Fortunatus Dwaris, whose remarkable and auspicious name we think we have seen in *several* of these lucrative commissions, but who appears on this occasion as the *autocrat* of only *two* boroughs. Not that this is any reflection on his activity or intelligence, for he seems—*Julio et Cesare Coss.*—(Mr. Augustus Rumball being no better than *Bibulus*)—to have been intrusted with the important and *critical* district of Durham, Northumberland, Yorkshire, and Westmoreland,—and to have had the examination of certain places illustrious in the debates on the Reform Bill—Gateshead, Sunderland, Appleby, Kendal, *cum multis aliis*. ‘Fortunate MALTON’ was also within the district of Fortunatus Dwaris; but *fortunate* in all ways—MALTON, as well as TAVISTOCK, happening not to be municipal corporations, were exempted from this inquiry, and of course from all the pains, penalties, disfranchisements, and—worst of all—the *enfranchisements*, which the Bill may impose on less *fortunate* localities.

We should like, by the way, to know *why*—if these new municipal constitutions are so valuable and so necessary to the good government of the several towns—why places of *such consideration* as to send *two members* to parliament, such as MALTON, PETERBOROUGH, and TAVISTOCK, should not have been included in this general bill. There is, indeed, a clause towards the end of the bill which says, that ‘*if the INHABITANTS of any town not now corporate shall petition to be included in the bill,*’ the King may do so;—but the clause does not say, what *proportion* of the inhabitants, nor if *every* individual inhabitant must concur—whether pauper or rate-payer, male or female—nor does in any way what-

ever

ever define *who*, for this purpose, shall be considered *inhabitants*. So that, practically, this clause must be found an utter delusion—another specimen of FUDGE! and we think we can safely assure my LORD FITZWILLIAM and the DUKE OF BEDFORD that, under its provisions, *their* tranquil supremacy in MALTON, PETERBOROUGH, and TAVISTOCK will not be disturbed by these new charters of incorporation.

But to return to the Commission. From its general composition, we anticipated what the complexion of the Report would be—we had little doubt that we should find it a *Thesaurus* of all the gossip and scandal which party feuds and sectarian rancour never fail to generate in small localities, and which it would have required men of unbiassed temper and superior sagacity to have weighed and sifted. Such men we have lamentable proof that these Commissioners were not; and we are convinced, that if the holder of the Great Seal had endeavoured to choose men for this office the most inveterately biassed against those whose conduct they had to examine; he could not have made a selection which could have done his business more to his mind.

Accordingly the key-note to which the whole concert has been pitched is PARTY. All the objections to the corporations, however varied or diversified, end in one point—they are *party* institutions. All the imputations against individuals are reducible to one real offence—that they are *party men*. The gravamen of the censure of any proceeding is, that it was done for *party* purposes; and, with a gross inconsistency in reason, but in perfect accordance with the feelings of human nature—the remedy proposed for the correction of all these *party* errors is—that the power should be *transferred* to the OPPOSITE PARTY.

Now let us say a few explanatory words on the subject of PARTY, as applicable to the Municipal Corporations. They were, no doubt, the instruments of what the Report calls *Party*—but it was the *party of the Constitution*:—not taken up by the corporators on private views or motives, but imposed upon them by *law*. Our ancestors, and, above all, our Whig ancestors, believed religion, as professed by the Church of England, to be not only the truest guide to eternal salvation and the strongest auxiliary of moral government, but also the best, the safest, and the most effective preservative of civil liberty. For these reasons the Church of England was *established* by, and incorporated with, the fundamental law of the land, and the corporations were consequently—by no act of their own—by no special bye-law—by no local or individual influence—but by a general constitutional policy, enacted and enforced by the supreme legislative authority of the state—limited and tied down to admit amongst them none but

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but members of the Church of England. If, then, the Church of England was a *party*, no doubt the corporations had become, since the enactment of the Test laws, party institutions ; but so, in that sense, was the whole protestant constitution of England—so, in that sense, was the great settlement made at the Revolution of 1688—so, in that sense, was the accession of the House of Brunswick ;—and, so in that sense, had been—not the proceedings of municipal corporations alone, but—all the policy of our legislation and our administration for the last 150 years—the proudest and the happiest period of English history.

Again : Corporations and all other constituted bodies (except only the supreme legislature of the state) were originally instituted and are legally bound to maintain *things as they are*, until the supreme legislature shall see cause to alter them. Is it therefore wonderful if we find the corporations doing their *sworn duty* of keeping *things as they are*, and for that purpose preferring to associate to their powers (in cases where they had an option) those who agreed with them in their view of their legal and constitutional duties, rather than those who professed contrary opinions ? This has produced that system which is now-a-days so decried under the designation of *self-election* that people seem to forget the principle on which it was founded. Any *responsible* corporate *body* must in practice be *self-elected*. Those who have any legal trusts or duties imposed upon them as a body *must* have the choice of their associates, or they cannot be *responsible* for the acts of the body. This proposition would admit of various and important developments and illustrations, but our limits do not allow our doing more than suggesting this general antidote to the vulgar prejudice against *self-election* in corporations. We are satisfied that it will, on experience, be found that, without some degree of practical *self-election*, there can be no guarantee for the integrity and legality of corporate proceedings.

Be this as it may, the fault, if fault there was—the intolerance, if this was intolerance,—the *party spirit*, as these Commissioners are pleased to designate it, was not attributable to the *Corporations*, but to the *law* !—and whatever reason it might afford for altering the constitution of England, it supplied none at all for annihilating the corporations.

But it may be asked, since the test laws have been repealed, have not the Corporations persisted in their ancient system ?—Suppose it were so—is it to be wondered at ? The corporators are men, and cannot be expected (unless they were all Whigs of the new school) to change their principles with every season. Some time must be allowed to all mankind to assimilate themselves to new situations. Even the inexorability of military discipline

cipline allows to the officers, on a change of uniform, time to wear out their old clothes—why were the corporators not to be allowed a little space to wear out their old prejudices? They had—in many cases—already done so in some degree; the change was proceeding gradually but certainly. If some individual corporators of the *old rock* were more obstinate, it was a difficulty decreasing every hour, and in no long period must have died off altogether, and surely afforded no reason for killing the Corporation.

☞ To say that in some of those 285 corporations, into which the commissioners inquired, they found instances of abuse of power, misappropriation of funds, and proceedings which indicated (in the usual sense of the word) a party spirit, is to say no more than, we have just said, that corporators are men. We should like to know what human institution is or can be free from such blemishes? A body corporate, like a body natural, is subject to occasional blotches which come and go, but even when such an eruption is most flagrant and offensive, no one—but our ministers and, we believe, some of the savage tribes of America—ever thought of curing, *by killing*, the unhappy patient, who, when left to the ordinary remedies, generally recovers the state of soundness thus accidentally interrupted.

But if we were to admit all that the Commissioners say—which is many hundred times more than they have proved—of abuses in Corporations, was there no remedy but annihilation? Was there no appeal? Is there no Court of King's Bench?—or if there could have been adduced such an extreme case of general, deep-rooted abuse, as the Court of King's Bench could not reach, was there not the supreme Legislature to deal with that individual case? and would even such a case (and we have found none such even alleged) justify the destruction of all the corporations—as well those whose errors were amenable to the jurisdiction of the King's Bench—as the *great majority* who are acknowledged to be innocent altogether?

But with all their prejudiced zeal, and all the irregular and illegal evidence which they could collect, (and which as we shall see has been in some instances *garbled*,) we have no hesitation in saying that the Commissioners have made out no case—not even the shadow of a case—against the corporations in general;—and that the instances in which they have ferreted out abuses are infinitely fewer than any one would have naturally expected, under all the circumstances—when the actions and motives of so many thousand individuals, and of some hundred bodies of men, under a vast variety of incidents and accidents—and for a long period of years—came to be jealously and hostilely canvassed. One excuse, indeed, the ministers

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ministers have for having adopted the course of extinguishing all the corporations in England by a *bill of attainder* rather than of bringing alleged delinquents before the proper legal tribunal, the Court of King's Bench, and it is this,—that there is hardly a case in which the Court of King's Bench must not have acquitted the defendants and punished the prosecutors with costs.

The *only* real abuse was the practice which existed in many of the corporations of admitting *non-residents* to continue corporations; but even this was not in many cases the act of the corporation. It was frequently the effect of votes of the House of Commons itself in election cases, which had decided—generally, we think, illegally—that non-residence did not forfeit the corporate franchise. To such decisions the corporations, sometimes willingly and sometimes reluctantly, submitted; but the original error was not theirs. That great abuse had been, however, exceedingly diminished by the same hand which had created it; and there could have been no objection whatsoever to any further and general measures for *restoring* what we believe to have been the ancient law, and what certainly was the old practice—the exclusion of *non-residents* from the *municipal* corporations.

But as this *legalized* abuse had been already essentially corrected, and as, at all events, it could not be charged against the Corporations as a crime exclusively theirs, it was necessary for the commissioners to seek out some other instances of malversation,—and we shall now see with what success.

We have said that amongst the Commissioners there was one gentleman well known for his legal and antiquarian learning—Sir Francis Palgrave. How *he* came to be selected was a matter of surprise to those who did not know that Sir Francis Palgrave had published, in 1833, the pamphlet which we have mentioned at the head of this article, in which he had happened to evince a great hostility to the present corporate system. Here, then, the ministers had quite a *god-send*—one man of acknowledged information and character, had *pledged* himself *against* the corporations—they fancied that his mind was irrevocably determined, and they were of course delighted to enrol him in their *impartial* commission of inquiry—but they mistook, it seems, their man. Sir Francis Palgrave stood alone amongst his colleagues as a person having the necessary qualifications for the inquiry—he stands as honourably alone in the result of the inquiry—he alone has not concurred in the Report, and he has, in justice to himself, and in duty to the king and the country, drawn up a Protest against the whole Report, which we will fearlessly say is the most convincing, triumphant, and decisive exposure of a tissue of fallacy and falsehood that has ever been presented to the public. Every
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line of this Protest, which, with its documents, extends to eighty folio pages, is full of information, and completely victorious over the huge mass of misrepresentation, gossip, scandal, and sophistry which it examines. If this great cause were to be decided by truth, by justice, or by law, the case were at an end; but the ministers have removed it, by a prudential *certiorari*, into their own jurisdiction, where the corporations had been *already*—and by anticipation, condemned even before they were tried. The whole process was indeed that which has been so wittily extracted from Virgil as the description of a *hellish judge* :—

‘Gnossius hæc Rhadamanthus habet durissima regna,
Castigatque auditque, dolos subegitque fateri!’

Our limits do not allow us to make anything like adequate extracts from this remarkable Protest, but for a few specimens, by which the whole Report may be judged—*ex pede Hercule*—we must find room.

‘It is stated in the Report “that there prevails amongst the inhabitants of a GREAT MAJORITY of the incorporated towns a *general*, and in the opinion of the Commissioners, a *just* dissatisfaction with their municipal institutions,” and “that the existing corporations of England and Wales *neither possess nor deserve* the confidence nor respect of his Majesty’s subjects.” (p. 49.) That is to say, that there is a *great majority* of dissatisfied towns, and a majority of dissatisfied inhabitants in each dissatisfied town; whereas it appears, so far as the existence of dissatisfaction can be collected from the printed Reports, that the feeling, which in the loose language of conversation is termed *general unpopularity*, exists only in a *small* proportion of these communities.

‘The evidence thus failing (as it is submitted) to sustain the position of the preponderating extent of the dissatisfaction, assumed by the Report to be “general,” it becomes expedient to consider its nature and value; whether, in the emphatic phrases of the Report, it is a “*just* dissatisfaction,” and whether it is a testimony that the “existing corporations of England and Wales *neither possess nor deserve* the confidence or respect of his Majesty’s subjects.”

‘In a certain proportion of towns the dissatisfaction of the inhabitants is ascribed to particular causes, not unfrequently to the assertion of rights, which, though *legal*, are *unpleasing* to the inhabitants, or of which the inhabitants contest the legality :—

‘The public mind is dissatisfied in Penryn because the corporation holds a property of which it has been in uninterrupted possession since 1669.

‘At Arundel the inhabitants are dissatisfied because a common is withheld, of which, as the commissioner reports, the freehold had been so long in the burgesses or corporation, that it seemed useless to prosecute the inquiry; whilst in the same place much angry feeling is excited in relation to the share which the corporation ought to take in paying the church-rate.

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'In South Molton, the inhabitants are dissatisfied because they conceive they have a *right to be consulted* in the "disposition of Cope's property."—At Kingston-upon-Hull, they are dissatisfied (amongst other causes) in consequence of the exaction of market tolls, &c. "the Corporation having been successful in (legal) actions respecting such tolls."

'In a second class, magisterial acts, improperly exercised, or *believed, supposed, suspected, or inferred* to have been exercised improperly, are the causes of dissatisfaction.—At Lyme, dissatisfaction arises from the *stopping up of a footpath*.—In Chichester, dissatisfaction arises from the *license of a public-house*, granted in 1813, [twenty-five years ago].—At Dover, dissatisfaction arises from the strong *belief* that the justices have granted or refused *licenses* from improper motives; "but no instance of this was fully substantiated:"—And in Southampton there is a complaint "of unfair distribution of public-house licenses, *anterior to the year 1815*," [twenty years ago] founded upon instances which could not be distinctly made out.

'A third class exhibits the "dissatisfaction" arising from the *unpopularity* of particular members.—In Tenterden, "a feeling of rancour, which it is impossible to exaggerate," and which is extremely prejudicial to the interests and quiet of the town, has been occasioned by the exclusion, in 1824, of a *dissenting candidate from the office of town-clerk by the operation of the Test Act*:—And in Newport (Isle of Wight), where the principal mark of popular dislike is also the town-clerk. Of this individual the Commissioners say, "There appeared not only an absence of the slightest ground for imputation in any office, but an *absence of any thing like a definite suspicion of any sort*."—pp. 5, 6.

This is tolerably decisive of the spirit which actuated these Commissioners, and of the grounds on which they had the effrontery—we can call it nothing else—to make the extravagant assertions of which Sir Francis Palgrave complains. What follows is still more remarkable and important:—

'The report (p. 45, § 108) states, that in "some towns," large sums have been spent in *bribery*, and the other *illegal practices* of contested elections. From the context it appears that *Parliamentary elections* are inferred; and that the sums were expended out of *corporate funds*.'—p. 9.

—and the Report goes on to quote, as specific examples, the cases of Leicester and Barnstaple. Upon this case of Leicester Sir F. Palgrave replies, that Leicester was the *only* corporation charged in the Report with this abuse; and that even as to Leicester, the allegation is now perfectly idle, as an act was passed in 1827 to prevent such practices for the future. This act proves two points, first, that the alleged practice was not before illegal, and secondly, that, having been remedied by a special law, it can furnish no excuse, —but,

—but, indeed, the direct contrary,—for a general law to disfranchise 283 corporations, in which such a practice is not stated to have prevailed. But the misrepresentation in the case of Barnstaple is still more flagrant:—“large sums were expended in *bribery*, and other illegal practices at contested elections”! Such is the general charge, in reference to which the name of Barnstaple is cited; yet it appears that the Commissioners were well aware that the expense at Barnstaple was incurred in *opposing a bill* brought in to disfranchise certain freemen on the score of bribery,—*which opposition was successful*,—the parties proved their innocence, and the bill was thrown out. And it appears that even the circuit Commissioners had stated that—

‘no part of the funds of the corporation [of Barnstaple] have ever been expended in contested elections; the corporation have been generally divided in opinion upon the merits of the candidates; they have not as a body, therefore, interfered.’

And this is a case which Commissioners under the Great Seal of England have quoted, under the equivocating head of ‘*corporate funds expended in election bribery*!’—Sir F. Palgrave proceeds:

‘The Report states that “the evils which have resulted from mismanagement of the corporate property are manifold, and of the most glaring kind; some corporations have been in the habit of letting their lands by private contract to members of their own body, upon a rent and at fines wholly disproportionate to their value, and frequently for long terms of years:” and the Report adds, that at Cambridge “practices of this kind have prevailed to a very great extent.” The Cambridge Report is not yet printed, but it appears from the printed Reports that accusations of such malpractices were preferred against the following corporations; viz. East Looe, Kendal, Gloucester, Reading, Aberystwith, Barnstaple, Fordwich, and Carlisle.

‘In East Looe, no evidence was given to support the charge.

‘In Kendal, the case is at once dismissed by the Commissioners.

‘In the Gloucester case, the Commissioners were satisfied that the rents reserved upon two of the leases were the full value of the land, and of the third lease, more than the value.

‘At Reading, where the charges were “strongly pressed upon our attention,” the Commissioners, having allowed a whole day for the purpose of enabling both parties to procure evidence, were satisfied, after a long and minute inquiry, that the charges were without foundation.

‘At Barnstaple, the Commissioners could “form no estimate of the value of the property,” a [*shabby*] mode of stating that no sufficient evidence was produced.

‘At Fordwich, “the freemen conceive” that the freehold “of a very small extent of ground,” “worth very little,” and used for the purpose of drying fishing-nets, belongs to the Corporation. The matter is still in dispute, and the Commissioner “could not obtain any satisfactory evidence as to the right of property.”

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* At Aberystwith, an individual who often served the office of mayor, is the lessee of two parcels of land, now of considerable value. But, "how far this gentleman may have availed himself of his influence with the Corporation, for the purpose of obtaining a beneficial lease of the premises in question—or how far improvident bargains may have been made on the part of the Corporation in the other leases granted by them—it would now be *difficult to determine*; the transactions were not conducted in such a way as to be altogether free from suspicion."

'The last and most important case of this description occurs at Carlisle, where, between the years 1700 and 1750, various demises were made by the Corporation of a tract of land called King-moor, for lives, for nominal considerations, and with covenants for perpetual renewal, the larger portions to members of their own body, and the smaller to freemen. About fifty years ago the Corporation contemplated resisting the renewal of these leases, but being advised they could *not do so legally*, the leases were renewed. About twenty years ago, a small piece of land was let by the Council to one of its own members for 999 years, at the annual rent of 6*l.* Three years afterwards he sold his interest in it for 70*l.*; and in the year 1815, the Corporation, for a nominal consideration, granted to the Recorder the site of a building in "Scotch-street;" but which *grant* was in fact an *exchange*. These cases are here stated somewhat in detail, because the details alone will show that the assumption that Corporations are in the "*habit*" of committing the most culpable species of malversation, rests (except so far as it may be supported by the Cambridge case and the other *inedited* evidence) upon the "conceptions" of the Fordwich witnesses; the "strong belief," without evidence, of the Barnstaple witnesses; the "suspicions" which attach to the Aberystwith demise; the value of a *moor in Cumberland* in the first half of the eighteenth century; and the *bargain* made about twenty years ago by the member of the council at Carlisle."—pp. 9, 10.

This, we think, will be quite enough to satisfy our readers; and we shall take leave of this topic by reminding these learned Commissioners of one of the maxims of their own '*profession*' relative to evidence; *falsus in uno—falsus in omni*. What, then, must be the deduction, when the instances of falsehood—we are willing to hope not intentional—are so numerous and important?

Upon this Report, however, the ministers have introduced a bill to annihilate all our ancient municipal institutions, which had grown with the growth and strengthened with the strength of the English people; and to substitute for them a number of new districts—to be still called boroughs—in which all royal and corporate and local authorities and rights are to be merged in one uniform system of popular, or rather democratic, election: a system in all its details not merely destructive of all ancient influences, but

establishing amongst us new and, we think, most unconstitutional principles of authority, wholly at variance with the spirit of the English *monarchy*. The old rule was, that all authority emanated from the king. Rousseau and the modern philosophers, wandering back into the original theories of government, asserted that all authority emanates from the *people*; and this speculation—which evidently can never have a practical existence but in a *republic*—is about to become the sole rule and foundation of all internal government, in what we still affect to call the *kingdom* of England. Of the mere details of the bill we shall say little. There are some of them so monstrous that we cannot even now believe that they will be persisted in; such as not only depriving the crown or its chartered delegates of the choice of magistrates, but giving that choice to the rate-payers of the district, with larger powers than are now enjoyed by the king himself. For instance, the king cannot now appoint county magistrates without a certain qualification of property, and even then under the double check of two responsible advisers—the Lord-Lieutenant of the county and the Lord High Chancellor. Hereafter, says the Bill, the magistrates for the boroughs shall have jurisdiction in the counties, without any necessary qualification of property, and with no check or limit whatsoever on the elective caprices of the rate-payers—and, of course, of the *lowest* rate-payers, who will necessarily constitute the majority. A town council is to be elected by all rate-payers, one-third going out annually, but capable of *immediate* re-election. To the town council, thus *irresponsibly* constituted, all the authority, *patronage*, and *property* of the old corporations are to be transferred—under whatsoever circumstances or conditions such patronage and property may have been originally granted—whether by the gift or bequest of corporators themselves, or by persons having a special confidence in the corporation and with the clear intention of entrusting the administration of their benevolence to no other hands. Grants, therefore, and bequests made by members of the *Church of England* for the support of that church, may in all, and certainly will in many, cases, fall under the administration of *Dissenters*; and so certain are the dissenters of the predominance which the provisions of the bill are calculated to give *them*, that we have heard that a dissenting Member of Parliament, when asked why he did not urge the ministers to bring forward their promised measures for the relief of dissenters, answered—‘*If they will only carry the Municipal Reform Bill they will have done quite enough for us.*’

But these democratic councils are not merely to be the trustees of all charity funds, and to have the management and distribution of all corporation property, and the exercise of all *church patronage*:—
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they are to have, also, the uncontrolled licensing of all public-houses, and the absolute appointment to every borough office which can give the holder any kind of political influence. They are to choose the Mayor; who, besides other large and uncontrolled powers, is to be the sole judge of the right of voting in the borough, and is, moreover, to be in all cases the returning officer in elections of members of Parliament. The consequence of all this is obvious—the *lowest* rate-payers will be invested with all the power and patronage, and eventually with all the *political* influence, of the borough.

The whole principle of the bill is democratical; and its practical results will be anomaly, faction, and confusion. All the towns will be kept in the fever of constant canvass, and exposed to the disturbance of *annual* elections, without even the countervailing advantage of an annual *change*. Party spirit, which is the chief objection made to the existing corporations, will receive new fuel, and be extended in directions and applied to purposes where it is now wholly unknown. It will penetrate the inmost recesses of every town of the empire. Masters and workmen will be brought into new collisions; landlords and tenants will have fresh topics of difference; friends and families will be exposed to additional risks of disunion; and the result must be the election of a magistrate, who, if he does his duty, must offend his *constituents*—but who, on the other hand, is more likely to propitiate his constituents by the *abandonment of his duties*.

Every stranger who has visited America has reprobated, and many of the best of her own citizens regret, the constant excitement of elections—which, like that *minor* curse, the yellow fever, is always lurking in the populations of the towns, impeding industry, engendering feuds, propagating and instigating brutality and barbarism, and tending to bring into more direct opposition and struggle the two great classes, which our ancient institutions wisely endeavoured to keep out of personal contact and consequent conflict—the *Rich* and the *Poor*. To this great—perhaps we should say this greatest—object, for securing the internal quiet and happiness of a civilized people, our old corporate system admirably contributed. The corporations formed, both in theory and practice, a middle term between labour and affluence. The poorest artisan—the parish apprentice—might become Lord Mayor of London; and, in point of fact, all the corporations in the kingdom were mainly composed of men who, by industry and good conduct, had bettered themselves in the world, and who rose through that happy medium to different degrees of respectability and rank—without offence either to the humble classes from which they gradually emerged, or to the higher orders amongst whom they arrived,
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with a well-earned opulence and by the merited confidence of their fellow-citizens. Instead of this beneficial system of *permanence* and *unity* in the *institution itself*, and of *succession, gradation, and probation* amongst its *members*, we are to have the *sudden* elevations and depressions of mere popular elections. The lowest brawler in the mob to-day, if he has but paid rates for three years, may be a town-councillor to-morrow, and chief-magistrate the day after; while the orderly and respectable inhabitants will retire from the arena of promiscuous and vulgar competition, and leave the municipal offices and the handling of the municipal funds and patronage to noisy and needy demagogues.

But the bill, we are satisfied, is framed even less for *municipal* than for *political* objects. It is meant as a supplement to the Reform Bill; and as if that were not sufficiently democratical, this municipal reform is calculated to extend and complete the mischief. This is indicated by many circumstances, but by one in particular, which, even after all our experience of Lord John Russell, has, we confess, surprised us.

Our readers will recollect that the Reform Bill was at first recommended by its supporters as a *final* constitutional arrangement. This pledge was afterwards, somewhat jesuitically, frittered down by an explanation that it was final *only as to those points for which it had specially provided*; but on *these points*, the ministers reiterated their solemn pledge, that it was a *final measure*; and, in short, that *its provisions* were not to be disturbed.

Now, mark the honesty of these men!—In the Reform Bill there was introduced a special clause, preserving their elective franchise to resident *freemen*, entitled to that privilege by *birth or apprenticeship*. This was one of the only two or three decent, just, and salutary amendments forced upon the government during that protracted struggle. Lord John Russell was obliged to defer to the sense of the House and the country; but the petty mortification of that slight defeat rankled, it seems, in his little mind, and a clause was introduced in the Municipal Reform Bill—in defiance of the pledge we have before mentioned, and at the risk of opening again all the questions of franchise understood to have been *finally* settled by the Reform Bill—a clause, we say, was introduced, abrogating that part of the Reform Act, and depriving the freemen of the justice which even the Reform Act had done them. This was bad enough; but what will our readers think when they are told that this repeal was attempted, not boldly, openly, and honestly, but—*sub silentio*—so obscurely, so casually, that it might and would probably have passed undiscovered and unnoticed, had not Sir William Follett's legal sagacity detected the device! And what places the *covert* intention beyond all doubt is this—that Lord John

John Russell, in the speech in which he opened the Municipal Bill, did *not make the slightest allusion to the subject*, nor say one word which could induce the House to suspect that so important a matter as the alteration of one of the most remarkable clauses of the Reform Bill—the second Magna Charta of our liberties, as it was pompously called—was to be repealed by a side wind—and by words so ambiguous, that none but a practised and astute lawyer could develope the secret intention. Was he covered with confusion at this detection? It seems not!—When, after this untoward discovery, he could no longer conceal the meaning of the clause, he tardily confessed, that such *was* the intention of the ministry; and the House of Commons, backing him by a large majority of *Scotch and Irish* members, repealed, in a bill for regulating corporations, this clause of the Reform Bill which had preserved to the freemen of *England* the rights which they had earned by their own labour, or inherited from that of their fathers. We will not trust ourselves to add one word of comment on these remarkable and undeniable facts, except only to congratulate Lord John Russell on this fresh instance of his *consistency*; and to rejoice, with the country, on its having a minister of such candour and talents, and with the House of Commons, on their having so judicious and trustworthy a leader.

We cannot, after all, believe that this provision, which to our understanding appears to be not merely wrong in policy but an absolute *breach of faith*, can be permitted to stand. If, from motives which we cannot appreciate, the House of Commons should, on re-consideration, persist in that determination, we know that there is yet *another body* which will see the danger of re-opening the discussions of the Reform Bill, and the injustice of depriving an humble but numerous and deserving class of *Englishmen*—against the opinion of a majority of *English* representatives—of the rights of their inheritance and their labour—and we trust that, on such an occasion, the House of Lords will see the propriety of acting, even now, according to its convictions. We are anxious on this point, not because we think that an injustice, more or less, can alter the character of the Municipal Reform Bill, or that this franchise itself can be, under the existing circumstances, of any real value to the poor men from whom it is to be taken, or to the general interests of the country, but because we feel a peculiar anxiety that the *House of Lords* should vindicate and assert that character of impartial justice which belongs to it, as the highest legal tribunal, and the best, and hitherto never-failing, resort of the injured and oppressed.

There are other details of this bill of a similar character; but our business is not with such details—and what could we add to the
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the powerful and victorious union of eloquence and reason with which Sir Robert Peel and Lord Stanley have exposed its folly and injustice to every ear and eye in England except those of the ministerial majority in the House of Commons?—and perhaps even that is no exception—for, however passion or party may swerve the *votes* of an assembly, there is a secret and internal *conviction* which is too strong for such trammels, and which has the honesty to admire what it has not the courage to imitate.

If it be asked why the Conservative party, so powerful in the Commons and so predominant in the Lords, seems disposed to content itself with these feeble palliatives and amendments, instead of *opposing at once, and in principle*, a bill founded on such inquiries, fabricated by such machinery, and directed to such purposes? *Let the truth be told*—these are no times for a false and treacherous delicacy—that in the House of Commons they *cannot*; and in the House of Lords they *ought not*, for anything short of an *extreme* and *vital* interest—risk a collision, which they are well aware their *Radical enemies are anxious to provoke!* For *such* an interest—for the existence of the CHURCH in Ireland, and consequently in England, for instance—all considerations of temporizing prudence must give way to higher considerations: but for less sacred objects, we most earnestly deprecate any proceeding likely to lead to a crisis, from which, in the present state of things, the most sanguine could not hope a successful issue, and of which, therefore, no man or set of men, in their senses, would incur the responsibility.

We speak not now on theory, reasoning, or foresight—we speak from *recent and conclusive* EXPERIENCE. The late experiment of a Conservative government, under Sir Robert Peel, was made under auspices and with prospects more favourable than we, a year ago, had thought possible. On the one hand was an ‘*imbecile and disjointed*’ ministry—discarded by the king, and universally and unexceptionably ‘*odious and contemptible*’ to the country at large; and, strange to say, most so to those who have been all along their strongest supporters—in *whose* severe language, and *not our own*, we thus designate the Melbourne ministry. On the other hand, was a Cabinet possessing the full favour of the Crown, the confidence of the House of Lords, the enthusiastic support of the vast majority of the property and intelligence of the country—nay, a larger share of general popularity than any minister since Mr. Pitt’s earlier days has enjoyed. The head of the government and its leader in the House of Commons was the first man in England in all the requisites of a great minister; its leader in the House of Lords, the first man in the world. Their foreign policy, at once liberal and conservative, inspired general confidence abroad and at home: not a charge, not a whisper, was heard

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against their capacity, their integrity, or even their liberality—not one objection to any of their measures, their projects, or their motives; even by their opponents they were admitted to be the *ablest* and—if they had not been called Conservatives—the *fittest* men to direct the public affairs. The elections held under such favourable impressions appeared at first sight satisfactory; and—whatever might be the soberer judgments of those who looked below the surface—it cannot be denied that, according to all former experience and the standard by which the stability of political power had been hitherto measured, Sir Robert Peel's administration had a fair prospect of some degree of permanence—yet it *vanished like a dream*! It was beaten the first night, in the largest house that ever was assembled and on the most favourable question that any minister could have desired; it was beaten the second night on the *address* (an address, to no word of which was any objection pretended)—an occurrence which had never before appeared in the parliamentary annals of England; it was beaten on every point on which its opponents chose to beat it; and after a struggle, (which could, from the first defeats, have had no other object than to satisfy the country that all had been done that talents and character could do to avert such a result,) the Ministry—which had the *confidence* of the King, the Lords, and the Country, and even the *respect* of their very opponents—was turned out by the House of Commons; and the smaller fragments of the former '*odious and contemptible*' ministry were replaced in office: and all this for no ostensible motive—no acknowledged reason—except the vague words of Lord John Russell's letter to Mr. Abercrombie—'*a public principle required it.*' The expression was indeed vague, but the meaning is now clear and precise—that *public principle* is DEMOCRACY—that principle which has ever been, when once called into action, victorious over all merely *constitutional* power—of which the present ministers are but the puppets; and which, in spite of them—in spite even of the House of Commons itself, (the majority of which has assuredly no such intention)—will ultimately and inevitably,—though at an interval of time greater or less, according to accidental and incalculable circumstances,—overthrow the Church—expel the Aristocracy—usurp the Monarchy—and seat itself in solitary despotism on the *hereditary throne of all democracies*—THE RUINS OF THE COUNTRY:—which will, we say, infallibly pursue its natural course to its natural and fatal termination, unless it be arrested by some *public principle* of a totally different character, and a yet deeper power. Need we add that it is in the religious feeling of our Protestant countrymen, and in that feeling alone, that we can discover any remaining ground of hope?

ART. XI.—*Memoirs of the Life of the Right Honourable Sir James Mackintosh*. Edited by his Son, Robert James Mackintosh, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo. London, 1835.

THE most remarkable feature, we think, in the literature of the present day is the great and increasing proportion which biography, and particularly *autobiography*, appears to bear to the general mass of publications; and we cannot divest ourselves of a strong suspicion that this disproportion arises from circumstances which are indicative of some degree of deterioration in the public taste, and of abasement in the literary character of our times. Not that we deem lightly of the merit of a good biography—on the contrary, our doubts are founded on the very opposite opinion. Our readers need hardly be reminded how often we have characterized biography, when adequately executed, as one of the most delightful species of reading, and certainly not one of the least difficult styles of composition;—but *corruptio optimi pessima*—and there is nothing more easy and more worthless than a biography in the modern fashion. The eminence of the person—the splendour or utility of his or her life—the information it may convey, or the lesson it may inculcate, are by no means—as they used formerly to be—essential considerations in the choice of a subject. It would be extrajudicial (if we may use the expression) and therefore invidious, to mention particular instances—but our own library tables, and the shelves of every circulating library, are filled with the *lives* of second or third rate persons to whom the honours of a special biography have been voted, either by those who deem it the readiest field from which a little temporary harvest might be gathered, or by the more pardonable partiality of private affection or friendship. Panegyrics, which would formerly have occupied a few lapidary lines on a tablet in the parish church, are now expanded into the greater but we fear less durable dignity of two or three volumes octavo.

‘Each widow asks it for the best of men;’

it is claimed for promising boys deceased in their nonage, and interesting girls in their teens; and whenever a man of any kind of notoriety—actor, author, painter, parson—happens to die, the London publishers find that there are two or three candidate biographers running a race for precedence; and a man’s *life* has, within these few years, been actually announced before his body was deposited in the grave. Indeed what Arbuthnot so pleasantly said of Curl’s avidity after the ‘Letters of Persons lately deceased,’ may, with equal truth, be said of modern biography,—‘*It is a new terror of death*,’—for although these productions are generally meant to be very complimentary, the more frequent result is to leave their victim a smaller man—if the case be susceptible of diminution

diminution—than they found him. Some men—and these are not the most unreasonable class of biographers—cannot afford to leave themselves as a legacy to surviving pens, and, like convicts in Newgate, they sell their own bodies before death—very justly thinking that if an honest penny is to be made out of them, they have the best right to the profit. Sometimes this desire of profit is a little ennobled by the ‘brave thirst of praise,’ and in those cases cupidity and vanity, like Beaumont and Fletcher, produce works in which the separate shares of the joint contributors cannot be distinguished.

In many cases—*minima pars ipse sui*—the nominal hero is far from being the most important personage of the work. He may have been a worthy gentleman, who had twaddled through life without having said or done any one thing worth recording; but *that* shall not prevent his biography or even his autobiography from being announced as ‘a useful and instructive work, and a great acquisition to the historical literature of the age’—because, though *he* has done nothing, he has been related to or connected with *those* who have. The whole circle of his acquaintance is brought into play, and this immediately lets in the whole course of contemporary history. We could instance one ingenious person who happened to be a member of parliament—where he never spoke—but he *heard* Pitt, Fox, Canning, and Castlereagh, and from his recollections of their speeches (assisted by Woodfall’s Debates), and his criticisms on their manners and measures (a little helped by the Annual Register), we were favoured with a not unentertaining autobiographical ‘History of the Life and Times of Solomon Sapiens, Esq., some time M.P. for the Borough of Boretown in the County of Slipslop.’ In short, what with increasing the quantity of the article and deteriorating the quality, we fear it must be confessed that at this moment biography is perhaps the very lowest of all the classes of literature; it has become a mere *manufacture*, which seems in a great measure to have superseded that of *novels*—much to the damage of the *light* reader as well as the graver—the biographical *romance* being, for the most part, infinitely inferior in point of interest, and not very much superior in veracity.

This, after all, may do no other harm than that of increasing the multitude of worthless books with which we are overloaded; but there are some still more serious objections to this system of *extemporaneous* and *contemporaneous* biography, to which even the best works of the class are liable. The principal of these (with which, indeed, all the others are connected) is the almost inevitable sacrifice of historical truth to personal feelings.

Whether a man writes his own life or that of some dear friend lately

lately deceased, it is evident that there must be such a favourable colour spread over the picture that its fidelity must be rather worse than dubious—for even in a court of law the evidence of a party can only be admitted in the rare case in which it shall be against himself: unfavourable or discreditable circumstances are generally passed over in silence, or if they should be of too much notoriety to be wholly unnoticed, they are so covered by the veil of partiality as hardly to be recognized. We have on our table *Memoirs of Robespierre*, said to have been written by his sister, (but really by a '*faiseur*' in her name,) in which the leading feature of his character is said to have been the most sensitive humanity and an almost morbid aversion to the shedding of blood. To crimes—at least to such as those of Robespierre—there is no great danger that the indignation of the reader should be mitigated by the partiality of a biographer; but there are many minor frailties of a man's character which ought *in justice* to be told, but which one would be unwilling to drag back to public notice while his better qualities are still fresh and fragrant in the memory and affection of his family and acquaintance.

But the grave has scarcely been closed over such a man, when the amiable partiality, or the calculating prudence, of his friends puts forth a *Life*, in which these questionable topics are either altogether omitted or kindly misrepresented. If any one—roused by what he thinks undeserved praise—should be so fearless a lover of truth as to endeavour to set the matter in its true point of view, he would have against him not merely the clamours and complaints of the surviving family, but even the good-natured sympathy of the public—who would say, '*It is all very true—but it was long ago, 'tis now forgotten—why revive it?—and, after all, the rest of his life was so respectable and amiable!*' On the other hand, if no notice be taken of such circumstances, the uncontradicted panegyric will be hereafter taken for *undeniable* truth; and other persons, whose conduct towards the individual might have been guided by a knowledge of such circumstances, will pass down to posterity with the reproach of having been negligent, or ungrateful, or envious—when, if the truth were known, they would appear perhaps to have acted with indulgence, delicacy, and honour. The motto of our northern contemporary truly says, *Judex damnatur cum nocens absolvitur*—but, not the judge alone—for, what is worse, the plaintiff and the witness suffer the punishment which the offender escapes.

Nor is it with regard to the principal subject that *contemporaneous* biography, by a man's own or friendly hands, is unsatisfactory; many, and in some instances almost all, of the secondary characters in the drama of his life are still upon the stage: if the writer should

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should possess good-nature and delicacy, these persons will probably be treated with insipid or exaggerated complaisance—justly enough in one respect, because being brought involuntarily before the public as mere subordinates to the principal figure, it would be cruel to treat them otherwise than civilly, and the *keeping* of the picture forbids their being treated with more than civility: but, on the other hand, if the pen happens to be caustic, and the hero of the book has had much dealings with mankind, it is almost impossible that there should not supervene a great deal of prejudice, and consequent misrepresentation; so that, what between cautious good breeding on the one hand, and rivalry and scandal on the other, the secondary characters of a contemporaneous biography are in general still less justly delineated than the hero himself: and, upon the whole, we feel corroborated in our doubts whether the very best of *this* species of biography can be considered in any higher light than a *romance of real life*—a picture, of which the principal figure must be considerably *flattered*, and everything else sacrificed to its prominence and effect.

These considerations—on a popular and thriving, but we think abused branch of literature—are suggested rather by the general nature than the individual details of the work whose title stands at the head of our article. Sir James Mackintosh was a very amiable and a very able man, and the book now before us is highly interesting in its matter, and, on the whole, highly respectable in its style and spirit. As a composition, it is as much superior to the common class of biographies to which we have alluded, as its subject was to theirs; but truth obliges us to state, that it is not (indeed, how could it be?) exempt from some of those drawbacks which we have noticed as incident to a publication of this contemporaneous nature. It gives an—in some not trivial respects—imperfect account of Sir James himself—an unsatisfactory one of his political principles and associates—and it must be read, we think, rather, like any other gossiping diary, for amusement and literary instruction—than consulted as an adequate authority either as to the *life* of Sir James Mackintosh himself, or for the *history* of the times in which he lived. These more serious matters must, if wanted, be sought elsewhere: here, they are to be traced only in hints and allusions, tinged by the pious reverence and partiality of the accomplished editor.

The work is composed of three distinct classes of materials, woven together;—fragments of *Journals* kept, and a few private letters written, by Sir James himself—a dozen long, we will not say tedious, *panegyrics*—*testimonia clarorum virorum*—in the shape of letters to the editor from some of Sir James's early friends
and

and eminent contemporaries, and a scanty connecting narrative and commentary by the editor himself. The much larger and most valuable part of these are the *Journals*; though even they contain little more than memoranda of his literary and judicial *opinions* for a very few years. He evidently contemplated a regular autobiography, but had completed only the first twenty years of his life, 1765—1784, and this sketch occupies the first thirty pages of this work. From that period to 1800 is continued in a narrative by the editor, exceedingly meagre of facts, and which, though it comprises *sixteen years* in less than a hundred pages, is eked out by extracts from the '*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*.' The history of the next five years, up to his arrival at Bombay, is very imperfectly told in half-a-dozen private letters. During the residence at Bombay, and up to the return to England in 1812, the journals and private letters are copious; but from that period, all the most distinguished and important part of Mackintosh's life, his whole senatorial and official existence, is slurred over in a few pages of the scantiest narrative, interspersed, however, with some fragments of *Journal*. These latter fragments will be found exceedingly interesting—but they are few. 'Mackintosh,' says the editor, 'wanted perseverance to complete his autobiography.' Who, indeed, except Dangeau and Pepys, ever had the patience to journalize for a series of years? Mackintosh was naturally indolent, and it would really be surprising if he had succeeded in executing a species of task which we believe to be the very strongest test of dogged diligence. Indeed, the *Journal* seems to have been prosecuted only when external circumstances left him little choice of occupation. When on board ship or in ill health, the *Journal* thrives; but, unfortunately for us, this renders it copious in the *inverse ratio* of its interest. The incidents on board the good ship '*Caroline*' are given with accuracy and abundance, while the anecdotes of Holland House are rare and dry—the *no life* of a sultry and empty house at Bombay is faithfully recorded, but we have no register of the still hotter atmosphere of Brookes's. There is, however, another reason for the irregularity of the *Journals*, which it is but justice to the amiability of Sir James's private life to notice—the greater part, if not all, of these diaries were written for Lady Mackintosh's information after she had been obliged by ill health to return to England sooner than prudential and official reasons allowed her husband to do so—and after his return, during his occasional absences from her. The two years of the first separation occupy alone *one third* of the whole work:—and when we add that these were the two most listless and eventless years of Mackintosh's whole life, it will be safely concluded that there are left but little room and narrow verge

to trace his busier and more important days. Nor can we with truth say that the journals kept for Lady Mackintosh's information are in all respects—at least, as they *now appear*—what might have been expected—there is little '*épanchement*,' little of the natural overflow of familiar confidence; the greater portion consists of criticism and commentaries on the books he has happened to read, and though he is always kind and even affectionate, somehow the journal seems rather addressed to his correspondent's head than her heart. It is rather the kind of critical lecture which Cadenus might have prepared for the improvement of Vanessa's mind, than the full fond familiar *all-telling* 'Journal to Stella.' The editor's delicacy, no doubt, has induced him to suppress not only all such effusions of conjugal confidence, but also what constitutes the chief charm of a diary—all private anecdotes and personal history of individuals—and he is quite right in having done so. But this is only another reason against these premature publications—it would have been better to have waited till all could be told, and when the world might have seen Mackintosh as he really was. We think his memory would—we are sure the public must—have gained by it. A narrative, however honest and true, may by omissions and selections be so garbled as to produce all the effect of falsehood. We by no means wish to insinuate that this is the case in the present instance—but we have a strong impression, amounting indeed to *certainty*, that punctilious reverence for the writer, and cautious delicacy towards surviving friends, have rendered this work considerably different in tone and spirit from what it must have been, had Mackintosh been fearlessly allowed to have told *all* his own story, and in his own way. A life thus compiled and fashioned cannot command implicit confidence, and the good taste and moderation of the editor only serve to render his absolute fidelity more problematical.

We shall now endeavour to condense from these materials, such as they are, the principal events of Sir James Mackintosh's life, interspersed with some extracts from his own pen characteristic of his mind, principles, and manners. He was born, as we have said, in 1765. His father was 'Captain John Mackintosh, who was the representative of an ancient family which had for two centuries possessed a small estate called Killachie, which Sir James inherited, but was obliged in after life to sell.' His mother was Marjory M'Gillivray, who, though of a less eminent clan, appears to have had better immediate connexions than her husband: to her personal merits Sir James bears affectionate testimony, while he passes over in suspicious silence the life, deeds, and death of his father. It is remarkable that all autobiographers that we recollect (except Lord Byron) are abundant in praise of their mothers.

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This arises, we suppose, from two causes: first, because women are intrinsically more amiable, more *attaching*, than even the best and gentlest of men;—but chiefly perhaps because they are the first objects of instinctive affection—the earliest ideas are the strongest and most lasting—the care and tenderness of the *mother* occupy *without rivalry* the young mind; which, when it begins to take notice of the *father*, finds his image commingled with the restraint of discipline, the irksomeness of study, and, in fact, all the *disagreeables* of early life. The father is our master and our judge, and sometimes our executioner—the mother our confidant, our advocate, our consoler. Byron's case is probably an exception only in terms—he knew but *one* parent, and the alternations of fondness and severity which arose from her peculiar position—assisted, no doubt, by the natural waywardness of the boy and some congenial irregularity of her own temper—deprived him, by a double misfortune, of the affection which happier children feel towards an indulgent mother, and of the respect which they involuntarily pay to a judicious father. Mackintosh accounts for the intensity of the reciprocal tenderness of *his* mother rather differently—the circumstances of the family were narrow, and 'his mother loved him,' he says, 'with that fondness which we are naturally disposed to cherish for the companions of our poverty.' We a little doubt that poverty quickens natural affection; and from a pregnant hint 'that his mother was *not happy*' (p. 3) we should—if obliged to look beyond the instinct of maternal tenderness—rather suppose that a community in sufferings more poignant than mere poverty might have concentrated in a peculiar degree the affection of the mother on her sympathizing boy.

At ten years old he was sent to school, where, as every other autobiographer does, and, as we suppose, every one else is inclined to do, he complains of how little he acquired. A complaint so universal cannot apply to any particular school, or any individual boy, and those who, upon similar testimonies, decry our great public schools, ought in fairness to see whether every man, wherever educated, does not tell the same story. It was but the other day that we heard one of the greatest, the most gifted, and the most accomplished men of the age—a great statesman and an admirable scholar—lamenting over the *lost opportunities* of his education; yet he had been from his earliest youth remarkable for a combination of genius and diligence, which, in the opinion of every one but himself, has been crowned with the most brilliant results. The truth is, we are too apt to forget that the young mind can no more do the work of maturity than the young body; and a man of general acquirements—conscious of how little he knows compared with the wide range of knowledge, and how im-

perfectly,

perfectly, compared with those who follow a single pursuit—is apt to do injustice to himself and his instructors. The mind that learns little at school might have been broken down under an attempt to carry more; and we incline to concur in the spirit of the opinion with which Mackintosh's old nurse moderated the elation of his friends at his precocious talents—‘*Wait awhile; its no aye that wise bairns mak wise men!*’ Many and many a man, we firmly believe, has been over-educated into dullness.

At school, however, he seems to have learned something which it were better he had been untaught—he fell in with a *freethinking* usher. ‘I became,’ he says, in consequence of the turn this man’s disquisitions gave his mind, ‘a warm advocate for free-will; and before I was fourteen I was probably the *boldest heretic* in the country’ (p. 6). How far these *heretical* opinions went, and how long they lasted, we are not told by the editor—but *we* have good reason to believe that, if not transient, they were at least not enduring. In his own published writings, Mackintosh speaks, whenever he alludes to sacred subjects, in a tone of reverence; and if we do not find in them any *distinct* avowal of his own Christian conviction, it is, his personal acquaintances do not need to be told, because no occasion for such a profession of faith seemed to present itself. We regret the silence of the editor on this important topic—but, here as in many other points, we must not forget that, able and intelligent as he obviously is, he must be a *very young* man, and a *wholly inexperienced* author.

In 1799 Mrs. Mackintosh left her son to rejoin ‘his father, then in camp near Plymouth, and soon accompanied him to Gibraltar, where she died;’ and where, thirty years afterwards, Sir James with pious care erected a monument to her memory.

He remained at school till October, 1780. He had, he says, been latterly deputed by the master to teach—

‘what very little I knew to the younger boys. I went and came, read and lounged, as I pleased. I could very imperfectly construe a small part of Virgil, Horace, and Sallust. There my progress at school ended. Whatever I have done beyond has been since added by my own irregular reading. But no subsequent circumstance could make up for that invaluable habit of vigorous and methodical industry which the indulgence and irregularity of my school life prevented me from acquiring, and of which I have painfully felt the want in every part of my life.’—vol. i. pp. 7, 8.

The four years subsequent to 1780 were passed, the winters at the college of Aberdeen, the vacations with his grandmother; and as here, according to his own very probable account, his political and literary character received its first impulse, we shall make a copious extract:—

'I fell under the tuition of Dr. Dunbar, author of 'Essays on the History of Mankind,' &c.; and under his care I remained till I left college. He taught mathematics, natural and moral philosophy, in succession. His *mathematical and physical knowledge was scanty*, which may perhaps have contributed to the scantiness of mine. In *moral and political speculation* he rather *declaimed* than communicated (as he ought) *elementary instruction*. He was, indeed, *totally wanting in the precision and calmness* necessary for this last office. But he felt, and in his declamation inspired an ardour which, perhaps, raised some of his pupils above the vulgar; and which might even be more important than positive knowledge. He was a worthy and liberal-minded man, and a *very active opponent of the American war*. In spring, 1782, when the news arrived of the dismissal of Lord North, he met me in the street, and told me, in his pompous way, "Well," Mr. M., "I congratulate you—the Augean stable is cleansed."..... *I trace to his example some declamatory propensities* in myself, which I have taste enough in my sober moments to disapprove; but I shall ever be *grateful* to his memory for having contributed to breathe into my mind *a strong spirit of liberty*, which, of all moral sentiments, in my opinion, tends most to swell the heart with an animating and delightful consciousness of our own dignity; which again inspires moral heroism, and creates the exquisite enjoyments of self-honour and self-reverence.'—vol. i. p. 12.

It is no slight proof of the strength of early prejudices that so acute a dialectician as Mackintosh should be found expatiating in such vague commonplaces about *the spirit of liberty*, when he had just before very justly characterized the person who had inoculated him with that enthusiasm as an empty and pompous declaimer, with scanty knowledge of what he ought to have known, and who seems to have talked politics to his pupils because he was incapable of instructing them in that which it was his duty to teach.

'We had among us some English dissenters, who were educated for the ecclesiastical offices of their sect. Robert Hall, now a dissenting clergyman at Cambridge, was of this number. He then displayed the same acuteness and brilliancy, the same extraordinary vigour both of understanding and imagination, which have since distinguished him. His society and conversation had a great influence on my mind. Our controversies were almost unceasing. We lived in the same house, and we were both very disputatious. He led me to the perusal of Jonathan Edwards's book on Free-Will, which Dr. Priestley had pointed out before. I am sorry that I never yet read the other works of that most extraordinary man, who, in a metaphysical age or country, would certainly have been deemed as much the boast of America as his great countryman Franklin. We formed a little debating society, in which one of the subjects of dispute was, I remember, the duration of future punishments. Hall defended the rigid,

rigid, and I the more lenient opinion. During one winter, we met at five o'clock in the morning to read Greek, in the apartments of Mr. Wynne, a nephew of Lord Newburgh, who had the good-nature to rise at that unusual hour for the mere purpose of regaling us with coffee. Hall read Plato, and I went through Herodotus. Our academical instruction has left very few traces on my mind.'—vol. i. p. 14.

But Mackintosh was now destined to take lessons from a tutor still more indiscreet than Dr. Dunbar. In 1782, he fell in love with a Miss S——, of I——, and, exchanging Herodotus for the ladies who give their names to his books, became a poet in her praise, and wooed her in prose and rhyme till she returned his passion; for three or four years this amour was the principal object of his thoughts, and all his anxiety was to obtain such a moderate competency as would justify matrimony. His first ambition did not soar beyond a *professorship at Aberdeen*—to which, encouraged, we suppose, by Dr. Dunbar's successful practice, he does not seem to have dreamt that ignorance and utter incapacity could be any obstacle: however, this design was gradually abandoned; and our readers will, we think, smile at the alternative which he was willing to embrace as a substitute for the *professorship*:—

'In spring, 1784, I finally quitted college, with little regular and exact knowledge, but with considerable activity of mind and boundless literary ambition.

"The world was all before me,"

and I had to choose my profession. My own inclination was towards the Scotch bar; but my father's fortune was thought too small for me to venture on so uncertain a pursuit. To a relation from London, then in the Highlands, I expressed my wish to be a *bookseller in the capital*, conceiving that no paradise could surpass the life spent amongst books, and diversified by the society of men of genius. My cousin, "a son of earth," knew no difference between a bookseller and a tallow-chandler, except in the amount of annual profit. He astonished me by the information that a creditable bookseller, like any other considerable dealer, required a capital, which I had no means of commanding; and that he seldom was at leisure to peruse any book but his ledger. It is needless to say, that his account of the matter was pretty just; but I now think that a well-educated man, of moderate fortune, would probably find the life of a bookseller in London very agreeable. Our deliberations terminated in the choice of physic, and I set out for Edinburgh, to begin my studies, in October, 1784. In the mean time, I am ashamed to confess that my youthful passion had insensibly declined, and during this last absence was nearly extinguished. The young lady afterwards married a physician at Inverness, and is now, I hope, the happy as well as respectable mother of a large family.'—vol. i. pp. 20, 21.

At Edinburgh he studied medicine, after the manner congenial to his indolent and speculative disposition. He seems to have pursued his *practical* and substantial studies very loosely, but to have embarked in the *polemics* of medical theories with great zeal. These led him to, first, a medical, and subsequently, a general, Debating Society, where he indulged, and probably improved, his oratorical talents.

'In three months after my arrival in Edinburgh, *before I could have distinguished bark from James's powder, or a pleurisy from a dropsy in the chamber of a sick patient, I discussed with the utmost fluency and confidence the most difficult questions in the science of medicine.* We mimicked, or rather felt, all the passions of an administration and opposition; and we debated the cure of a dysentery with as much factious violence as if our subject had been the rights of a people or the fate of an empire. *Any subject of division is, indeed, sufficient food for the seclarian and factious propensities of human nature.*'—p. 25.

The pleasantry, candour, and good sense of this confession is characteristic of Mackintosh; but not less characteristic is the inconsistency with which he in a moment forgets that the practice of such presumption and effrontery might have an injurious effect on the youthful mind, inadequately compensated by an increased fluency of words or a readier knack at disputation.

'These debates might, no doubt, be laughed at by a spectator; but if he could look through the ludicrous exterior, he might see that they led to serious and *excellent consequences.* The exercise of the understanding was the same, on whatever subjects, or in *whatever manner* it was employed. Such debates were the only public examinations in which favour could have no place, and which never could degenerate into mere formality; they must always be severe and always just.

'I was soon admitted a member of the Speculative Society, which had general literature and science for its objects. It had been founded about twenty years before, and during that period numbered among its members all the distinguished youth of Scotland, as well as many foreigners attracted to Edinburgh by the medical schools.

'When I became a member, the leaders were Charles Hope, now Lord Justice Clerk [*now* the venerated Lord President], John Wilde, afterwards professor of civil law, and who has now, alas! survived his own fertile and richly-endowed mind; Malcolm Laing the historian; Baron [the afterwards well known Benjamin] Constant de Rebecque, a Swiss of singular manners and powerful talents, and who made a transient appearance in the tempestuous atmosphere of the French Revolution; Adam Gillies, a brother of the historian, and a lawyer in great practice at Edinburgh [*now* Lord Gillies]; Lewis Grant, eldest son of Sir James Grant, then a youth of great promise, and afterwards member of parliament for the county of Elgin, now in the
most

most hopeless state of mental derangement; and Thomas Addis Emmett, who soon after quitted physic for law, and became distinguished at the Irish bar. He was a member of the secret directory of United Irishmen. In 1801, when I last visited Scotland, he was a state prisoner in Fort George. He is now a barrister at New York.—pp. 25—27.

At this period closes Sir James's own sketch of his early life, which we have the more copiously extracted because it is his own, and because we think it indicates the bent of his mind, and shows the vague and inconsiderate manner in which he originally imbibed those principles, which he professed, not without some injury to the community, in the early part of his *public* life, but which, much to his honour, he seems in his latter years to have very much modified, if not wholly abjured.

With such a knowledge of the medical art as this course of study might be supposed to give, he took his Doctor's degree in the autumn of 1787; and '*in the beginning of the spring of 1788*' (p. 41), *Doctor Mackintosh* made his first appearance in London. And now occurred a circumstance, which—if we are correct in our development of what appears to be the *studied* confusion of the editor's dates—is indicative of an inconceivable degree of precipitation—he *married*. We know not what the editor may consider as the '*beginning of Spring*,' when Mackintosh arrived in London and took up his abode at the house of a Mr. Fraser; but we find (p. 50) that he was married on the *13th of February*, of the same year, to Miss Catherine Stuart, a young lady whom he first met in Mr. Fraser's society. Is it to conceal or palliate this extravagant haste that the editor's narrative interposes, between the *arrival* and the *marriage*, an ample account of Mackintosh's early London life—his too convivial dissipation—his discursive studies—his political excitements—and even an attempt to get out to Russia as a practising physician? This last event is dated in *June*, 1788; and we cannot guess—except on the supposition which we have hinted—why it, and all the other particulars we have quoted, should precede by several pages the statement of the marriage, which, if our reading of the dates be correct, must have preceded them all.

But though the marriage was hasty as to time, and imprudent in other circumstances, it was, as far as depended on the parties themselves, a happy one. Mrs. Mackintosh appears to have been an amiable and excellent woman. She bore him three daughters, but died in childbirth, in April, 1797; and the following extract from a beautiful and most characteristic letter of Mackintosh's, on this melancholy occasion, will do her higher and more lasting honour than one of his friend Parr's absurd and pedantic Latin epitaphs,

epitaphs, which parodies Cicero on a Christian monument in the church of St. Clement Danes:—

‘Allow me in justice to her memory to tell you what she was, and what I owed her. I was guided in my choice only by the blind affection of my youth. I found an intelligent companion and a tender friend—a prudent mistress, the most faithful of wives, and a mother as tender as children ever had the misfortune to lose. I met a woman who, by the tender management of my weaknesses, gradually corrected the most pernicious of them. She became prudent from affection; and though of the most generous nature, she was taught economy and frugality by her love for me. During the most critical period of my life, she preserved order in my affairs, from the care of which she relieved me. She gently reclaimed me from dissipation; she propped my weak and irresolute nature; she urged my indolence to all the exertions that have been useful or creditable to me; and she was perpetually at hand to admonish my heedlessness and improvidence. To her I owe whatever I am—to her whatever I shall be. In her solicitude for my interest, she never for a moment forgot my feelings or my character. * * I lost her, alas! (the choice of my youth, and the partner of my misfortunes) at a moment when I had the prospect of her sharing my better days.’—pp. 96, 97.

But we must return to an earlier period. Mrs. Mackintosh's brothers were both, we are told, connected with the press, and, we believe, on the side of Opposition. It is probable that this may have been an additional incentive to Mackintosh's predisposition to Whig politics, though we do not find any note of his having been employed by those gentlemen; nor, strange enough to say, is there any other information given of the means by which Mackintosh existed during the first years of his abode in London, than may be gathered from the following anecdote:—

‘The following autumn (1789) was occupied by a tour, in company with his wife, through the Low Countries to Brussels, and a residence there of some duration, during which—while he acquired an uncommon facility in the use of the French tongue—he at the same time obtained some insight into the causes and chances of success in the struggle which was then going on between the Emperor Joseph and his refractory subjects in the Netherlands. This knowledge he turned to account on his return to London, towards the end of the year, by contributing most of the articles on the affairs of Belgium and France to the “Oracle” newspaper, conducted at that time by Mr. John Bell, with whom an engagement had been made by a mutual friend for “Doctor” Mackintosh—a title which is said to have had some influence in the bargain, as conveying a favourable impression of the dignity of the new ally. This species of writing, not requiring continued application, appears to have fallen in with his desultory habits, and he laboured in his new vocation of “superintending the foreign news,” with great industry. “One week (we are told,

told,) being paid in proportion to the quantity, his due was ten guineas;" at which John Bell, a liberal man, was rather confounded, exclaiming, "No paper can stand this!" After this unfortunate explosion of industry, the exuberance of his sallies in the cause of Belgium and French freedom was repressed by a fixed salary, which he continued to enjoy till the increasing returns from his property, and augmented ease of his circumstances, allowed him more to consult his own inclination, as to the mode in which his talents and industry should be employed."—pp. 53, 54.

There is reason to fear (and it would have been no disgrace, but the contrary, if the editor had told it) that, at this period, Mackintosh must have suffered considerable pecuniary difficulty; and it is but justice to his literary character to state, that he seems never to have been, till his Indian appointment, sufficiently at ease in that respect, to be in any degree master of his studies and occupation.

It may even be doubted, indeed, whether the habits of the man as to matters of worldly business did not, among other, we will not say graver consequences, entail upon him even at much later periods something of the same interrupting or diverting inconvenience. His friend, Mr. Sidney Smith, thus writes to the editor of these memoirs:—

'Curran, the Master of the Rolls, said to Mr. Grattan, "You would be the greatest man of your age, Grattan, if you would buy a few yards of red tape, and tie up your bills and papers." This was the fault or the misfortune of your excellent father; he never knew the use of red tape, and was utterly unfit for the common business of life. That a guinea represented a quantity of shillings, and that it would barter for a quantity of cloth, he was well aware; but the accurate number of the baser coin, or the just measurement of the manufactured article, to which he was entitled for his gold, he could never learn, and it was impossible to teach him. Hence his life was often an example of the ancient and melancholy struggle of genius with the difficulties of existence.'

But we must go back to *Doctor Mackintosh*. He made several ineffectual attempts to establish himself as a physician at Bath, at Salisbury, at Weymouth. The pupil of Dr. Dunbar who knew more about Lord North than Boërhaave, and the debater on medical theories, who could not distinguish *bark* from *James's powders* or a *pleurisy* from a *dropsy*,—was never, notwithstanding the incomprehensible chances of the medical profession, likely to attract much confidence.

At last, in 1790, came the tide in his affairs, which, when taken at the ebb, led on to reputation, and at last to fortune. Mr. Burke's 'Reflections on the French Revolution' appeared: Mackintosh, probably predisposed by the principles of
Dr.

Dr. Dunbar—sharpened by poverty*, and incited by a just confidence in his own powers, and a natural desire of distinction, published, in reply (April, 1791), his *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*. The literary merit of this work was very considerable in itself, and its reputation was from some auxiliary circumstances still greater. The splendid orb of Burke's genius illuminated the *opposition* of the satellite.

‘Iste tulit pretium jam nunc certaminis hujus,
Quo cùm victus erit, *mecum* certâsse feretur.’

The very contest was a distinction in the eyes of the world, while the Jacobin adversaries of Burke extolled and exaggerated the powers of their new champion with all the zeal of party.

As to the principles of the work we need only quote Mackintosh's own calmer judgment. When—very soon—the horrors of the French Revolution had accomplished all the prophecies of Burke, and drowned in a deluge of fire and blood all the splendid hopes and eloquent sophistries of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*—Mackintosh, who we really believe was not, from the first, very sincere in the principles which his work appeared to advocate, abandoned them altogether with a mixture of personal disappointment and conscientious candor, which he describes very forcibly: and when in a few years more he undertook to deliver lectures on English law, he took that public occasion to confess that a considerable modification of his political principles had taken place. This avowal was received by the Jacobin party with loud indignation; which was greatly inflamed by Mackintosh's subsequent acceptance of a place from a Tory minister. The more violent branded him as an *apostate*—Parr, who on the appearance of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, had, with all the fervour of faction, adopted him as a kind of political godson, now turned short round and marked his indignation by the bitterest sarcasm. It is said that at their last meeting the conversation happened to turn on O'Quigley, an Irish priest, who was hanged for high treason; and Mackintosh having expressed a very unfavourable opinion of him, Parr said ‘*He might have been worse.*’ ‘How so?’ asked Mackintosh. ‘Why, Jemmy,’ rejoined Parr, ‘he was an *Irishman*,—he might have been a *Scotchman*; he was a *priest*,—he might have been a *lawyer*; he was a *traitor*,—he might have been an *apostate.*’ The editor might have recorded this clever sally without any disparagement to his father's memory,

* The editor states—‘That the price originally fixed was only 30*l.*, but when the demand became great, the publisher, George Robinson, repeated *several times* the original amount. The smallness of the price may be in part accounted for from the work *having been sold before it was written.*’—p. 58. This last is a very important fact, and if Mackintosh himself had not repudiated the principles of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ* would have afforded an interesting topic for observation.

—for the two first charges, however witty in the speaker, were no imputation against their object, and the latter could only have been offensive if Mackintosh were insincere in his conversion—which no one can now believe. The silence of the editor gives more venom to this pleasantry than it before possessed. It is certain, however, that Mackintosh became the object of the enmity of most of his former friends—and even the good-natured Fox himself was estranged from, and never, we believe, reconciled to his wavering disciple. Sore from these imputations—which, however unjust, are intolerable when envenomed by the rancour of party—Mackintosh addressed, in Dec. 1804, a long explanatory letter to the amiable and accomplished Mr. Richard Sharp (whose recent loss the literary world regrets), an old friend and a zealous Whig, with the intention, no doubt, that he should use it as a means of reconciliation with the Party. This letter, though it is substantially a sufficient vindication of Mackintosh's vacillations, is marked with the indecision of his mind, and we may add, the narrowness, in some respects, of his views. It is pitched in too low and apologetical a tone. It is an argumentative appeal for *indulgence*, rather than the indignant *refutation* of calumny and injustice—and, indeed, it seems to us, characteristic of the principle of his whole life. Feeling few things very deeply, adopting nothing very implicitly, finding, like Sir Roger de Coverley, that much might be said on both sides, he would willingly have resided on the frontiers of both parties, and enjoyed, on a kind of neutral ground, the friendship, or at least the society, of the adverse leaders. But this letter is curious in another point of view, as evidence of the blind and irrational tyranny of party, which could render it necessary for such a man as Mackintosh to enter into a defence of his personal honour, and of his fitness for the society of gentlemen, because, forsooth, he thought somewhat differently of the French Revolution in 1790 and in 1795, and hesitated to continue the hopes and confidence he had placed in Bailly and Lafayette, to Marat and Robespierre! Mackintosh's foresight may be impugned in this respect: Mr. Burke had warned him that the *Constituent Assembly* was pregnant with the *National Convention*, and that the *fifth and sixth of October, 1789*, were the certain preludes to the *second and third of September, 1792*: Mackintosh may, we repeat, be censured for blindness and prejudice in having disregarded Mr. Burke's prophetic reasonings—but surely not for *apostacy*—when the face of things had changed to the very contrary of what he had wished, hoped, and promised. Of this letter (which our limits do not allow us to give *in extenso*), we shall condense a few passages. Of the *Vindiciæ Gallicæ*, and of the gradual change of his opinions, he says, with a truth and force

force which we think exceedingly *touching* as well as *convincing*—

'Filled with enthusiasm, in very early youth, by the promise of a better order of society, I most unwarily ventured on publication, when my judgment and taste were equally immature. . . . But in the changing state of human affairs, the man who is constant to his opinions will be sometimes thought inconstant to his politics. . . . Those only who had irrevocably attached their early hopes, their little reputation, which they might be pardoned for exaggerating, and even, as they conceived, their moral character, to the success or failure of the French Revolution, can conceive the succession of feelings, most of them very painful, which agitated my mind during its progress. They alone knew my feelings from whom no sentiments of mine could be concealed. The witnesses of my emotion on the murder of General Dillon—on the 10th of August—on the massacre of the prisons—on the death of the king—are now no more. But the memory of what it is no hyperbole to call *my sufferings*, is at this instant fresh.'—pp. 130, 131.

But in the midst of this apology, it is curious to see him confessing that he feels himself again wavering, and laying grounds for the future defence of future oscillation—

'At this moment, it is true, I suppose myself in a better position for impartiality. I therefore take it upon me to rejudge my past judgments. But can I be quite certain that the establishment of monarchical despotism in France, and the horrible effects of tyranny and imposture around me in this country, may not have driven my understanding once more to a point a little on the democratic side of the centre? I own I rather suspect myself of this; and though I labour to correct the deviation, and am convinced that it is much less than ever it was before, yet I am so sensible of the difficulty of discerning the middle point in politics, and of the still greater difficulty of resting near it, in the midst of so many disturbing powers, that I cannot but feel some distrust of my present judgment, and some disposition not to refuse to my own past errors that toleration, which I never withheld from those other men.'—pp. 133, 134.

The editor does not tell us what effect this letter produced—from his silence as well as from the nature of the letter itself, we conclude that it could not have had the desired effect, nor have produced in the Party much confidence in the implicit devotion of so argumentative and balancing a mind.

It was about this period that Mackintosh wrote in his copy of Lord Bacon's works the following note, which sufficiently attests the sincerity at this period of his anti-revolutionary conversion.

'Jus naturæ et gentium diligentius tractaturus, omne quod in Vërolamio ad jurisprudentiam universalem spectat relegit J. M. apud Broadstairs in agro Rutupiano Cantiaë, anno salutis humanæ 1798, latè
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tum flagrante, per Europæ felices quondam populos, misero fatalique bello, in quo nefarii et scelestissimi latrones infando consilio, apertè et audacter, virtutem, libertatem, *Dei Immortalis cultum*, mores et instituta majorum, hanc denique pulcherrimè et sapientissimè constitutam rempublicam labefactare, et penitèd evertere conantur.'—p. 115.

'James Mackintosh, when about to study with greater diligence the law of nature and of nations, reperused all those parts of Bacon which relate to general jurisprudence, at Broadstairs in the Isle of Thanet—the year of human salvation, 1798—when the once happy nations of Europe are suffering under a wide wasting, miserable, and fatal war, in which the most nefarious rogues and villains are—advisedly—openly—and audaciously, endeavouring to shake, and eventually to entirely overthrow—virtue—liberty—the worship of God—the manners and institutions of our forefathers—and, in short, this, our most wisely and most beautifully constituted frame of government and society.'—p. 115.

When copying these last words, in honour of Mackintosh's honest patriotism at the moment he wrote them, we cannot repress a feeling of wonder, and, we will confess, of sorrow and shame, that he who in this passage, and in many others more deliberate and most decisive in his lectures and other publications, had praised *'the institutions of our forefathers, and this our most wisely and beautifully constituted frame of government and society,'* should have voted and spoken—however reluctantly and feebly—in favour of the *Reform Bill*.

But we must not anticipate. It is pleasing to reflect that even in the heat of controversy Mackintosh never forgot his respect and admiration for Mr. Burke—and, when the contest had subsided, Burke on some overture from Mackintosh invited him to Beaconsfield, where he passed the last Christmas (1797) of Burke's life; when, to use the happy phrase of Lord Sidmouth—the most disinterested and effective friend Mackintosh ever made—'he renounced his early errors and received absolution.' There can be no doubt that this personal acquaintance with Mr. Burke tended still farther to reclaim Mackintosh from his first political principles, and to create additional distrust amidst the zealots of his party.

Having, as we have stated, failed to establish himself in medical practice, and being obliged to depend for a livelihood mainly on his literary abilities, Mackintosh resolved to abandon physic for law, and was called to the bar in 1795. He appears, from this account, to have had a greater share of success in his practice at the bar than we had before heard of. There is a long and very interesting letter (without a date, but written avowedly at the editor's request for this work) from Mr. Basil Montague, by whose advice Mackintosh removed from the Home to the Norfolk circuit, giving an account of the origin of their acquaintance, and some anecdotes of their circuit campaigns, which we wish we had

had room to insert, for it is not only amusing in itself but affords a very favourable and, we have no doubt, just view of Mackintosh's feelings and prospects at this period.

While he was creeping on in business and towards affluence, the prosecution of Peltier for a libel on Buonaparte gave him (Feb. 1802) the double opportunity of publicly abjuring everything like Jacobinism, and of exhibiting his forensic talents on a great stage and with distinguished success. Mackintosh had long entertained a wish to obtain an Indian judgeship,—his reputation now justified such an appointment, and although this celebrated speech had been made against a government prosecution, Lord Sidmouth (then Mr. Addington), with his characteristic liberality and good nature, took advantage of a vacancy in the Recordship of Bombay to procure the appointment of Mackintosh to that office. The editor states that for this ministerial favour his father was mainly indebted to the mediation of Mr. Canning and the Lord Chief Commissioner Adam. We fear the introduction of these two names has been suggested with some view of justifying Mackintosh's acceptance of even a judicial office from a Tory minister,—but this was unnecessary,—and the editor has been, we are satisfied, misinformed as to the fact. Canning we know was, and Adam we can well believe may have been, useful to Mackintosh on *other* occasions,—but at this period they were both, and Canning particularly, in violent opposition to Mr. Addington—and we think we have the best authority for saying that in *this* matter neither Adam nor Canning had the slightest share,—the favour was asked by Mackintosh without intermediation, and granted by the minister without condition. That on accepting this favour Mackintosh did not derogate from any just claims that *party* could have on him is proved by a complimentary letter to him from Erskine, the Whig leader of the bar, immediately after the Peltier speech, by which it appears that Mackintosh had, previous to that event, aspired to a colonial judgeship, to his acceptance of which Erskine saw *no other objection* than that it was now beneath his talents and deserts. To India, however, early in 1804, he proceeded, having first received the honour of knighthood, accompanied by his second wife (Miss Allen, of Cressilly, in Pembrokeshire, whom he had married in 1798), and three daughters by his former and two by his latter marriage. It would be unjust to Mackintosh not to extract a passage from a letter which, about this time, Mr. Horner addressed to a common friend:—

'Give my respects to Sir James and Lady Mackintosh when you see them. I never pretended to express to either of them my sense of the great kindness they have shown me since I came to London, because

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because I could not express it adequately. I shall ever feel it with gratitude, if I am good for anything. To Mackintosh, indeed, my obligations are of a far higher order than those even of the kindest hospitality: he has been an intellectual master to me, and has enlarged my prospects into the wide regions of moral speculation, more than any other tutor I have ever had in the art of thinking; I cannot even except Dugald Stewart, to whom I once thought I owed more than I could ever receive from another. Had Mackintosh remained in England, I should have possessed, ten years hence, powers and views which now are beyond my reach. I never felt his conversation but I felt a mixed consciousness, as it were, of inferiority and capability; and I have now and then flattered myself with the feeling, as if it promised that I might make something of myself. I cannot think of all this without being melancholy; "*ostendent tantum fata, neque ultra.*"—vol. i. p. 199.

This extract is doubly pleasing,—it does equal credit to two highly gifted and amiable persons; and, although Mr. Horner was at this period a very young man, his testimony is valuable as to the intellectual merits of Mackintosh's conversation, and the good nature with which he ever encouraged talents in others. The trite and inapplicable quotation with which Mr. Horner concludes was to be too soon less inappropriately repeated on his own untimely death.

Mackintosh's life, or rather his sickly vegetation, at Bombay is, as we have said, very fully told in a series of private letters and journals, which, nevertheless, contain little more than some notes of tours made in the interior, and some remarks on the works which he happened to read, and on the new publications which the India ships conveyed to him from Europe. Many of the latter are highly interesting,—as specimens of a just and candid style of criticism—indeed they are more than enough to make this a book of solid and permanent value—but they have little relation to Mackintosh's own actual *Life*. Mackintosh went to India—*multa et preclara minans*—of legal, philosophical, and historical works, which should occupy and fructify his official leisure; but an indolent man can never have leisure—and the climate of Bombay would have been enough to subdue a more active disposition than his; he seems to have done little more than read carelessly and ramblingly,—and his greatest exertions (of course out of his judicial duties) were commentaries on what he read. We are tempted to give our readers a few specimens—though the best of them are too long to be extracted *in extenso*, and too closely reasoned to allow of abridgment:—

'My *works* (we find him confessing to Mr. Sharp,) are, alas! still projects. What shall I say for myself? My petty avocations, too minute for description, and too fugitive for recollection, are yet effectual

effectual interruptions of meditation. They are, I admit, partly the pretext. All I have to say is, that they are also partly the cause of my inactivity. I cannot say with Gray, that my time is spent in that kind of *learned* leisure, which has self-improvement and self-gratification for its object. Learned he might justly call his leisure. To that epithet I have no pretensions; but I must add, that frequent compunction disturbs my gratification; and the same indolence, or the same business which prevents me from working for others, hinders me from improving myself.—pp. 288, 289.

‘I read at Mr. Wood’s *Madame de Genlis’s* “*Maintenon*,” and I think it, perhaps, her best work. *Madame de Maintenon* is a heroine after her own heart. She is as virtuous as the fear of shame and hell could make her. A prudent regard to interest can go no farther. She was the perfect model of a reasonable and respectable Christian epicurean; and she was by nature more amiable than her system would have made her. The observations on courts are, I think, quite unrivalled. They just reach the highest point of refinement compatible with solidity.’—vol. ii. pp. 8, 9.

This idea he afterwards expanded very happily in an article in the *Edinburgh Review*, vol. xlv. p. 420.

“I perform my promise of giving you some account of what I have been reading in *Hogarth*. I do not think it quite justice to say that he was a great comic genius. It is more true that he was a great master of the tragedy and comedy of low life. His pictures have terrific and pathetic circumstances, and even scenes: he was a *Lillo* as well as a *Fielding*. His sphere, which was English low life, was contracted indeed, compared to that of *Shakspeare*, who ranged through human nature in all times, countries, ranks, and forms; but he resembled *Shakspeare* in the versatility of talent, which could be either tragic or comic; and in a propensity, natural to such a talent, to blend tragic with comic circumstances.”—vol. ii. pp. 41, 42.

“The *Empress Elizabeth*, of *Russia*, during the war with *Sweden*, commanded the *Hetman*, or chief of the *Cossacks*, to come to court on his way to the army in *Finland*. ‘If the emperor, your father,’ said the *Hetman*, ‘had taken my advice, your majesty would not now have been annoyed by the *Swedes*.’ ‘What was your advice?’ answered the empress. ‘To put the nobility to death, and transplant the people into *Russia*,’ calmly replied the *Cossack*. ‘But that,’ the empress observed, ‘would be rather barbarous.’ ‘I do not see that,’ said he; ‘they are all dead now, and they would only have been dead if my advice had been taken.’ This is a sort of *Cossack* philosophy. It has a barbarous originality which strikes me.”—*Ibid.* p. 51.

We must make room for *Mackintosh’s* account (April 1808) of his impressions on the first perusal of ‘*Corinne*.’ The extract is long; but we wish to give at least one full and thoroughly characteristic specimen:—

‘It is, as has been said, a tour in *Italy*, mixed with a novel. The tour is full of picture and feeling, and of observations on national character,

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character, so refined, that scarcely any one else could have made them, and not very many will comprehend or feel them. What an admirable French character is D'Erfeuil ! so free from exaggeration, that the French critics say the author, notwithstanding her prejudices, has made him better than her favourite Oswald. Nothing could more strongly prove the fidelity of her picture, and the lowness of their moral standard. She paints Ancona, and, above all, Rome, in the liveliest colours. She alone seems to feel that she *inhabited* the eternal city. It must be owned that there is some repetition, or at least monotony, in her reflections on the monuments of antiquity. The sentiment inspired by one is so like that produced by another, that she ought to have contented herself with fewer strokes, and to have given specimens rather than an enumeration. The attempt to vary them must display more ingenuity than genius. It leads to a littleness of manner, destructive of gravity and tenderness.

' In the character of Corinne, Madame de Staël draws an imaginary self—what she is, what she had the power of being, and what she can easily imagine that she might have become. Purity, which her sentiments and principles teach her to love ; talents and accomplishments, which her energetic genius might easily have acquired ; uncommon scenes and incidents fitted for her extraordinary mind ; and even beauty, which her fancy contemplates so constantly that she can scarcely suppose it to be foreign to herself, and which, in the enthusiasm of invention, she bestows on this adorned as well as improved self—these seem to be the materials out of which she has formed Corinne, and the mode in which she has reconciled it to her knowledge of her own character.

' 13th.—Second and third volumes of Corinne. I swallow Corinne slowly, that I may taste every drop. I prolong my enjoyment, and really dread the termination. Other travellers had told us of the absence of public amusements at Rome, and of the want of conversation among an indolent nobility ; but, before Madame de Staël no one has considered this as the profound tranquillity and death-like silence, which the feelings require in a place, where we go to meditate on the great events of which it was once the scene, in a magnificent museum of the monuments of ancient times.

' How she ennobles the most common scenes !—a sermon on the quarter-deck of a ship of war !

' She admires the English, among whom she could not endure to live : and sighs for the society of Paris, whom she despises !

' 15th.—Fourth and fifth volumes of Corinne. Farewell Corinne ! powerful and extraordinary book ; full of faults so obvious as not to be worth enumerating ; but of which a single sentence has excited more feeling, and exercised more reason, than the most faultless models of elegance.

' To animadvert on the defects of the story is lost labour. It is a slight vehicle of idea and sentiment. The whole object of an incident is obtained when it serves as a pretext for a reflection or an impassioned word. Yet even here there are scenes which show what she could

could have done if she had been at leisure from thought. The prayer of the two sisters at their father's tomb, the opposition of their characters, is capable of great interest if it had been well laboured. The grand defect is the want of repose—too much and too ingenious reflection—too uniform an ardour of feeling. The understanding is fatigued—the heart ceases to feel.

‘The minute philosophy of passion and character has so much been the object of my pursuit that I love it even in excess. But I must own that it has one material inconvenience: the observations founded upon it may be true in some instances, without being generally so. Of the small and numerous springs which are the subject of observation, some may be most powerful at one time, others at another. There is constantly a disposition to generalise, which is always in danger of being wrong. It may be safe to assert that a subtle ramification of feeling is natural; but *it is always unsafe to deny that an equally subtle ramification of the same feeling, in an opposite direction, may not be equally natural.*

‘There are, sometimes, as much truth and exactness in Madame de Staël's descriptions as in those of most cold observers. Her picture of stagnation, mediocrity, and dulness—of torpor, animated only by envy—of mental superiority, dreaded and hated without even being comprehended—and of intellect, gradually extinguished by the azotic atmosphere of stupidity—is so true! The unjust estimate of England, which this Northumbrian picture might have occasioned, how admirably is it corrected by the observation of Oswald, and even of poor Corinne, on their second journeys! and how, by a few reflections in the last journey to Italy, does this singular woman reduce to the level of truth the exaggerated praise bestowed by her first enthusiasm on the Italians!

‘How general is the tendency of these times towards religious sentiment! Madame de Staël may not, perhaps, ever be able calmly to believe the dogmas of any sect. She seems prepared, by turns, to adopt the feelings of all sects. Twenty years ago the state of opinion seemed to indicate an almost total destruction of religion in Europe. Ten years ago the state of political events appeared to show a more advanced stage in the progress towards such a destruction. The reaction has begun everywhere.’—p. 405-409.

Elsewhere, on reading some journals of the missionaries, he says:—

‘“It is impossible, I think, to look into the interior of any religious sect, without thinking better of it. I ought, indeed, to confine myself to those of Christian Europe; but, with that limitation, it seems to me that the remark is true—whether I look at the Jansenists of Port Royal, or the Quakers in Clarkson, or the Methodists in these journals. All these sects, which appear dangerous or ridiculous at a distance, assume a much more amiable character on nearer inspection. They all inculcate pure virtue, and practise mutual kindness; and they exert great force of reason in rescuing their doctrines from the absurd or pernicious consequences which naturally flow from them. Much of this

this arises from the general nature of religious principle; much, also, from the *genius of the Gospel—morality, so meek and affectionate, that it can soften barbarians, and warm even sophists themselves.*”—pp. 54, 55.

This last is one of the many passages, to which we have before alluded, which, notwithstanding some looseness in the expression, give us the gratification of believing that Mackintosh was, even from what may be called an early period of his life, in conviction as well as feeling, a CHRISTIAN.

“Oct. 16, 1810.—The Eclipse brings news of the death of Windham. He was a man of very high order, spoiled by faults apparently small: he had acuteness, wit, variety of knowledge, and fertility of illustration, in a degree probably superior to any man now alive. He had not the least approach to meanness. On the contrary, he was distinguished by honour and loftiness of sentiment. But he was an indiscreet debater, who sacrificed his interest as a statesman to his momentary feelings as an orator. For the sake of a new subtlety or a forcible phrase he was content to utter what loaded him with permanent unpopularity: his logical propensity led him always to extreme consequences; and he expressed his opinions so strongly, that they seemed to furnish the most striking examples of political inconsistency—though, if prudence had limited his logic and mitigated his expressions, they would have been acknowledged to be no more than those views of different sides of an object, which, in the changes of politics, must present themselves to the mind of a statesman. Singular as it may sound, he often opposed novelties from a love of paradox. . . . Had Windham possessed discretion in debate, or Sheridan in conduct, they might have ruled their age.”—pp. 59, 60, 61.

This is only a *phrase*. The verbal indiscretions of Windham, and the moral indiscretions of Sheridan, were *essential* parts of their respective characters. Without them there could have been no Windham nor Sheridan; and it is a mere rhetorical flourish to say that either of them—least of all men poor Sheridan—could ever have *ruled the age*. It was Mackintosh's own indiscretion to mix too often *hyperbole with history*.

We must now extract what appears to us, as sensible and, in spite of a few too rhetorical turns, on the whole as beautiful a letter as ever was penned, on perhaps the most delicate of all possible subjects: it is one addressed by Sir James to his early friend Hall, on that extraordinary man's recovery from a first access of insanity. We shall not weaken it by any commentary:—

Bombay, 18th February, 1808.

‘My dear Hall,—It is now some time since I received yours of the 20th of July, 1806, from Leicester, and I assure you that I do not think myself in the least entitled to that praise of disinterestedness which you bestow on me, for wishing to correspond with you. The strength of your genius would, in all common circumstances, have

made you a most desirable correspondent; and the circumstances which now limit your mental excursions give to your correspondence attractions of a very peculiar nature. Both the subject and the tone of our letters are probably almost unexampled. I have trusted enough to speak of what perhaps no friend ever dared to touch before; and you justify my confidence by contemplating, with calm superiority, that from which the firmest men have recoiled. That the mind of a good man may approach independence of external things, is a truth which no one ever doubted, who was worthy to understand; but you perhaps afford the first example of the moral nature looking on the understanding itself as something that is only the first of its instruments. I cannot think of this without a secret elevation of soul, not unattended, I hope, with improvement. You are perhaps the first who has reached this superiority. With so fine an understanding, you have the humility to consider its disturbance as a blessing, as far as it improves your moral system. The same principles, however, lead you to keep every instrument of duty and usefulness in repair; and the same habits of feeling will afford you the best chance of doing so.

* We are all accustomed to contemplate with pleasure the suspension of the ordinary operations of the understanding in sleep, and to be even amused by its nightly wanderings from its course in dreams. From the commanding eminence which you have gained, you will gradually familiarise your mind to consider its other aberrations as only more rare than sleep or dreams; and in process of time they will cease to appear to you much more horrible. You will thus be delivered from that constant dread which so often brings on the very evil dreaded; and which, as it clouds the whole of human life, is itself a greater calamity than any temporary disease. Some dread of this sort darkened the days of Johnson; and the fears of Rousseau seem to have constantly realised themselves. But whoever has brought himself to consider a disease of the brain as differing only in degree from a disease of the lungs, has robbed it of that mysterious horror which forms its chief malignity. If he were to do this by undervaluing intellect, he would indeed gain only a low quiet at the expense of mental dignity. But you do it by feeling the superiority of a moral nature over intellect itself. All your unhappiness has arisen from your love and pursuit of excellence. Disappointed in the pursuit of union with real or supposed excellence of a limited sort, you sought refuge in the contemplation of the Supreme Excellence. But, by the conflict of both, your mind was torn in pieces; and even your most powerful understanding was unable to resist the force of your still more powerful moral feelings.

* The remedy is prescribed by the plainest maxims of duty. You must act: inactive contemplation is a dangerous condition for minds of profound moral sensibility. We are not to dream away our lives in the contemplation of distant or imaginary perfection. We are to act in an imperfect and corrupt world; and we must only contemplate
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perfection enough to ennoble our natures, but not to make us dissatisfied and disgusted with those faint approaches to that perfection which it would be the nature of a brute or a demon to despise. It is for this reason that I exhort you to literary activity. It is not as the road of ambition, but of duty, and as the means of usefulness and the resource against disease. It is an exercise necessary to your own health, and by which you directly serve others. If I were to advise any new study, it would be that of anatomy, physiology, and medicine; as, besides their useful occupation, they would naturally lead to that cool view of all diseases which disarms them of their blackest terrors. Though I should advise these studies and that of chemistry, I am so far from counselling an entire divorce from your ancient contemplations, that I venture to recommend to you the spiritual Letters of Fenelon. I even entreat you to read and re-read them.

‘I shall also take the liberty of earnestly recommending to you to consult Dr. Beddoes, in the most unreserved manner, on every part of your case, and to be implicitly guided by his counsels in every part of your ordinary conduct. I have more confidence in him than in all the other physicians in England; and I am not ignorant on the subject of medicine. Total abstinence from fermented liquor is obviously necessary; and I should think it best to relinquish coffee and tea, which liquors I think you sometimes drank to excess.

‘May you, my dear friend, who have so much of the genius of Tasso and Cowper, in future escape their misfortunes—the calamities incident to tender sensibility, to grand enthusiasm, to sublime genius, and to intense exertion of intellect.’—vol. i. pp. 368-370.

We conclude with an extract which has some relation to Mackintosh personally, and contains a short defence of his change of opinion on the French Revolution—

‘Finished at my leisure hours “The Diary of a Lover of Literature,” by Green of Ipswich. It is a ramble among books and men, all of them so much my old acquaintances, that I almost feel as if I were reading a journal of my own. Returning back to 1798 and 1800 seems like coming back to a pre-existent state. Criticisms on my own books, pamphlets, on articles in reviews written by me, and accounts of conversations with me, must to myself be interesting. This Diary has a singular mixture of good and bad judgments. It is most wonderful that a man capable of writing some parts of it should have seriously compared Dalrymple to Tacitus, and adopted Johnson’s stupid prejudices against Gray. His style is too much “made up;” it has no air of being thrown off at the moment. Here and there I am struck by one of Green’s quaint felicities. The plan seems to have been suggested, and the manner much influenced by Gibbon’s Journal, which had just appeared. I am more dissatisfied than flattered by his having recorded my conversations. He has by this means published one more proof of the various states of political feeling successively produced in my mind by the French revolution. This will be regarded as a new proof of my inconsistency in the judgment of the vulgar. A

degree of wisdom is certainly conceivable, which would have reached principles and habits of feeling so comprehensive as to have adapted themselves to every succeeding convulsion without change, and of course without excess; but probably no man in Europe had attained this exalted perfection..... I am far indeed beneath the imaginary sage, but I humbly hope that I am just as far above the vaunted consistency of the unthinking and unfeeling vulgar.'—vol. ii. pp. 147, 148.

Mackintosh's judgment on his friend Green's *Diary* seems to us a not inaccurate description of, and criticism on, a considerable portion of his own *Journals*,—though, as we need scarcely add, Mackintosh often intersperses passages of original thinking and metaphysical speculation, of a height to which honest Green never aspired.

In February, 1810, Lady Mackintosh's health obliged her to return to England. Mackintosh, though himself by no means well, remained, from considerations of pecuniary prudence, at Bombay, judging and journalizing. At last, on the 5th November, 1811, he himself embarked on his return to England, probably not sooner than was necessary for the preservation of his life. He amused the tedium of his voyage home by writing his *Journal*—this portion of which alone occupies one hundred pages, amusingly enough as literary gossip, but certainly very disproportionately on the *Life of Mackintosh*,—and by writing the *characters* of some eminent men, clearly intended to be afterwards interwoven into his long projected, long postponed, and finally, in his very last year, imperfectly executed *History of England*. They are all well, and we must add, impartially written—some of them are brilliant by the turns of phrases and sentences, but there is little originality of judgment, and no novelty of anecdote—they may be admirable as academical theses—but they add no more to the history of the individuals or of their country, than his sketches of Hogarth or Madame de Maintenon;—they prove, what he himself hints somewhere in the course of his *Journal*, and upon which we shall say a word hereafter, that his talent was rather declamatory than historical.

On his arrival in England, he found his early and useful friend, and his candid and able official antagonist, Mr. Perceval, prime minister. Mr. Perceval had, as is stated in a letter from Mr. Scarlett (now Lord Abinger) to the editor, given Mackintosh at the very outset of his career some countenance and assistance.

'Mr. Mackintosh, being called to the bar, was proposed as a candidate in a debating society of which I was a member. The society was then confined to barristers and members of parliament, and reckoned amongst its members several individuals who have since figured in eminent stations.—Mr. Perceval, Lord Bexley, Mr. Richard Ryder, Mr. Sturges Bourne, Lord Tenterden, Lord Lyndhurst, and others who,

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who, if fortune had been equally favourable to their pretensions, might perhaps have been as conspicuous. The majority of our little society consisted of the supporters of the war and of the government. I trembled for the fate of Mr. Mackintosh, till I found in Mr. Perceval an equal admiration of his work [the *Vindiciæ*], and an equal desire with my own to receive him into our society. His influence was employed to canvass for him, and we had the satisfaction to carry his election, and shortly after to form an acquaintance with him.'

And when, subsequently, Mackintosh solicited the use of Lincoln's-Inn Hall to deliver his lectures, Lord Abinger states—

'There again he was encountered by political prejudice; difficulties were suggested, and objections urged, of a formal nature, against such an appropriation of the hall; but the real objection was, the apprehension of the doctrines he might teach. Mr. Perceval once more became his friend, and used his influence with such of the benchers as were known to him, to set them right, and subdue their scruples.'

Mr. Perceval had conducted the prosecution against Peltier, as attorney-general—but with that generous and high-minded man Mackintosh's zeal for his client and the superior brilliancy of his appearance on that occasion, could only serve to increase his early regard; and on Mackintosh's return to England, Mr. Perceval lost no time in showing his value for Mackintosh's character, and his estimate of his abilities, for we are told that the latter had not been a fortnight in London before he received from Mr. Perceval the offer of a seat in parliament, and, by implication at least, of a share in the administration:—

'May 12th, 1812.—I was,' says Sir James, in his Journal, 'at Richmond last week for three days, for quiet and the recovery of strength. I there received a note from Perceval desiring an interview, which took place at twelve o'clock on Friday, the 8th, at Downing Street. He began in a very civil and rather kind manner, with saying, that, besides his wish to see me, he had another object in the appointment, which was to offer me a seat in parliament, either vacated or about to be so, which ——— had placed at his disposal. He said that he did not wish to take me by surprise, and would allow me any time that I desired. He added all the usual compliments and insinuations of future advancement. I promised an answer in four or five days—not that I hesitated, for it had long been my fixed determination not to go into public life on any terms inconsistent with the principles of liberty, which are now higher in my mind than they were twenty years ago; but I wished to have an opportunity of sending a written answer, to prevent misconstructions.

'I was preparing to send it on Tuesday evening, 11th May, when, about seven o'clock, Josiah Wedgwood came into the parlour of our house, in New Norfolk Street, with information that, about five, Perceval had been shot through the heart by one Bellingham, a bankrupt ship-broker

ship-broker in Liverpool, who had formerly been confined for lunacy in Russia."—pp. 246, 247.

Mackintosh's letter of refusal, founded on his opinion of the necessity of an *immediate repeal* of the catholic disabilities, Mr. Perceval never received; and is, we must observe, a little inconsistent with his readiness to have joined Mr. Canning, who, *fifteen* years later, flatly refused to pledge himself to anything like an *immediate repeal*; though it is equally fair to admit that having always supported—as Mr. Perceval had always opposed—the *principle* of ultimate concession, he was nearer Mackintosh's sentiments. In the negotiations which followed Mr. Perceval's death, the editor rather hints than states, that first by Lords Grey and Grenville, and subsequently by Lord Wellesley and Mr. Canning, Sir James was designated for a seat at the Board of Control:—the first proposition naturally failed by the failure of Lords Grey and Grenville themselves; the second, we are given to *understand*, Mackintosh rejected at once, because none of the leaders of his *party* (though he at the same time disclaimed having any *party*-connexions) were to be in the Cabinet. All these—to Mackintosh's personal character and prospects—most important transactions are slurred over in one page of very indistinct narrative; and a further proposition from Lord Liverpool's administration is again rather hinted than stated in the following enigmatical passage—

* This determination [not to accept office] was tried by other tests shortly after the return of the old ministry to power, under the new leadership of Lord Liverpool. A presiding love of moderation in politics, and an inclination to consider principles rather than persons, had the effect, in their tendency to abstract him from party views, of suggesting offers and solicitations on the part of government, which a better knowledge of a character occasionally misrepresented by too facile manners, would have saved. Mentioning one of these latter occasions to his son-in-law, at Bagdad, he says, "It would take too much time to state my reasons for this rejection of offers so advantageous; they are, at any rate, disinterested. I have chosen my part, with an assurance that it will never give me power or influence."—p. 250.

We know not to what the editor here alludes—we have never heard that Lord Liverpool had made any offer of political office to Mackintosh; and we could well have spared a few pages of Mackintosh's criticisms on the miscellaneous literature which his leisure loved to devour—to have made room for some more intelligible account of those really important incidents in Mackintosh's life. However, it seems certain that his refusal of Mr. Perceval's offer procured him—through the unsolicited mediation of another old bar friend (Lord Abinger)—the offer of a seat for the county of Nairn, where, it appears, Lord Cawdor, who now belonged to

to the Whigs, had a *nominating* influence,—an influence, indeed, so decisive, that another gentleman was put as a *locum tenens* into the seat till Sir James Mackintosh had performed some species of legal quarantine, which was a necessary preliminary to his election for a Scotch county.

Of his success in parliament, and of the style of his eloquence, we certainly do not think quite so highly as the editor and those personal friends whose testimony he has adopted. Lord Abinger says,—

‘He soon took a leading part in the debates of the House of Commons; and it is enough to say that he lost nothing of his reputation by his performances there. If, however, I may be allowed to express an opinion on that subject, I should say that the House of Commons was not the theatre where the happiest efforts of his eloquence could either be made or appreciated. . . . The mildness of his temper, the correctness of his judgment, the abundance of his knowledge, and the perfection of his taste, all combined to make him averse to the pursuit of applause, either by inflicting pain upon others, or by sacrificing truth and good feeling to the coarse appetite of the vulgar. It cannot be denied that, whenever the nature of the subject and the disposition of the House were favourable to his qualities as a speaker, he exhibited specimens of eloquence that were of the *highest order*, and elicited the *most unqualified* applause.’—pp. 288, 289.

Now we must say that we think Lord Abinger’s friendly partiality carried him too far when he characterized any of Mackintosh’s efforts in parliament as being of ‘the *highest order* of eloquence.’ They seem to us to have been ingenious, well arranged, well reasoned, with a general correctness and occasional felicity of expression;—and the humane and philanthropical objects to which they were often devoted inspired kindred minds with more respect than any displays of mere oratory could have done—but his speeches, as speeches, were not, in our humble judgment, of the *highest order* of anything, and least of all of that elevating power, that *mental magnetism*, generally called eloquence. Mr. Sydney Smith’s testimony is more precise, and we think nearer the mark:—

‘A high merit in Sir James was his real and unaffected philanthropy. He did not make the improvement of the great mass of mankind *an engine of popularity*, and a *stepping-stone to power*, but he had a genuine love for human happiness. Whatever might assuage the angry passions, and arrange the conflicting interests of nations—whatever could promote peace, increase knowledge, extend commerce, diminish crime, and encourage industry—whatever could exalt human character, and could enlarge human understanding—struck at once at the heart of your father, and roused all his faculties. I have seen him in a moment when this spirit came upon him—like a great ship of war—

war—cut his cable, and spread his enormous canvas, and launch into a wide sea of reasoning eloquence. . . .

‘But still his *style of speaking in Parliament* was certainly more academic than forensic; it was not sufficiently short and quick for a busy and impatient assembly. He often spoke over the heads of his hearers—was too much in advance of feeling for their sympathies, and of reasoning for their comprehension. He began too much at the beginning, and went too much to the right and left of the question, making rather a lecture or a dissertation than a speech. His voice *was bad and nasal*; and though nobody was in reality more sincere, he *seemed* not only *not to feel, but hardly to think what he was saying.*’

It is not unamusing to observe the distinctive styles of these two friends of Mackintosh, and how widely they differ in manner, eye and in substance, on the same point. Lord Abinger, like an *advocate*, eulogizes his client in hyperbole; Mr. Smith, like a practised *critic*, balances ‘the good and evil,’ as he calls it, with something like the impartiality of a *judge*. In all the editor’s own share in these volumes, and in all the *testamentary* contributions which he has collected, there is not a single passage which gives the slightest idea of the individuality of Mackintosh’s speaking, except these honest touches of Mr. Sydney Smith; and yet who—not having heard him—could have had any adequate notion of Mackintosh’s style, who had not been told of the *harsh and nasal tone*, and of the unimpressive and rhetorical manner?

And here we must enter our protest against the extension and abuse of this new fashion of biography, where an editor solicits eulogies from the surviving acquaintance of his hero, and under the shelter of their good-nature, publishes a series of puffs, that the fondest and foolishlest son would never have dared to print on his own responsibility. We can forgive this practice in such cases as the recent life of Crabbe, and this of Mackintosh, where the inquiry of the editors was really a search after information concerning periods and circumstances to which they had no other access. But good cases make bad precedents; and even in the present instance the practice has been pushed too far. The anecdotes communicated by Mr. Montague, the facts recorded by Lord Abinger, and the manners sketched by Mr. Sydney Smith, are all illustrative of Mackintosh’s life; yet even *they* lose something of their effect from the superabundant *carving and gilding* of the frame in which the portraits are exhibited. But what can be said for such vague generalities as have been drawn from the good-natured complaisance of Lord Jeffrey—without anecdotes, without facts, without features—a school thesis—a *panada panegyric*. ‘I nunc,’ we might say to poor Mackintosh,

——— ‘I nunc, curre per Indos,
Ut pueris placeas, et declamatio fias.’

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It may amuse *others* to find Lord Jeffrey so employed—to see that great wholesale dealer in *oil of vitriol* reduced to draw out pennyworths of *treacle*. But it is an awful prospect for persons of our craft; and we therefore, while we are still, as we hope, in possession of our faculties, do enter our most strenuous protest against this system of soliciting from men that which they cannot decline without offence, and can hardly ever perform with credit.

But after all, the truest test of Mackintosh's parliamentary success—or, as he himself too modestly calls it, his *failure*—is the opinion not only of the House of Commons and the country, but of his party themselves; who, although they praised, and perhaps not over-praised, particular orations, felt that he exhibited neither a ready knack of debate, nor those bursts of enthusiasm which decide hesitating minds, and—even when they fail to convince—elevate and awe a popular assembly. Accordingly, it on experience appeared to all, as it had long before done to his own modest good sense, that he wanted some of the most important qualities of a *practical* politician; and he accepted, in 1818, the professorship of law in the East India College at Haylebury; a situation which, if he had possessed anything like the parliamentary talents attributed to him by Lord Abinger, or even as much as Mr. Smith's more moderate standard indicates, it would have been an insult to offer. This miscalculation of Mackintosh's real place in the House of Commons has led his personal friends into some not entirely well-founded complaints of the neglect with which he was treated by his Party. After a long night, a dawn of political power beamed on the Whigs, by Mr. Canning's accession to the office of first minister in 1827. The refusal of the leading Tories to take part in his administration obliged him to have recourse to the more moderate of the Opposition: both on that occasion, and on the subsequent and wider change which, fatally for the constitution of England, brought Lord Grey to the head of affairs, it is plain, from the whole tone of this work and from various innuendoes scattered throughout, that Mackintosh, or at least his personal friends for him, felt highly dissatisfied with the neglect with which he was treated by the heads of the Whig party.

'It is no part,' says Lord Abinger, 'of the present subject to enter into a history of the negociation that took place between Mr. Canning and some of the Whig party at that time. But I can state, upon my own knowledge, the surprise and the concern Mr. Canning expressed, that the name of *Sir James Mackintosh* was not amongst the list of those who were proposed to form a coalition with him; he had certainly thought him, not in merit only, but in estimation, one of the foremost of his party, and he was aware of the sacrifices he had made to it. Shortly afterwards, his Majesty was pleased to admit him of his

his Privy Council. Upon the last change of administration, when a new ministry was formed by a coalition of individuals of all the different parties in the State, but under the influence of Lord Grey, a subordinate place in the Board of Control was the reward of his long life of merit and exclusion. The difficulty of distributing office amongst so many expectants must be the consolation to his friends, for this apparently inadequate station for one so eminent, and who had lost so much by his adherence to party. To those who are not in the secret, it must be matter at least of surprise, that neither parliamentary experience, nor a well-earned reputation, nor long-trying devotion, nor *the habits of business* [?], were so much in request as to find their way into any but a comparatively insignificant place at a Board, at the head* of which, Sir James Mackintosh, rather than abandon his party, had in other times declined to preside. Such is the caprice of fortune, or the wantonness of power, in the distribution of favours! There is a certain degree of merit which is more convenient for reward than the highest. Caligula made his horse a consul, to show the absoluteness of his authority. Perhaps it is something of the same feeling which actuates persons and ministers in the honours they bestow.'

This is, we think, a little too broadly stated. It may be true that neither in the arrangement with Mr. Canning, nor at the formation of the Grey Ministry in 1830, was Sir James Mackintosh rated by the distributors of place quite so high as his personal friends, or even the public, might have expected; and it is very probable that some amiable points in Mackintosh's character may have contributed to this apparent injustice. It was not, we believe, his nature—it certainly was not his habit—to be a vehement party man. A party man should be, we fear, a *good hater*. Now Mackintosh was candid towards his opponents in public, and in private lived with them on easy terms of mutual civility, and, in some cases, of friendship. Party admits of no *divided allegiance*—and although, as Lord Abinger and the editor assiduously inculcate, Mackintosh was true to his party in substantial, we can easily believe that his philosophical moderation did not satisfy the zealots, and his social tolerance offended the bigots of his party. It is, therefore, by no means surprising that he should not have been an object of their enthusiasm. And here we must again observe that Mr. Sydney Smith comes nearer to the true state of the case than the other panegyrists:—

'Sufficient justice has not been done to his political integrity. He was not rich—was from the northern part of the island—possessed great facility of temper—and had therefore every excuse for political

* We are not aware of the authority on which Lord Abinger states that the *Presidency* of the Board of Control was ever offered to Sir James Mackintosh. We do not recollect to have heard of it before,

lubricity—

lubricity—which that vice (more common in those days than I hope it will ever be again) could possibly require. Invited by every party upon his arrival from India, he remained steadfast to his old friends the Whigs, whose admission to office, or enjoyment of political power, would at that period have been considered as the most visionary of all human speculations; yet, during his lifetime, everybody seemed more ready to have forgiven the tergiversation of which he was not guilty, than to admire the actual firmness he had displayed. With all this, he never made the slightest efforts to advance his interests with his political friends, never mentioned his sacrifices nor his services, expressed no resentment at neglect, and was therefore pushed into such situations as fall to the lot of the feeble and delicate in a crowd.

‘If he had been arrogant and grasping; if he had been faithless and false; if he had been always eager to strangle infant genius in its cradle; always ready to betray and to blacken those with whom he sat at meat; he would have passed many men, who, in the course of his long life, have passed him;—but, without selling his soul for potage, if he only had had a little more prudence for the promotion of his interests, and more of angry passions for the punishment of those detractors who envied his fame and presumed upon his sweetness; if he had been more aware of his powers, and of that space which nature intended him to occupy; he would have acted a great part in life, and remained a character in history.’

Our readers will be at no loss to discover at least *one* of the persons whom Mr. Smith had in his eye when he was sketching the unamiable contrast to Mackintosh which we have distinguished by italics. *‘Non nostrum est tantas componere lites;’* but as to Mackintosh, it is certain that, however loved, admired, and respected he may have been by his friends, he did not possess that kind of influence with them which can alone obtain a large share in the spoils of a political victory. But there is also another reason, which Mackintosh’s personal friends have wholly overlooked, but which, even with Whigs, when called to the practical administration of affairs, must have had some little weight—Mackintosh’s talents were not of the *official* kind: *ex quo vis ligno non fit Mercurius*. Mercury filled the most ministerial office in the whole mythology; and the proverb seems to imply that the qualities necessary to make a good *practical minister* were rarer than some others of greater elevation and splendour. Mackintosh, too, let it be remembered, was *forty-seven* when he came into Parliament, and up to that period knew little of business, and nothing of the practical management of public affairs. His parliamentary efforts were chiefly theoretic, and he took little pains to acquaint himself with the small but necessary details of public life; and when, at last, the opportunity of office arose, it found him in the *sixty-second* year of a life of indolent habits, speculative studies, and

and desultory and variable pursuits. Had he, in 1812, accepted Mr. Perceval's offer, he *might*, possibly, have become a man of business and debate, and have eventually been adequate for the highest offices of the state. In 1827, and, still more, in 1830, it was perhaps *too late*; and we cannot, therefore, *altogether* concur in the disappointment and vexations which his friends, his family, and himself seem to have felt at what they consider only in the light of ingratitude to great services and a neglect of great abilities. We say *altogether*; because, although we never expected that Mackintosh should be elevated *at once* to the great and guiding offices of the state, yet it will not be denied that his claims, his character, and his powers, fitted him for something better than the empty title of a privy councillor in Nov. 1827, or than the almost-sinecure salary of the India Board in 1830. He should have been placed in one of those secondary, yet independent departments, commonly called *Privy Councillors' Offices*—Treasurer of the Navy, Paymaster, Master of the Mint, &c., which were bestowed—as Lord Abinger says Caligula made *his horse a consul*—on such 'weak masters' as Mr. Poulett Thomson and Lord John Russell. Nay, when we look at the composition of Lord Grey's *Cabinet*, we cannot but think that Mackintosh had superior claims in every way, but particularly in intellect and public reputation, to many who were admitted into that feeble but fatal conclave. Mackintosh's conduct in the *House of Commons*, on the Reform Bill, is, in our (perhaps not unprejudiced) opinion, a blot on his consistency and public character,—but we cannot believe that *he* would, in the calm and conscientious consideration which, if he had been in the *Cabinet*, he must have given to the subject, have brought himself to assent to a measure, which was in its *principle* diametrically opposite to all the views of the practical constitution which he had so often, so solemnly, and so publicly *avowed and taught*. With a generous and sensitive mind it is *one* thing to defend and make common cause with its friends and party when they are embarked in a violent contest, however imprudently or unjustly provoked; it is *another* to create and excite, by deliberate counsels, such a contest. Mackintosh, like many others, was induced by an erroneous sense of political and personal honour to take his part in the battle; but we sincerely doubt whether he would have originally consented to commence those fatal hostilities. If we be right in this supposition, we have additional reason—for his sake and ours—to lament that he was not of that Cabinet.

Mackintosh's modest, moderate, and *hesitating* speech, delivered on the 4th of July, 1831, on the second reading (afterwards corrected and published by himself), is almost the only speech which

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which attempted to reconcile the principle of reform with any period of that *practical constitution*, which the supporters of the bill affected to admire, and which, with astonishing effrontery, they professed only to *restore*. But Mackintosh was obliged by his position to play the sophist; and the greater part of his speech referred to matters *antecedent* to our Revolution of 1688—and, therefore, as regarded the existing practice of the constitution, perfectly *antediluvian*. The only point of *present* weight and importance he touched, was rather the abuse, than the abstract demerit, of *nomination*—overlooking the fact, that the bill was to sweep away many practical advantages of *nomination*, for the purpose of remedying what he admitted to be in some respects only a speculative mischief; and while he spoke with great hesitation of the probable advantages of the measure, he expatiated on the danger which would then attend its rejection—forgetting, again, that it was his friends, as Lord John Russell distinctly avowed, who had created that danger, by provoking an excitement which did not previously exist. But our more substantial quarrel with the speech is, that, in its principles, it, by implication and inference, contradicted the no doubt sincere convictions of all Mackintosh's better days. Let us hear what he himself wrote and stated in his celebrated Introductory Lecture in 1797, and, in substance, often reiterated in his later works:—

'The best security which human wisdom can devise seems to be the distribution of political authority among different individuals and bodies, with separate interests and separate characters, corresponding to the variety of classes of which civil society is composed, each interested to guard their own order from oppression by the rest; each also interested to prevent any of the others from seizing an exclusive, and therefore despotic power; and all having a common interest to co-operate in carrying on the ordinary and necessary administration of government.

Human wisdom cannot form such a constitution by one act, for human wisdom cannot create the materials of which it is composed. The attempt, always ineffectual, to change by violence the ancient habits of man, and the established order of society, so as to fit them absolutely for a new scheme of government, flows from the most presumptuous ignorance, requires the support of the most ferocious tyranny, and leads to consequences which its authors can never foresee; generally, indeed, to institutions the most opposite to those of which they profess to seek the establishment. Such a constitution can only be formed by the wise imitation of "the great innovator, Time, which, indeed, innovateth greatly, but quietly, and by degrees scarcely to be perceived."

'I shall attempt to exhibit this most complicated machine [the old constitution] as our history and our laws show it in action; and not as some celebrated writers have most imperfectly represented it, who have torn out a few of its more simple springs, and putting them together,

gether, *miscal them the British Constitution*. Philosophers of great and merited reputation have told us that it consisted of certain portions of monarchy, aristocracy, and democracy; names which are, in truth, very little applicable, and which, if they were, would as little give an idea of this government as an account of the weight of bone, of flesh, and of blood, in a human body, would be a picture of a living man.

'I shall labour, above all things, to avoid that which appears to me to have been the constant source of political error; I mean *the attempt to give an air of system, of simplicity, and of rigorous demonstration, to subjects which do not admit it*. The only means by which this could be done was by referring to a few simple causes, what, in truth, arose from immense and intricate combinations, and successions of causes. The consequence was very obvious. The system of the theorist, disencumbered from all regard to the real nature of things, easily assumed an air of speciousness. It required little dexterity to make his argument appear conclusive. *But all men agreed that it was utterly inapplicable to human affairs*. The theorist railed at the folly of the world, instead of confessing his own; and the men of practice unjustly blamed philosophy instead of condemning the sophist. The causes which the politician has to consider are, above all others, multiplied, mutable, minute, subtle, and, if I may so speak, evanescent; perpetually changing their form, and varying their combinations; *losing their nature while they keep their name; exhibiting the most different consequences in the endless variety of men and nations on whom they operate; in one degree of strength producing the most signal benefit; and under a slight variation of circumstances, the most tremendous mischiefs*. They admit, indeed, of being reduced to theory; but to a theory formed on the most extensive views, of the most comprehensive and flexible principles, to embrace all their varieties, and to fit all their rapid transmutations; a theory of which the most fundamental maxim is, *distrust in itself, and deference for practical prudence*.*

Let it be recollected that when that lecture was promulgated, *Parliamentary Reform* was the stalking-horse of the revolutionists, and that against it were directed all Sir James's unanswerable arguments for 'the distribution of political power among *different individuals and bodies*,' and against a sudden change in established institutions,—against a 'recurrence to the first principles of representation'—against any attempt to strike off at a heat 'any new system'—and, above all, against the 'endeavour to reduce human affairs to a system of uniformity and abstract plausibility, which cannot fail to produce the most tremendous mischiefs.' Everybody who heard these lectures—everybody who has read them—understood the whole tenor and force of such passages to be applied to projects of *Parliamentary Reform*, infinitely more sober, less systematic, and less destructive of existing institutions, than that which Mackintosh was, by mere party attachment, unhappily led to support.

* This Introductory Lecture was reprinted, in a small volume, in 1828.

But it was not in generals merely that he professed his dislike to Parliamentary Reform. We find him in his *Journal* (vol. ii. p. 22) pronouncing a panegyric on an article of the *Edinburgh Review* on this subject, in which, as if by a spirit of prophecy, the Reform Bill is denounced as 'the greatest calamity that could be inflicted upon us':—

'It is perfectly obvious, that if the House of Commons, with its absolute power over the supplies, and its connexion with the physical force of the nation, were to be composed entirely of the representatives of the yeomanry of the counties and the tradesmen of the burghs, and were to be actuated solely by the feelings and interests which are peculiar to that class of men, IT WOULD INFALLIBLY CONVERT THE GOVERNMENT INTO A MERE DEMOCRACY, and speedily sweep away the incumbrance of Lords and Commons, who could not exist at all therefore, if they had not an influence in this assembly. . . . We have no great indulgence for those notions of reform, which seem to be uppermost in the minds of some of its warmest supporters; and we should consider such a change in the constitution of that House, as Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Cobbett* appear to think essential to its purity, as by far the greatest calamity which could be inflicted upon us by our own hands.'—(*Edin. Rev.* Vol. xiv., No. xxviii., pp. 300-302)—

with a great deal more equally just, and, alas! equally prophetic.

It is impossible to believe that Mackintosh was sincere in his approbation of a bill which thus overthrew all his own views of the balance of the constitution:—and his silence (except in, we believe, the single instance of the vague and irrelevant declamation of the 4th of July), and his visible (and in private not concealed) uneasiness at the turn things were taking, satisfy us that though he had the honourable weakness of adhering to his political friends, his judgment was not deceived as to the danger, nor his feelings reconciled to the expediency of the tremendous experiments to which he had become an involuntary and we fairly believe reluctant party.

He closed his career on the 30th of May, 1832, expressing to the last his regret at having performed so little of what he thought he might have done for his own fame, but having, we hope and believe, no other reproach to make to a life not merely blameless, but exemplary in all moral respects.

In summing up Mackintosh's character, we have little more to do than to recapitulate the observations which the several circumstances of his life have already elicited. The first impression

* It is curious that the very two persons here denounced as advocating the extremities of alteration which had never before entered into the mind of man—Sir Francis Burdett and Mr. Cobbett—are notoriously of opinion that the Reform Bill has gone, in its disturbance of the constitutional balance, farther than any one should have desired.

which

which he excited in society was generally, we have heard, unfavourable; his countenance, until age and illness had refined and softened its expression, was certainly not engaging; his voice was peculiarly harsh, guttural, and *grating*. When he first came to London, he was, it is said, exceedingly uncouth, and one of his early acquaintances in the Debating Society remembers that he accompanied an almost unintelligible dialect with the most ungainly gestures. These defects were of course much softened by time and good company, but were never wholly obliterated,* and it was well they were not; for—as many objects of taste which are disagreeable at first acquire by use a pleasant relish—so Mackintosh's peculiarities gave, on better acquaintance, a peculiar zest and originality to his conversation. His personal manners were, we thought, never very good; there was an odd mixture of the obsequious and abrupt, which we fancy to be almost peculiar to Scotchmen of talent who have not had early advantages of good company. It is, perhaps, compounded of the *national* caution and the *individual* spirit; but it always makes an annoying discord, in which the lower is certainly, in our ears, the more disagreeable tone.

We are not quite sure that his mind had not something of an analogous defect, something like alternate rashness and timidity—haste and indecision; his impulses were strong, but his reasoning powers were stronger; and we doubt whether he ever embraced, however warmly, any opinion, out of his confidence in which he did not very soon argue himself. His process was like what often happens on a water-party; he entered the boat with inconsiderate alacrity, but very soon became *qualmish*, and wished himself ashore

* In the 'New Whig Guide,' a collection of political *jeux d'esprit* published nearly twenty years ago, and, therefore, in all likelihood now forgotten, there is a production entitled 'The Choice of a Leader,' in which Sir James is cleverly, and really not very coarsely caricatured: if that ingenious artist, Mr. Doyle, (H. B.) used the pen instead of the pencil, he might have given us such a *drollery* as the following:—

'On t'other hand Mackintosh strives to unite
The grave and the gay, the profound and polite;—
And piques himself much that the ladies should say—
How well Scottish strength softens down in Bombay!
Frequents the assembly, the supper, the ball,
The *philosophe-beau* of unloveable Stael;
Affects to talk French in his hoarse Highland note,
And gargles Italian half-way down his throat;
His gait is a shuffle, his smile is a leer,
His converse is quaint—his civility queer—
In short—to all grace and deportment a rebel—
At best, he is but a half-polish'd Scotch pebble.' &c. &c.' . . .

Our principal motive in quoting these verses is this:—We once heard Sir James himself recite them at a dinner table, and say, with a hearty laugh, 'Now, this is what I call fair good fun!'—and it appeared to us that it would be unjust to suppress a circumstance so thoroughly characteristic of his temper.

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again. This made him, in succession, the advocate and antagonist of Jacobinism—the adversary and admirer of Mr. Burke—the follower, but hardly the friend, of Mr. Fox. He himself states, without any sign of dissent, that Lord Castlereagh once said to him, of his parliamentary conduct—‘You *think right*, but you *vote wrong*.’—(ii. 355.)

His practice shows that he rated the obligation of party-attachment very high, but the principles on which it might be founded very low. He was, moreover, with all his talents and acquirements, one of the most naturally modest men we ever met, and Modesty is one of the parents of Moderation, and rarely allies itself with the family of Fortune. We are convinced that this union in Mackintosh’s mind and temper, of candour, *nonchalance* and humility, was one of the causes, perhaps the chief, which kept his political fortune and character in a corresponding state of mediocrity; had his impressions been more durable, and his self-confidence bolder—his reason less subtle, and his temper less philosophical—he would have been a more eminent, and what the world would have called, a greater man: but he would neither have been so amiable, nor, we believe, on the whole so happy. One-half of the old precept he certainly adopted—he ‘lived with his enemies as if they were one day to become his friends;’ but no one can suspect him of having practised the still more prudential, but less amiable, alternative. His heart was tender, and his disposition in the highest degree placable. Mr. Sydney Smith says, forcibly, and with more justice than forcible sayings usually have had, ‘the gall-bladder was omitted in his composition,’ and certainly never was there a party-man a more acceptable member of general society—

‘He steered through life with politics refined;
With Pulteney voted, and with Walpole dined.’

Of such men, *conversation* is naturally the *forte*, and Mackintosh’s was very delightful. If he had had a Boswell, we should have said of him what Burke said to him of Johnson, that ‘he was greater in Boswell’s work than his own.’ Mr. Sydney Smith has, here again, set down some traits, which every one that knew the man must recognize. He says of Sir James—

‘Till subdued by age and illness, his conversation was more brilliant and instructive than that of any human being I ever had the good fortune to be acquainted with. His memory (vast and prodigious as it was) he so managed as to make it a source of pleasure and instruction, rather than that *dreadful engine of colloquial oppression into which it is sometimes erected*. He remembered things, words, thoughts, dates, and everything that was wanted. His language was beautiful, and might have gone from the fireside to the press; but

though his ideas were always clothed in beautiful language, the clothes were sometimes too big for the body, and common thoughts were dressed in better and longer apparel than they deserved. . . .

‘His good-nature and candour betrayed him into a morbid habit of eulogising everybody—a habit which destroyed the value of commendations, that might have been to the young (if more sparingly distributed) a reward of virtue and a motive to exertion. Occasionally he took fits of an opposite nature; and I have seen him abating and *dissolving pompous gentlemen* with the most successful ridicule. . . .

‘I think (though perhaps some of his friends may not agree with me in this opinion) that he was an acute judge of character, and of the good as well as evil in character. He was, in truth, with the appearance of distraction and of one occupied with other things, a very minute observer of human nature; and I have seen him analyse, to the very springs of the heart, men who had not the most distant suspicion of the sharpness of his vision, nor a belief that he could read anything but books. . . .

‘Sir James had not only humour, but he had wit also; at least, new and sudden relations of ideas flashed across his mind in reasoning, and produced the same effect as wit, and would have been called wit, if a sense of their utility and importance had not often overpowered the admiration of novelty, and entitled them to the higher name of wisdom. Then the great thoughts and fine sayings of the great men of all ages were intimately present to his recollection, and came out, dazzling and delighting, in his conversation. Justness of thinking was a strong feature in his understanding: he had a head in which nonsense and error could hardly vegetate. . . .

‘Though easily warmed by great schemes of benevolence and human improvement, his manner was cold to individuals. There was an apparent want of heartiness and cordiality. It seemed as if he had more affection for the species than for the ingredients of which it was composed. He was in reality very hospitable, and so fond of company that he was hardly happy out of it; but he did not receive his friends with that honest joy which warms more than dinner or wine.’

Such are some of the observations of a bold and dexterous anatomizer of minds and manners. He has touched on points beyond the sphere of our own remark—but we presume we can offend no one by quoting what he has written. In general society, Mackintosh’s conversation, though we will not call it ‘the most brilliant’ or ‘the most instructive’ we ever heard, was undoubtedly a splendid exhibition. It teemed with information and anecdote, with a sprinkling of that kind of dialectic wit which plays with *thoughts* rather than *images*, and now and then a good broad dash of natural and national humour. It had one slight drawback; it was, at least in mixed company, apt to have some appearance of preparation and effort; he seemed too much

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to remember that he had a *character* to maintain, and perhaps the literary subjects which employed so much of his studious hours in distinguishing and refining may have tended to give an air of elaboration, even to his table-talk. This elaboration, however, was probably involuntary, because, although few men were more learned, his learning never overloaded his conversation—like the dignity of a high bred man, it was always present, but never obtrusive.

This appearance of elaboration, slightly observable in his conversation, was more prominent, and still more excusable, in his public speaking. No orator, we suppose, however naturally gifted, has ever *sustained* a high flight without taking preparatory pains; but of oratory, above all others, *ars est celare artem*. In Mackintosh, the preparation was too obvious. An appearance of *effort* is an insuperable bar to *effect*, and audiences are, very unjustly, disinclined to believe that a speaker feels what he says if they suspect him of having before thought of what he is to say. This, we believe, was the principal cause of that want of conviction—that air of insincerity to which Mr. Sydney Smith alludes, as derogating from the force of Mackintosh's oratory. Certainly no man ever spoke so well with so little weight. We know not whether or no it will support the foregoing theory, but we have heard that the two best speeches Mackintosh ever made were both short *impromptus*. One, on the purchase of the Burney Library, he himself mentions with a satisfaction which he seems to have rarely felt at any of his attempts; the other, of which we know not whether any trace is to be found, was on some subject connected with the architectural embellishments of London. Of both of these, high encomiums have reached us, as having been perfect in their little way; and it is probable; for they were subjects on which Mackintosh had, no doubt, thought much—his head was stored with the matter, while the suddenness of the occasion relieved him from the real trammels, as well as the injurious suspicion, of verbal preparation.

As a writer, he will ever be highly esteemed by a chosen few—but he is, we fear we must admit, not likely to sustain an *extensive* popularity with posterity; and such, indeed, must necessarily be the fate of every *ideological* writer, who, treating of human affairs, prefers to deal with *thoughts* rather than *things*. The most wearisome if not the most useless, in our opinion, of all God's creatures is what is now-a-days called a *philosophical historian*, the best of whose productions is like bad turtle-soup, in which selected scraps of the real animal are sparingly dispersed in an ocean of home-made gravy—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*. Yet such a dish it was for many years the mono-

mania of Mackintosh to cook. He, we believe, saw in his latter days through that delusion, as he did through so many others; and modestly confesses that he found 'his talent was rather declamatory than historical;' but we suspect that he did himself, in this instance, some injustice, and did not attribute the defect altogether to the right cause. It was the style of his studies rather, perhaps, than that of his pen that he found on revision too 'declamatory.' After dreaming all his life about a philosophical history of England, he, in his very last years, lowered his ambition to the humble task of preparing an *abridgment for Lardner's Cyclopædia*, in which he did not wholly discard the philosophical style of writing history, and frequently suspends his narrative to make sometimes profound, but more often, trivial observations, which Hume used to condense into a single epithet. But even this abridgment he brought down only to the Reformation. He also left a few chapters of a History of the Revolution of 1688, (which we noticed in a former Number); but this, notwithstanding all that we hear of his diligence in seeking for information and of the large harvest produced by his search, contains, we believe, nothing new, and might, we think, be more truly called an attempt to reconcile the principles of the Whigs of 1830 with those of 1688. We have, also, of his a Life of Sir Thomas More, which is really such turtle-soup as we have before described, where the facts of the old biographies float about in a tureen of Mackintosh;—the gravy, we admit, is well made, and on the whole it is very palatable—we, however, are of Sir William Curtis's school, and still prefer what he used to call the turtle *dressed clean*.

We are inclined to rate as highly as any of his works, a short account of the writers on the Philosophy of the Human Mind, with a summary of their various theories; which was prepared for, and, we suppose, appeared in, a late Supplement to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. We have it, however, in a separate shape; it is small in volume, and has we believe attracted very little notice; but it appears, as far as it is lawful for us to judge of such mysteries, to be done with taste, discrimination, and, as far as the subject would admit, that ease and perspicuity which flow from the complete mastery of a congenial subject. The account of David Hume, in particular, struck us, not merely as excellent, but as the best specimen of Mackintosh's peculiar talents.

A reprint of this work, with some of Sir James's admirable articles in the 'Edinburgh Review,' and we must not omit to add his elegant and pathetic sketch of Mr. Canning's character, originally published in one of the *Annuals*—will ere long, we hope, be undertaken by the present editor.

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The day will no doubt come when his *Journals* may be published without mutilation or reserve; and we are inclined to believe—rather however from our knowledge of the man than from the cautious selections given in these volumes—that they will preserve some faint idea of Mackintosh's conversation and social qualities; which, after all, were his chief distinction among his contemporaries. It is to the *Journals* of the London life, from 1812 downward, that we particularly allude. We shall never see them—for although we are convinced, as well from the specimens we have, as from the habitual shyness and reserve of the man, that even to his wife Mackintosh would rarely *speak out* with entire freedom, yet it is hardly possible but that there must be too much of personal observation to permit their unre-served publication till the existing generation shall have passed away. They will also have, we cannot doubt, the frequent fault of partiality, and occasionally of prejudice; because, though Mackintosh, as we have said, was exceedingly candid, courteous, and cautious in his intercourse with society, it does not follow that his secret pen was always so discreet, either in praise or blame; and it is absolutely impossible that he should have lived so long in the atmosphere of party without being, occasionally at least, inflamed by its heat, and infected by its miasma. Nor can a diary written to amuse an absent friend be without some spice of satire and scandal. In the few extracts given of the later *Journal*, we see sufficient indication (if we needed any evidence of what is so natural as to be inevitable) of these deviations from impartial truth, as when—to give only two examples—he talks of his 'abhorrence of the Alien Bill'—a measure identically as necessary and as just as Sir James's right to shut and open the door of his own house in New Norfolk Street; and when—in the fervour of kindness with which Lord Holland's personal amiability inspires all his friends—Mackintosh is so transported as to declare, that 'in the highest attributes of an orator's genius, he (*Lord Holland*) excels not only Brougham, but—*Canning!*'

We notice these prejudices and partialities thus *slightly* because we could not go deeper without giving pain; we notice them *at all*, because, if we did not thus enter our *caveat*, it might be alleged hereafter, when the *Journals* shall come to be fully published, that *even* we had not ventured to breathe a doubt of their accuracy and impartiality. We, therefore, here register—not a doubt, but a *conviction* (which even now we have abundant materials to justify)—that Mackintosh's judgment of the men, measures, and manners of his day—though probably in the main moderate and just—must still be read with those wholesome suspicions and that prudent scepticism, from whose scrutiny no man—and, above all,

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no man who has taken any share in the political parties of his time—ever has been or ought to be exempt.

In conclusion, we have no difficulty in saying, that this is, though not a good *Life* of this eminent man, a most interesting and entertaining collection of *Mackintoshiana*; and that, amidst the necessary defects of a filial editor, it is impossible not to admire the modest but manly tone and spirit, and unaffected good taste, of Mr. Robert Mackintosh's own connecting narrative.

The book includes two likenesses of Sir James—one from a portrait by Lawrence, painted in his thirty-eighth year; the other after a bust by Mr. Barlowe, done when he had reached the age of sixty-six: to the fidelity of this last representation of a mild and thoughtful good man we can bear witness.

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